

THE  
SCARLET  
MOTHER  
*on the*  
CIBER



EX-ROMANIST KING

~~Joe Perry~~















EVANGELIST LOUIS J. KING WHILE A ROMAN CATHOLIC





EVANGELIST LOUIS J. KING, PREACHER AND  
ANTI-CATHOLIC LECTURER





... THE ...

# Scarlet Mother on the Tiber

OR

TRIALS AND TRAVELS OF  
EVANGELIST L. J. KING

---

Twenty-five Years a Roman Catholic.  
Fifteen Years a Protestant Preacher and Reformer.

---

BY  
L. F. MARTIQUE

*Prayerfully Dedicated to the Deluded Catholic  
and to the Unenlightened Protestant.*

---

*"The Truth Told is the Hope of Humanity."*

---

VOL. I.

EVANGELIST LOUIS J. KING  
1250 Palmwood Avenue  
TOLEDO, OHIO

1914

**Copyright, 1908**  
**By Louis J. King**

"I heartily pray that religious intolerance may never take root in our favored land. May the only king to force our conscience be the King of kings; may the only prison erected among us for the sin of unbelief or misbelief be the prison of a troubled conscience; and may our only motive for embracing truth be not the fear of man, but the love of truth and of God." — *Cardinal Gibbons in his "Faith of Our Fathers", page 296.*

(See page 274.)





## INTRODUCTORY

The Parish of Queensbury, County of York, N. B., Canada, is situated on the St. John River, the Rhine of America, about one hundred miles from its mouth. St. John has a population of 75,000 and lies at the mouth of the river spanned by a large cantilever bridge. The harbor is one of the finest in the world. Men-of-war and merchantmen, ocean liners, and sailing vessels enter this port where import and export strengthen the sinews of trade.

St. John also draws large resources from her lumber regions. As soon as the river is clear of ice the logs are floated down stream and rafted at Fredericton at the Mitchell and Douglass booms. These rafts are then towed down stream by river tugs to the mills at St. John and the lumber exported to England and other foreign ports.

"The situation of St. John is very striking, being on a succession of hills on both sides of St. John Harbor. Its chief scenic feature is the wonderful Reversing Fall, which has no counterpart in the world, falling up river and then down river at intervals of twelve hours and between times showing slack water. This is due to the fact that the very

high tide of the Bay of Fundy, which at St. John has a height of thirty feet, meets the great body of water of the river in a narrow gorge, resulting at high tide in a fall up river and at low tide down river. Rockwood Park is one of the most beautiful nature parks on the continent, while the surrounding country, with its riverside drives and its beautiful sand beaches on the Fundy shore, affords much delightful recreation. One of the interesting points for sight-seers is the Martello Tower erected during the war of 1812."

A large cathedral, built of stone, with its bishop and retinue of nine or ten priests with their swinging censers, represents Rome at this place. Besides this several nunneries, convents, and eight Roman Catholic chapels draw their cordon of despair around the deluded populace.

On an elevated plain in the city stands an abandoned castle, sombre and gray, known as Reed's Castle. Its grim walls for a time encircled the Order of the Sacred Heart nuns, but for some reason it was abandoned. Perhaps the gloom was not sombre enough, the ghostliness not sufficient and the seclusion not deep enough for Romish diablery.

Steamers ply the river from St. John to Fredericton, a distance of eighty-five miles, during the season. In November the river freezes and river traffic ceases until about May. Picturesque mountain scenery greets the tourist's eye such as can be seen only on the beautiful St. John River.

Fredericton is the capitol of New Brunswick and is noted for its fine cathedrals, churches, normal schools and Parliamentary buildings. This beautiful place has 13,000 inhabitants composed of a proud, aristocratic people with no salvation.

Districts of low, fertile fields stretch away from the city that contribute to the welfare of her inhabitants. Here the river is three-quarters of a mile wide and is spanned by two magnificent bridges of modern type. Beautiful elm, rock and bird's-eye maple overarch her streets. Viewed from a distance the beauty loving eye sees only the gilded spires of her churches pierce the sea of green.

Above Fredericton lie the Keswick Islands, chained into artistic groups by Him who knows so well how to charm the sense of man. Currey's Mountain lies five miles above the city, and, rising far above the islands and river, bathes its forest-crowned head in the steel blue skies so peculiar to northern climes. During the freshet season, when Nature's arteries pulse with the wintry tides of melted ice and snow, the traveler may enjoy a trip of sixty-six miles from Fredericton to Woodstock on a small wheelbarrow steamer, the Aberdeen, through the land of spruce, pine and maple.

Fifteen miles above Fredericton we find a mixed community of Protestants and Roman Catholics. Here Protestant creeds and Romish rituals nest under the folds of the Union Jack, both in strenuous endeavor to win proselytes by their widely divergent tenets. In this community were born to

Louis Joseph and Maddaline Goodine King five boys and five girls. One of these, our subject, was soon after his birth christened Louis Joseph King by the priest of the parish, Father Cormeau, named after the patron saints Louis and Joseph. Since hundreds of others had no doubt been named after these illustrious saints and entrusted to their care we need not wonder that this one was caught in the toils of Protestantism. In all probability, their cares of guardianship being multiplied by Papal adherents, they, being neither omnipotent, omniscient nor omnipresent, of necessity grew lax in their attendance upon the subject of our narrative, hence the disastrous result to Rome. The lance of truth is pushed under the fifth rib of the *Scarlet Mother on the Tiber* and we shall yet hear her groans of rage and pain as she writhes under the home-thrusts of her wayward but Christ-redeemed child.

St. Anne's Catholic church is situated at French Village, York County, N. B., about eleven miles from Fredericton, the mother's birthplace, and where the parents attended. The worshipers were divided into three classes or castes or nationalities. The Indians held the left, the French the right side and the Irish occupied the gallery. We shall hear from this church again, and will leave it at this time for other descriptive particulars that environ our narrative.

Crossing the bridge at Fredericton we come to the village of St. Mary's, which belongs to the Fredericton parish. As population increased the

need of a church was felt at this place, which was accordingly built by the devout worshipers at the shrine of the holy Mother Mary, our subject among the number. But the pew he held there and the money he from time to time droppd into the Purgatorial Fire Box are now looked upon by him as tribute paid to a most revolting and damning system; viz., Roman Catholicism.

Marysville, three miles distant from St. Mary's, is another village of interest, and lies on the Nashwak River. Large cotton mills, saw mills and brick kilns were operated and owned by Alexander Gibson. This was a kind of Protestant pope, as he owned the entire village, built a sixty-thousand dollar church, hired his own preacher and dictated to him what should and what should not be preached. Among the objectionable features under his ban was the Bible doctrine of Hell. No sooner did the hireling enroach upon this forbidden ground when he was peremptorily silenced by the gray haired old sinner. But how like the modern pulpits of to-day? The man of thousands generally carries the modern preacher in his vest pocket, and he, poor dupe, fawns and cringes before the man of money in abject fear lest he lose the "living" that seems to be the only incentive to soul-saving work.

Around this place clusters unusual interest. Five years were spent here by him who finally escaped the toils of Rome. It was here the Spirit wrought upon the heart hardened by the machinations of the Beast in Scarlet. Here the warm, effulgent

rays from the Lamp of Truth fell softly on the pathway so clouded by the ceremonial pomp and glory of a religious system nothing but the power of Jesus could break. Like the woodland brooklet wears smooth the stone over which it murmurs its pleasing song so the repeated blows of truth directed by the Father's hand broke the proud bands from the heart so intensely religious. Like a glint of sunlight daily falling through a rift in the tangled foliage kills the deadly disease germ bred in the marsh below so the beams of truth constantly shed killed the deadly seeds of a false religion, and the heart that had felt the throb of devotion while rambling in woodland or meadow was gradually, gently led out from the babel of bells, swinging of censers, mumbling prayers, vestried priests, glowing tapers and hallowed shrines into the vestibule of Heaven through the crimson tide that flowed from Calvary's love-lit hilltop. The Ave Marias counted off on a string of dangling beads brought no solace to the sin-burdened heart, but the blood applied, every heartstring thrilled in tremulous praise. The soul environed by the trammels of a false religion for twenty-five years at last felt the rich warm glow of God's pardoning grace. Thank God! Well may he now sing (Ps. 32:7): "Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."



## PREFACE

This book has been written, not to insult the Roman Catholic, but to show him the falsity of the Roman Catholic system of religion and to point him to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The object is twofold: One is to turn the Catholic from a false to the true worship, the other to arouse the Protestant to the danger of Romish encroachment upon the liberties of the American people.

While we know that the Catholic is ignorant as to what constitutes vital godliness, the Protestant is just as ignorant of Romish ritualism and the purpose behind the Papal machine. This is to be deplored in both. Let the Catholic "search the scriptures" to see whether what the book contains is true, and let the Protestant inform himself on Romish rule, or misrule, in order that he may not only oppose every advance by this enemy of righteousness, but that he may kindly and lovingly, in the spirit of the Master, lead the erring one into the way of truth.

All the data for this work has been furnished by the evangelist and lecturer, L. J. King, for whom the book has been written. The author has simply clothed the furnished facts in language believed to be both interesting and convincing. As touching the subject of this narrative, his remarkable experiences and phenomenal success as a sanctified anti-Catholic lecturer, the *rèsumè* of his life and work witnesses most forcefully to the power of God's uttermost salvation. Besides this other important subjects that have to do with *The Scarlet Mother on the Tiber* are treated which both the uninformed Protestant and Catholic should study.

Most anti-Catholic books, good as they are, quote one from the other, which brands them with an objectionable sameness. This, on the whole, has been studiously avoided in this work. The quotations used are, we believe, comparatively new to the public at large, few of which have ever been seen in the popular anti-Catholic publications, hence we claim for this book a unique originality peculiar only to *The Trials and Travels of L. J. King*.

The Author.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Page. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| INTRODUCTORY.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 5     |
| CHAPTER I. BOYHOOD AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |       |
| Infant Baptism—A Priest Without a Censer—Rome and Rome's Influence Damning—Catholicism Demoralizing—Popes Hate Bible—Tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church—When Rome Pulls Her Toggles—Rome's Proud Boast Foiled—Power of the Preacher's Song—The Baptist Sunday School—No Beads, No Hail Marys, No Prayer Book—Father Percillous on the Scene—The Boy's Father at the Priest's Feet—A Step in the Light,..... | 19    |
| CHAPTER II. THE SHADOW OF DEATH.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |       |
| The Death Chamber—Extreme Unction—An Extreme Farce—Alone with the Dying—Powers of Light and Darkness—The Eleventh Hour—Rome's Death-bed Vigils—A New Hell for Rome—Confined to Mother Earth—The Purgatory Hoax—Romish Superstition—The Romish Yoke—Rome Lincoln's Assassin—Rome's Virtues in Verse,....                                                                                                       | 35    |
| CHAPTER III. STRANGE AND VARIED PROVIDENCES.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |       |
| That Strange Black Book—Protestant Ignorance—Why Catholics Are Hard to Reach—The Free                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |       |

## THE SCARLET MOTHER

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Page. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Baptist Revival—The Power of Silent Forces—<br>Confession in the Parlor—The Power of the Gos-<br>pel—The Fatal Hiss—The Sun Behind Clouds,....                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 49    |
| CHAPTER IV. FROM ROMANISM INTO<br>THE LIGHT.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |       |
| The Methodist Chapel—Strange Experiences—Rome<br>Loses Her Grip—Priest Exposed By a Lady—<br>The Methodist Preacher's Call—A Remarkable<br>Dream—The Sequel—The Sleepless Nights—A<br>Strange Coincidence—The Smile of Jesus—Rest,<br>Sweet Rest,.....                                                                                                   | 61    |
| CHAPTER V. NEW EXPERIENCES AND<br>NEW VICTORIES.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |       |
| Telling the Glad News—Fond Hopes Blasted—Cath-<br>olic vs. Christian Baptism—The Lantern on the<br>Bush—Experiences New and Varied—Seed-time<br>and Harvest—A Wonderful Vision—Father Dun-<br>nivan's Conclusion—The Sad Visit to Mother—<br>Roman Catholic Hate—Beautiful Beulah Camp—<br>The "Second Work of Grace"—The Doctrine of<br>Holiness, ..... | 77    |
| CHAPTER VI. BEARING REPROACH<br>"WITHOUT THE CAMP."                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |       |
| Baptists Disappointed—Holiness not Popular—Car-<br>nality in Catholic and Protestant—Christ Died for<br>the Church—Nothing But the Blood—The Old<br>Man—"That They All May Be One," .....                                                                                                                                                                | 89    |
| CHAPTER VII. OUT INTO THE HARVEST<br>FIELD.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |       |
| Currie's Haunted Bridge—The Two Voices—The<br>Burning Barn—Paddy's Farewell to the Priest,..                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 97    |

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                                                                                                                                                                            | Page. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| CHAPTER VIII. INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN ST. JOHN, N. B.                                                                                                                                   |       |
| The Ft. Howe Riot—The Fight on the Hill—Orangemen—History of the Orangemen—Brick Bats Rome's Cowardly Argument—Catholic Justice Foiled—A Strange, Sad Incident—Marriage,.....              | 105   |
| CHAPTER IX. COLLINGWOOD CORNER, WORK AND RESULT.                                                                                                                                           |       |
| To Eternity With a Broken Neck—The Scoffing Undertaker—A Severe Lesson—The Fatal Dance—Old Time Power Needed—Giants, Not Dwarfs,.                                                          | 115   |
| CHAPTER X. THE GUN POWDER PLOT, OXFORD.                                                                                                                                                    |       |
| Scare Crows a Failure—A Glorious Summary—The Westchester Incident—The Hunter's Carnal Foxes—Holiness Opposers Foiled,.....                                                                 | 129   |
| CHAPTER XI. THE BATTLE AT MONCTON, N. B.                                                                                                                                                   |       |
| Father Meahan Frantic—A Proud Woman's Defeat—A Young Catholic Lady's Conversion—The "Holy Father's" Plot Foiled,.....                                                                      | 137   |
| CHAPTER XII. THE AMHERST AND TRURO (N. B.) BATTLES.                                                                                                                                        |       |
| Ancient Eggs Rome's Argument—Swift Retribution on Rome's Dupes—Called Back from the Gates of Death—Press Comment on Truro—An Eye Opener—The Black Nunnery—How Infants were Murdered, ..... | 143   |
| CHAPTER XIII. ARREST AND VICTORY AT WESTVILLE, N. S.                                                                                                                                       |       |
| Rome and Rum Raging—The First Defeat—The Second Defeat—The Third Defeat—The Trial—God                                                                                                      |       |

## THE SCARLET MOTHER

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Page. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Answers Prevailing Prayer—"Evangelist King's Triumph"—Dr. Fulton Murdered by Rome,.....                                                                                                                                                         | 161   |
| CHAPTER XIV. THE NEW GLASGOW (N. S.) MOB AND VICTORY.                                                                                                                                                                                           |       |
| Enemies Confounded—The Irate Merchant—Salvation for Roman Catholics—Talking from Experience,.                                                                                                                                                   | 177   |
| CHAPTER XV. A NINE MONTH'S VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN.                                                                                                                                                                                                 |       |
| Truth Stirs and "Reaches the Masses"—Pentecostal Credentials—Baptism by Immersion—Conversion of Eva McArthur—A Grateful Letter—Restitution Pressed Home—The Pope of Tatamagouche—A Letter from Brule, N. S.—Report of River John Revival, ..... | 185   |
| CHAPTER XVI. THE FLOWERED BUSH AND THE SUICIDE.                                                                                                                                                                                                 |       |
| Self Destruction Averted—The Advocate Harbour Mob—Report of Advocate Harbour, N. S.—"We'll Understand it Better Bye and Bye," .....                                                                                                             | 195   |
| CHAPTER XVII. FROM CANADA TO THE STATES.                                                                                                                                                                                                        |       |
| New Scenes and New Fields—The Neidringhouse Episode—The Iron Five—Diamond Cut Diamond—New Hall on Cass and Garrison—A Visit to a Convent—The Carmelite Buried-alives—Holy Water, Quality and Quantity—Rome's List of Holy Holilies, .....       | 201   |
| CHAPTER XVIII. EXPERIENCE IN ST. LOUIS NUNNERIES.                                                                                                                                                                                               |       |
| The Entrance—The Mother Superior's Dilemma—The Mother Superior's Fright—The Academy Scene—"God Died"—East St. Louis Mob—The Onslaught and Rescue—"A Hot Rival," .....                                                                           | 215   |



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Page. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| CHAPTER XIX. IN BATTLE AT MARCEL-<br>INE, MO.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |       |
| Rome's Hand Exposed—Owls and Bats Surprised—A<br>Methodist in Good Standing—Jewels of Grace—<br>The Power of the Gospel—Needed their Doctrine<br>Doctored—Summary, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 229   |
| CHAPTER XX. THE MOB AND VICTORY<br>AT CLARENCE, MO.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |       |
| "In Perils Oft"—A Flight for Life—A Prophetic<br>Dream—The Dream—The Dream Interpreted,...                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 237   |
| CHAPTER XXI. A FEW PAGES FROM<br>ROME'S DIARY.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |       |
| A Plea to Protestants—The Visit in the Church—The<br>Conversation—Father Corbett's Death—Rome's<br>Version—Cardinal Gibbons' Sugar Coated Pills—<br>Kings Tools of Rome—The Bartholomew Mas-<br>sacre—Seditious Huguenots—Rome Discovered<br>Virtuous—Rome Not Loyal to Government—Rec-<br>ord of Popes,.....                                                                                                                                 | 245   |
| CHAPTER XXII. A FEW PAGES FROM<br>ROME'S DIARY (CONCLUDED).                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |       |
| Rome's Gory Catalogue of Crime—The Iron Virgin—<br>Soft, Sugared Sophisms,.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 259   |
| CHAPTER XXIII. MARY'S PLACE IN THE<br>CHURCH.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |       |
| Mary-worship—Mary, the Mother of God (?)—Who<br>was God's Grandmother?—Old Bones—The Holy<br>(?) See's Senseless Tenet—Mary as Intercessor.<br>Case One—Mary as Intercessor. Case Two—Mary<br>as Intercessor. Case Three—The Immaculate<br>Conception—The Image of Mary—Most Holy and<br>Immaculate Virgin—Rome Perverts Scripture—<br>Names of Blasphemy—Mary a Sinner Saved by<br>Grace—The Husks of Rome—Mary Never Wor-<br>shipped, ..... | 277   |

## THE SCARLET MOTHER

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Page. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| CHAPTER XXIV. AURICULAR CONFESSION.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |       |
| Willie and the Shilling—Questions in the Confessional—What is Confession?—Following Rules—To Avoid the Danger of Concealing Sin—What is it Necessary to Confess?—The Manner of Making Confession—What is Absolution?—Questions Asked in the Confessional—A Dispensation Defined—Questions Too Vile to Print—Few Priests Chaste, .....                                                                             | 295   |
| CHAPTER XXV. A CHAPTER ON ROME'S SUPERSTITIONS.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |       |
| The Virgin's Milk as a Relic—The Bleeding Wafer-god—Shoot the Devil With a Double Barreled Shot Gun—Priest and the Devil in the Cellar—Father Carmody's Ghost—Kelly and Murphy's Fight in Purgatory—The Pope's Curse—Pat Turned Into a Rat—Rome's Idolatrous Imagery, .....                                                                                                                                       | 315   |
| CHAPTER XXVI. PURGATORY ROME'S KLONDYKE.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |       |
| Purgatory a Romish Fraud—No Purgatory—Pope Leo's Predicament—What is Purgatory?—The Pope in Purgatory—Cardinal Gibbons and Machabees—A Case in Point—A Hard Nut to Crack for Protestants—Roman Catholicism Charged With Blasphemy—Vicarius Filii Dei=666—Blasphemy Against God Proven—Blasphemy, Unpardonable Where?—Cardinal Gibbons Hangs Himself—Salvation for Roman Catholics—The Blood, Not Purgatory, ..... | 329   |
| CHAPTER XXVII. THE PRIEST AND THE WOMAN, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 351   |
| CHAPTER XXVIII. PAT AND THE PRIEST, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 361   |
| CHAPTER XXIX. THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 363   |
| CHAPTER XXX. RECOMMENDATIONS, ..                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 369   |

## CHAPTER I.

### BOYHOOD AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Our subject was born under the shadows of Romish ignorance and superstition near the city of Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada. There were ten children in this Roman Catholic family, five boys and five girls, and all were christened early to ensure eternal happiness in the world beyond. An unchristened Catholic child is lost and must be buried outside of consecrated ground, so saith Rome.

#### Infant Baptism.

In the Roman Catholic Church baptism stands for regeneration, hence her eagerness to baptize every infant she can get her hands on. Infants are often baptized *before birth* so that the child is sure to go to Heaven in case of death. No wonder, then, that our subject was christened the sixth day, named after and entrusted to the care of SS. Louis and Joseph.

Well-to-do parents often have several names for their children, but those who are poor must be con-

tent with "Pat" or "Biddy." In the Catholic Church names come high, as does everything else. Some one has asked, "What's in a name?" The Roman Catholic priest would answer, "Shekels!"

We have already referred to our subject's patron saints in our introductory. Rome sought to take charge of the soul and dedicated it to the guardianship of SS. Louis and Joseph, but a soul is a big thing—the biggest thing this side of Heaven. It is so big that the Devil jealously brought about its ruin and the Son of God died to bring about its redemption. We need not wonder, then, that Rome failed. Only God understands its management and comprehends its worth.

#### A Priest Without a Censer.

It would seem the Romish priest had his hands more than full to look after his own soul when he considers his peculiarly trying environments, and that the souls of others must needs be entrusted to a higher power; but the *system* is so intertwined with the weeds of error that those who are wide awake stand aghast at the audacity of his claims.

Louis Joseph King was duly christened and set apart for the holy priesthood. No greater honor can come to Roman Catholic parents than that a child is set apart for a priest or a nun. But since "the best laid plans of mice and men oft gang alee," and "man proposes while God disposes," so here we find a failure in the whole priestly plan.

The parents worked and prayed and paid diligently in order that their heart-plans might mature and glory be brought to the "Church," but the Hand that arrested Saul on the Damascus road pulled on the rein of circumstances here and changed the entire project. True, he became a priest, but instead of finding in his hand a swinging censer and on his lips Latin litanies we find there a Holy Bible and the message of "Christ Jesus came to save sinners." Instead of Mary, he offers Christ. Instead of priestly absolution, the blood. Instead of the wafer, faith in the all-atoning Sacrifice.

A sister was designed for the nunnery, but this calamity was also averted. The veil lost its delusively sacred charm and marriage claimed her affections instead. If this were wicked we feel like asking God's blessing upon the evil of a wedded nun and priest. Celibacy is the hell-twisted cord that holds this monstrosity together.

#### Rome and Rum's Influence Damning.

So then, the reason our subject was given two names was because the parents were well-to-do. It was a home of plenty and the rendezvous of the surrounding community. Liquor had its place on the table three times daily. Every good Roman Catholic from the priest down used it. While yet a little tot crawling up on his father's knee he was given a taste of the stuff by licking the cork. And yet, through the providences of God, not one out of this large family became a drunkard.

Rome and rum go together. A priestly "retreat" means a priestly drunk. The holy (?) Fathers often become so drunk that they are put to bed by their housekeepers. Their condition is worse than that of a Madison Street bum in Chicago. And yet, in spite of these frightful facts, the poor Roman Catholic dupe believes that this drunken libertine is vested with divine authority to forgive sins. It may be true in some cases that "ignorance is bliss," but if this trend continues in this fair land of ours, one of these days this nation will awake to find that "more ignorance is blister." When Pope Leo XIII died the Papal rum shops went into mourning. Some one says, "What a tribute to the deceased!"

In the home of this boy was plenty of liquor, but no Bible. Sunday was all over by twelve o'clock, noon. Whiskey and holy candles, beads and scapulars, holy water and prayer books, saints and the Mother Mary; but no Bible and no Jesus. The holy Sabbath afternoon was spent in drinking, card playing and dancing, and then, after these drunken bouts were over the holy (?) Father would absolve the whole rabble and lo! the gates of Heaven were once more open and St. Peter smiled his approval on this religious burlesque.

#### **Catholicism Demoralizing.**

The reason the entire Sabbath is not spent in riotous living by the Roman Catholic in most places is because of Protestant influences. Take away the

ennobling influences of pure Protestant religion and we fall back into the dark ages. For shame of the thing they are compelled to keep up at least a semblance of respectability. In places where Rome has the upper hand it is not so. There riot and rum go hand in hand. Revelry and drunkenness, immorality and crime, debauchery and vice stalk boldly through the land. Compare Mexico and Spain with America and England and you have the truth in object lesson form. "Compare the product! Look at the Roman Catholic nations of the world, where the priests and nuns control education. Compare these with the Protestant nations! Compare Scandinavia with Spain and Portugal! Compare Germany with Austria! Compare Great Britain with Italy! Compare Protestant Ireland with Romanist Ireland! Compare the Province of Quebec with the Province of Ontario! Compare North America with South America!"

The church where the family attended was five miles from home. At this time they had no resident priest there, but one came to hold services once every four weeks. The community was made up of Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., hence no Catholic school was conveniently near to attend. The public school was taught by a Baptist teacher who really had salvation. Now Rome has her own schools nearly everywhere. She hates our public school system. Educate the people, give them the Bible, and Rome loses her grip on men. This she knows, hence her efforts to not only have her own



schools, but to exclude the Bible from and kill the public school.

### **Popes Hate Bible.**

"The exclusion of the Bible from the public schools is a vital question to every home in the nation and to the nation itself. It is a deadly blow aimed at the very foundation of the government, and at all true education, morality and virtue. There is no true code of morals except in accordance with the Word of God. There is no virtuous character only of God. Take the Bible from the school and a generation of scoffers and infidels will be educated, and every home corrupted. Good citizens must wake up to duty in this respect or lose the opportunity of saving their homes to virtue, and the nation to civil and religious liberty."

Here is another delectable morsel from Pope Pius IX: "Cursed be those cunning and nefarious societies which call themselves 'Bible Societies,' and which give the Bible to the inexperienced youth!" Exclude the Bible from our schools, which is being done by the maneuvers of Rome, and liberty takes its flight. We will yet see the day when this truckling to Rome must be paid for in blood. This nation has been put to sleep by the opiates prepared at the old Hag's shops at the Vatican and the Pope has his hand on her pulse. Slower and slower it beats as the life-tides of liberty succumb to the deadly drugs. While this is going on the web is being woven in the nation's politics by the

crafty manipulators of Jesuit Rome which is destined to entangle this nation in complications that may rival past history in cruelty and bloodshed. Rome never changes for the better. You cannot change Rome by changing climate. While she may have changed her tactics, her purpose is the same. The Protestant must die in order that she may rule both church and state. Let her get into the witness box herself and listen to what she says:

#### **Tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church.**

"The Catholic Church lays down as its principles and ground of faith, that ALL mankind MUST believe whatever she decides and sanctions. She interdicts the use of private judgment in matters of faith now—she has ever interdicted it—and she will continue to interdict it to the end of time. Free inquiry, individual preference, liberty of mind, freedom of thought, private judgment, in the domain of faith, are words which she has no ears to hear. She will not, as she can not, listen to them. They would rend the rock on which she rests. She takes her unchanging stand. Her teachings are absolute, unerring. No creeds of human origin can rear their heads within her pale, except to be branded with her loud and withering anathemas. She will never recognize any appeal from her tribunal. In all places, at all times, in all circumstances, her voice is unchanging."—History of the Catholic Church, pages 77, 78, approved by the Council.

"Protestanism? Why, we would draw and quarter it and hang it up for crow's meat; we would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons and fill it with molten lead and sink it in Hell fire one hundred fathoms deep."—Western Watchman.

"We confess that the Roman Catholic Church is intolerant — that is to say, it uses all the means in its power for the extirpation of error and sin; but this intolerance is the logical and necessary consequence of its infallibility. She alone has the right to be intolerant, because she alone has the truth. The Church tolerates Heretics where she has the right to do so, but she hates them mortally and employs all her force to secure their annihilation. When the Catholics here shall be in possession of a considerable majority — which will certainly be the case by and by, although the time may be long deferred — then religious liberty will have come to an end in the Republic of the United States. Our enemies know how the Roman Church dealt with Heretics in the middle ages and how she deals with them to-day everywhere where she has the power. We no more think of denying these historical facts than we do of blaming the saints of God and the princes of the Church for what they have done or approved in these matters.—Shepherd of the Valley, St. Louis.

#### **When Rome Pulls Her Toggles.**

What a delightful reception in prospect for the sleeping Protestant when the day of universal

Romish power strikes this nation. The old Liberty Bell is already cracked and its brazen hammer kept from swinging by the hand of the *Scarlet Mother on the Tiber*, while voters, politicians and the clergy scrape and simper and bow before the smiling mask of Pope Leo. Rude will be the awakening of the nation from her dreams of security when Rome pulls her toggles from the chain of history so long held together by shaping events leading up to the well-planned crisis.

But we will come back to the little Baptist teacher who is destined to play such an important part in our narrative. This teacher always opened her school by reading a chapter in the Bible followed by prayer. It had been arranged that all Catholic children might go out of doors during this service, but being in the minority they were ashamed to do so. The parents had instructed them, however, to put their fingers to their ears so that they might not hear the Bible read nor the words of the plucky little teacher's prayer. But alas! inquisitiveness, more acute in children than adults, found a way to evade the parental dictum. As he himself says, "I would put my fingers in my ears, but was careful to leave enough vent so that not a word escaped me!"

"Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower." (Matt. 13:18.) "But he that receiveth seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty,

some thirty." (Matt. 13:23.) This was the *hearing* time; later came the *understanding* time; and now, since the word has been understood, we have the *fruitbearing* time.

### Rome's Proud Boast Foiled.

Rome has boastingly said, "Give me a child until it is seven years old and you (Protestantism) may have it!" While she is shrewd enough to have learned the power of influence over youth, she has altogether lost sight of the Sower whose seed, sown in ways mysterious and on uninviting soil, springs up to bring forth its precious yields of increase.

As time passed by the little Baptist teacher deplored the ungodly condition of the community, and her heart ached for lost humanity. Accompanied by Mrs. Jas. S. Cliff the teacher, Miss Cooper, made a canvas of the neighborhood to see how many could be induced to attend Sunday School. When the canvass had been almost completed not a Catholic had promised to send a child and the faithful disciples were almost discouraged. They had purposely left Louis King, Sr., last, because he was known to be a very devout Catholic; but true to duty and their convictions they knocked at that worthy gentleman's door and were admitted.

### Power of the Preacher's Song.

Some time before this a Baptist minister had called and asked permission to read the Bible.

"We can do our own reading," answered the mother.

"Perhaps," continued the preacher, "I could pray with you?"

"We can do our own praying!" was the tense reply.

Almost despairing of success the preacher said, "Would you have any objections if I sing?"

Taken by surprise by such an unusual request and knowing of no objection the request was reluctantly granted. "What a Friend we have in Jesus" stirred strange emotions in the breasts of the listeners. The boy, our subject, looked at the man and listened in wonder to the words that fell from the singer's lips. The strange influence of the song found a lodgment in the boy's heart. As the years fled apace the echo of its sweetness strayed across the strings of memory like a blessed benediction.

### **The Baptist Sunday School.**

The little teacher now made known her errand. The mother was about to refuse when, to the surprise of all, the father granted her request. He evidently thought since she was the day-teacher no harm could attend the children under her instruction in a Sunday School. But, while he may not have known the nature of a Protestant Sunday School, he was yet to learn that Rome looked upon the arrangement differently, and would make him rue the day when he had so far forgotten himself



as to allow his children to attend a Heretic Sunday School.

The eventful Sunday came. The little teacher was delighted that she had succeeded in gaining the consent of the most staunch and devout Roman Catholic in the community to let his children attend the School. Upon this eventful Sabbath morning the father, together with three of his children, Thomas, Celia, a daughter, and Louis Joseph entered the little school house. Their coming had been observed and in excited whispers announced, "Here comes Mr. King and three of his children!" But upon their arrival the flutter of excitement had subsided and the preparation for the study of the lesson resumed.

However, they had been accorded a royal welcome. The singing was listened to with wonder and inward thrills of delight. Soon they were separated into classes and each one was given a Bible. Although ten years of age our subject had never before seen a Bible. The lesson over, the School again sang, and, after being dismissed, all so strangely new to our Catholic attendants, they returned to their home.

A new world had opened to the boy. All the way home he had sung snatches of song, such as "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Jesus lover of my soul," and "Jesus paid it all."



**No Beads, No Hail Marys, No Prayer Book.**

Upon coming home the boy still hummed and sang the new songs. His mother listened and then said:

"What are you singing?"

"Mother, I am singing the songs we heard at Sunday School. Listen!" —and then he would repeat the beautiful songs to his mother, thinking she, too, would be delighted by their strange sweet thrill. But gathering a frown on her forehead, she said with emphasis:

"You must not sing the Heretics' songs or you will be damned!" But her curiosity was now aroused and she said:

"And what did they do at the Sunday School?"

"O mother," eagerly replied the boy, "they sang those sweet songs, read the Bible and then prayed!"

"Prayed! and did they pray from a prayer-book to our holy Mother Mary on their beads?"

"No, mother," said he, "they just talked straight to Jesus. I never once heard them mention the holy Mother Mary."

"Heretics! they will all be damned!" exclaimed the irate mother, and left her questionings, muttering as she went that had *she* been there she would have shown them how to pray on her beads to the holy Mother Mary.

But the chords of the Heretics' songs had taken hold. When going after the cows, accompanied by his little dog, "Jesus paid it all" cleft the air in

boyish jubilation. The seditious teachings of Rome and the disapproval of the mother could not quench the charms that lurked in the sweet refrain. In after years he was to learn the real import of that phrase — that *Jesus* and not *Mary* had indeed “paid it *all*.”

#### Father Percillous on the Scene.

For three weeks this little paradise in the desert of Romish superstition, rattling beads and empty baubles, continued. The holy (?) Father was absent on a “retreat” (drunk), and an old maid, Mary Martin, who was built for gossip and tattle, informed the Right Reverend Father Percillous that Louis King had for the last three Sundays gone to the Heretics’ Sunday School, accompanied by three of his children. That settled it. Father Percillous vetoed anything of the kind. The Sunday School was henceforth to be a thing treasured only in memory — as a shaft of sunlight shot through the dark foliage of Romish rituals, ignorance and superstition.

“But,” says the boy now grown to manhood, “the first one I want to take by the hand when I get to Heaven, after I have seen Jesus, is Miss Cooper, I want to tell her that by her influence and the seed then sown, my father, brother Thomas, sister Celia and myself have been saved.”

Weary toiler, looking through your tears and weary at heart because there seems to be no yield

and no increase, do not forget that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy" (*singing*, says the margin. Ps. 126:5), and after life's battles have all been fought and all the trials and sorrows have been borne "the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." (Is. 25:8.)

### **The Boy's Father at the Priest's Feet.**

The tattling old maid was sent to tell Louis King that Father Percillous wished to see him in the vestry, and there he "read the law" to his guilty right-hand man. During the priest's absence Louis King read "prayers for the dead" and officiated in other ways as far as the rules permitted. This being the case the disgrace (?) was all the more aggravating. The man was made to kneel before the dissolute priest, to kiss the crucifix and was required to swear that he would never again attend a Protestant Sunday School. "If you do," continued the irate priest, "I shall refuse to administer to you Extreme Unction when you come to die!"

This threat embodied great terror, for "no priest, no sacrament; no sacrament, no salvation." The greatest calamity that can befall a good Roman Catholic is to be denied Extreme Unction at death, hence the priest knew which string to pull to forever demolish the last lingering desire to attend a Heretics' Sunday School. We shall hear from Extreme Unction again.

**A Step in the Light.**

But this step in the light toward Protestantism resulted finally in the conversion of all who had attended the Sunday School. The father and a brother have gone to Heaven, while the other two are left to battle against sin and popery. Years of "confession" and "penance" followed this striking introduction to Protestant worship, but other providences waited along the line of years to gently lead into the light. At the proper time, when every environment of life had played its part, the seed sown under such seemingly unpropitious circumstances sprang up into glorious Gospel yield.

God's plan may hold a problem for the finite mind of man,  
And failures, dark and dismal, oft our tearful efforts span.  
But when the heart is breaking as we scan the barren fields  
The seed sown in our weeping time brings glorious harvest  
yields.

There is no use in crying, for the Master knoweth best,  
Ours but to be obedient in each conflict, trial and test.  
Ours but to do the sowing under fair or darkning sky—  
We'll understand life's problems better in the by and by.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The reformer's father lay at the point of death. Neighbors had gathered to pay their tribute of respect and to lend any aid in their power. They loved this man. Was any one sick, the man was there to watch by the bedside. Was any one in need, he was there to give help. The virtue and kindness in this man had not been soured by Romish tenets. He loved his neighbors and this love was fully returned by all who knew him. But now he was dying. With hushed voices and anxious questionings they came, and as they left their sad faces told the story of their love and respect.

Death is a solemn experience, but to the Roman Catholic it is extremely solemn. Even though fully absolved by the priest, the dread of Purgatory rests heavily upon the departing spirit. The holy Mother Mary may have been a constant companion through life, but when face to face with death and eternity the solace hoped for is not found. The multiplied thousands of Hail Marys said on the rosary somehow do not suffice in the hour and article of death.

The holy water sprinkled on the bed clothes and thrown in the air in cross form to drive away evil spirits does not keep the leering fiends of Perdition from the room. The lighted candles lose their holy glow when the grim specter of death stalks into the room. All the rituals of Rome fail to give the passing soul one consoling thought or one heart-felt glimmer of hope that all is well at the other side of the crossing. O the millions who have thus passed into the Great Beyond in this sad plight: The lowest communicant in the hovel and the tiaraed Pope in the Vatican both face death with a thousand fearful forebodings.

#### The Death Chamber.

When it seemed the man was nearing the borderland of eternity some one was dispatched for Father Percillous. When he arrived the bed chamber had been prepared for the momentous event. A small stand stood at the head of the bed draped with a spotlessly clean linen cloth. Holy candles burned in their brazen sockets, a bottle of holy water stood by and the crucifix placed within easy sight and reach of the dying man's couch.

As the priest entered the room with a swagger of official dignity he opened his satchel and took from it a little silver box containing the wafer-god. At once every Catholic crossed himself devoutly, for was not the very God in that silver box? He then proceeded to robe himself for the occasion — the administration of Extreme Unction.

At this juncture every Protestant—the “black sheep”—was ordered to retire from the room. While a large crowd had gathered incident to their neighbor’s illness, yet the rite was considered of too holy a nature to admit of their being in the room during its observance. However, the Protestants respectfully withdrew, more in deference to their neighbor than in acknowledgment of the sacredness of this Roman Catholic rite. As far as the efficacy of Extreme Unction is concerned one might as well take seriously the innocent babble of children in the ritual of a game at play.

#### Extreme Unction.

From a logical basis we would define Extreme Unction thus: Since the soul is about to pass out of her hands into the Other World, though she has never acknowledged it, *Rome has at last reached her extremity*. Hence, “Extreme” equals *extremity*. And yet Rome has tried to tell us repeatedly that she, and she alone, can pilot the soul safely through the trials and tribulations of earth, the pangs and purifying fires of Purgatory into the haven of eternal felicity. But how vain and vaunting the silly boast of the wrinkled old Hag on the Tiber.

#### An Extreme Farce.

“Unction.” If Romish ritualism is unction then the soul passing from earth to Purgatory certainly obtains this desirable commodity just before cross-



ing the border. We will let Webster define the term: "In the Roman Catholic and Greek churches, the anointing with oil of the body, on the eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, hands, and feet, of a sick person when decrepit with age or affected with some mortal disease, and usually just before death. It is supposed to represent the grace of God poured into the soul."

Here we have it. In the last sentence we have a full explanation of "Extreme Unction." *It is supposed to represent* the grace of God poured into the soul." We have always contended the whole thing is a farce and a supposition. The word "unction" means to anoint. Rome does anoint her dying communicants, but it will take more than the anointing with oil by a drunken or licentious priest to unctionize—to cause the grace of God to pour into the soul. The soul must be unctionized by the Holy Spirit and all the manipulations of priestcraft cannot produce such a result. Since, then, we have discovered that Rome has reached her extremity and that she cannot unctionize the soul by her ritualistic machinations we fearlessly brand "Extreme Unction" an *Extreme Farce!*

### Alone With the Dying.

The robed priest now closed the bed room door and was alone with the dying man. The "general confession" was made, the absolution given, the wafer (Eucharist) laid on the extended tongue,

the body anointed under Latin mumblings called prayer, sprinkling with holy water observed and the soul was committed to the holy Virgin Mary. The sacrament (sacrilege) of Extreme Unction was over.

Not one word was said about the power of Jesus to save. Not a promise was read on which the dying man might pillow his soul in the shadowy hour of death. Not a prayer was offered that held out the hope of Heaven, but in the dim recesses of the future loomed up the flames of Purgatory, and the restless man lay tossing still in an agony of suspense.

The priest retired from the room to eat a nicely prepared lunch, ordered his horse and carriage and drove back to his harem — his cigars, wine, and women.

At this place we are glad to record an incident relative to a priest that is refreshing. Somewhere across the rolling blue Atlantic he had a praying Protestant mother. When but a small boy he had left home and while on the vessel had taken sick and was at the point of death when they touched at some port where the captain placed him in a Catholic hospital. Strange to say, he recovered. The chaplain or priest took a liking to him, and, since they had prevailed on him to take Extreme Unction when thought to be dying they had little trouble in persuading him to embrace Roman Catholicism. The result was that he studied for the priesthood.

Some time after he had served in a place incident

to our narrative he sent a photograph of himself in full priestly robes to his dear old mother across the sea. When she received it her heart nearly broke. The long lost boy was alive, but a Roman Catholic priest. Alive, yet spiritually, hopelessly dead.

But she knew the worth of prayer and immediately dropped on her knees to tell the All-Father her bitter soul-grief. A plan presented itself to her mind which she resolved to execute. She took the photograph and with a common pin punched a hole through each eye and then wrote on the back: "My poor boy! blind, and cannot see!" and returned the likeness to him with the prayer and assurance that all would yet be well.

One day the priest received a package by mail bearing a foreign post-mark. With eager haste and trembling fingers he undid the knot, and there before him lay his real self — the photograph with the eyes punched out with a pin. Like lightning his boyhood training flashed over his being. The sweet evening lullabys of his precious mother crooned forth again through memory's long hallways in tender, rhythmic cadence. He turned the photograph around and there read, "My poor boy! blind, and cannot see!" Instantly the dagger of conviction shot through his heart and the hot tears coursed unhindered over his smooth-shaven cheek. Sobs shook the strong frame and quick resolves formed then and there to escape from the nets of Rome and return to mother's God.

As soon as possible he tendered his resignation to the bishop, who sought to dissuade him, and set sail

for the dear old homeland across the sea. A knock at an humble home brought a sweet faced woman to the door. A few words and mother and son were clasped in each others' arms. At mother's knee, where he had lisped his childhood prayers in the long ago, the Romish priest found a Savior. Later he went as a Protestant missionary to a foreign field. Praise God for praying mothers! Their prayers are stronger than the gilded manipulations of Rome.

### **Powers of Light and Darkness.**

Before Father Percillous left the house he had given the tattling old maid, Mary Martin, explicit orders to guard the bed chamber with jealous care, since it was customary not to let a Protestant approach the dying after Extreme Unction had been administered. "Sealed for death," Rome calls it. We reverse the term and call it "Sealed for Damnation!" — unless God help.

### **The Eleventh Hour.**

But William Sloat, a Baptist neighbor who knew God and a close friend of evangelist King's father, was keeping vigil at the bedside while the old maid was employed about the house for a short space of time. The sick man had grown worse and as he approached the chasm of death he suddenly awoke to his true condition and found himself without hope and without God. Looking at neighbor Sloat he cried:

"My God, my God! I am dying and not ready!" as he caught a glimpse of eternity.

William Sloat approached the bedside and said in a voice as low and gentle as a woman: "Louis, the good Savior never turns anyone away who will come to Him. Jesus can save you!"

Just at this time the old maid returned, and, hearing the name of Jesus on William Sloat's lips, said, "You must not do this!" and led him from the room.

Eternity will reveal whether the rites of Rome were sufficient to cope with "the Lion of Judah that breaks every chain," as the soul passed into the confines of space. In his inmost soul the evangelist believes that Rome's "extremity" was "God's opportunity" and expects to meet his father in Heaven without the smell of smoke from Purgatorial flames on his blood-washed garments.

The "eleventh hour" had come to this soul all his life time blinded by the machinations of Rome, and, embracing the first opportunity as he heard William Sloat's voice and beheld the smiling face of Jesus bend low over the scene, who dares say that the blood of atonement did not do the work that never can be done by the senseless rites of a Romish priest?

#### **Rome's Death-bed Vigils.**

Rome ever guards the bedside of her dying, not so much to guide the soul to Heaven, but more to preserve her deceptive rites so well calculated to

blind humanity. A man in Fredericton lay dying. Extreme Unction had been administered, but the aching void in his heart had not been satisfied. As conscience awoke neither Latin mumblings, the wafer-god nor priestly absolution could bridge the frightful chasm called death. Again and again did the priest come to quiet the guilty fears of the dying man, but as the ghostly shadows of death crept out from the confines of space he could not be calmed.

He called for Protestants, but his watchers refused to grant this request. The wretched man was in such terror of going into the Other World with sins unforgiven, although he had been absolved by the priest, that it was found necessary to lock the door, and for three long, terrible days the agonies of this dying man were awful to behold. Rome had refused admittance to all who would point him to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (Jno. 1:29.)

#### A New Hell for Rome.

When we think of all the atrocious deviltry permitted and committed by *The Scarlet Mother on the Tiber*, and of the Purgatory she invented — her Klondyke — it would almost seem that really God had made an extra Hell for her located somewhere far beyond the outer rim of the "outer darkness;" that the Hell of the Bible were almost too good for her. But as we pause to consider the mercy and long-suffering of God we desire for all her



misguided children to turn away from the idolatrous worship of the "Mother of God" to the *Son of God*, for God never had a mother, and thus secure the never-failing joys of Heaven they so ardently but vainly strive to obtain.

#### Confined to Mother Earth.

Louis King was dead. Fifty-three years of his life had been devoutly spent in the Roman Catholic Church, and in the year 1880 closed his earthly career. Prayers were said at the house and again at the church. The funeral train then crept slowly to the open grave and the mortal remains were deposited in the bosom of Mother Earth. After the usual obsequies the grave was blest and the bereft returned to their homes. Then followed masses and prayers for the dead. That was more than twenty-seven years ago, but the masses and prayers for the repose of his soul continue—and he was a *devout* Roman Catholic. Query: If the reformer's father, who was a model Roman Catholic all his lifetime, has been in Purgatory twenty-seven years, how long must he remain there who has not been so devout? Echo repeats, How Long?

#### The Purgatory Hoax.

As it is still uncertain whether this soul is out of Purgatory the widow still brings her mass-offerings to the wise old priest (remember, he had been a well-to-do farmer) who mumbles masses as long



as there is a dollar in sight. One day the priest said to the faithful woman: "If he is out, and there is an overplus, it is applied on your account and you will reap the benefit when you get to Purgatory!" Wonderfully comforting, this — to the priest. Thus the poor woman carries her sorrow, living between hope and despair, and continues her contributions while the holy (?) Father laughs in his sleeve at her stupidity. How sweet it is for the Christian to know that we are not "redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." (I Pet. 1:18, 19.)

#### Romish Superstition.

What a grip Rome has on her dupes by the seductive charm of superstition. The confessional is a monstrous cheat and by her multiplicity of rites and rituals she leads her blind devotees still farther into the labyrinthian maze of uncertainties. The *Herald and Presbyter* says: "The days of religious superstition and fraud are not all passed. The *Toronto Globe* reports that in a Quebec village two monks were holding a mission (revival). One day they announced that they had power to sell passports into Heaven; any good Catholic that would pay ten dollars would not have to remain in Purgatory if they died within ten years. On payment of fifty dollars they would go directly to Heaven at death, no matter how many years after-

ward. Small crucifixes were sold at high prices. The people were told to bury them in their fields to insure a good crop next year, and always to keep them in their houses and barns to prevent them from being struck by lightning."

Barnum, though a showman and leagues from grace, said the American people like to be humbugged. The priest, just as far from grace, does not say so, but knows it just as well as P. T. Barnum — and pockets his profits.

### The Romish Yoke.

France has thrown off the yoke of Papal bondage; Italy hates the Pope; but it is left the United States of America to pull down her stars and stripes to half-mast when Pope Leo, the sly old fox in the Vatican, leaves for Purgatory. Rome has succeeded in taking the Bible from our public schools, and now her cardinals *advise* (?!!) our executors at the White House. What the nature of this advice is may be summed up in the prophetic words of the illustrious Lafayette, uttered while visiting this country: "You have a great nation, but beware of the Roman clergy! If ever the liberties of the American people are destroyed it will be by the hands of the Roman clergy!"

### Rome Lincoln's Assassin.

Abraham Lincoln, "the greatest of commoners," looking into the future with prophetic clearness

uttered these remarkable words only a few months before his life was poured out by a Papal bullet: "I do not pretend to be a prophet, but though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon, and that cloud is coming from Rome; it is filled with tears and blood. The true motive power is secreted behind the thick walls of the Vatican, the colleges and schools of the Jesuits, the convents and nunneries, and the confessional boxes of Rome."

No sooner had this "free speech" in free (?) America been uttered when the Romish machine was set in motion. The world knows the sad sequel. *The ropes that twitched around the necks of the perpetrators, through whom the dastardly deed was executed, were too short.* THEY SHOULD HAVE HUNG THE SYSTEM; VIZ., ROMAN CATHOLICISM!

In closing this chapter we feel like summing up Rome's vices — virtues she has none — in verse as a legacy of warning to the generation that is to feel the brunt of her foul assault.

Original.

#### ROME'S VIRTUES (!) IN VERSE!

Ill omens rise like sheeted specters from the grave  
That stirs the faithful heart and nerves the true and brave—  
'Tis Rome! old Rome is on her beat!  
Tho' she has sheathed her sword, and Smithfield fires are  
quenched,  
The wily Foe, to-day behind her walls entrenched,  
Seeks to regain the power God from her keeping wrenched,  
And will not know nor own defeat.

Her scheming Jesuit boldly sits in Halls of State,  
And coolly plots our woe behind a smile of hate.  
While *we* sleep on, *she* works and waits.

Her hands, still red with martyrs' blood, her crowning crime,  
Her tortuous trail of woe through centuries of time,  
Her boasted glorious deeds dragged thro' Hell's muck and  
grime

Fortell a thousand woeful fates.

In Pagan Rome three million Christian martyrs died.

In Modern Rome full fifty million more replied,

When Rome held universal sway.

In France the Jesuit slew nine hundred thousand souls—

One hundred fifty thousand Inquisition tolls.

And thus the bloody record through the ages rolls

Where Rome held universal sway.

Old Jesuit Rome has laid her plans with murd'rous care,  
She clothes her plots with smiles and hides her crimes with  
prayer.

While she is on her silent beat!

Then let the Protestant awake—and probe her well—

Rome is a murd'ress still, with heart as black as Hell.

Her crimes are deep and more than human tongue can tell—

And she will never brook defeat.

To-day Rome plans her bloody record to repeat. .

Thro' Jesuit sent'nels in each governmental seat

She waits and works while others sleep.

With ceremonial pomp she blinds the nation's eyes.

Behind her walls with brazen scorn our laws defies,

And locks her nunnery doors where outraged virtue cries

In cloistered cells dug dark and deep.

Before Pope Leo's smiling mask the statesman bows.

Our cringing clergy breaks its one-time sacred vows,

While Rome keeps on her guarded beat!

The rift in yonder Bell of Liberty grows wide.

Her brazen tongue is silent now! Say! has she lied?

Have we forgot the price we paid? Has freedom died?

Shall we go down in dire defeat?

Unfurl the flag that stands for God and liberty!

Let her proud folds unfurl, and let us still be free,

And drive Rome back to Tiber's shore!

Shall free America give welcome to this "Beast"?

Shall freedom die, and we be victims of her feast?

Drive back this scheming Hag to yonder Rome-ruled East!

Lest we our tardiness deplore!

## CHAPTER III.

### STRANGE AND VARIED PROVIDENCES.

When the evangelist's father died he was thirteen years of age. The painful changes always incident to the father's death now became apparent here. The boy, destined for the priesthood by the fiat of Rome, was kept in school until seventeen years old. At the age of eighteen he sought employment in the beautiful village of Marysville, York County, N. B. This village lies three miles distant from Fredericton on the Nashwak River.

While at Marysville he for some time boarded with a Roman Catholic family, but, because of the rum drinking, card playing and general carousing, he secured room and boarding in a Protestant home. This was another providence at life's cross-roads to divert the priest-ward trend of the youth, although he knew it not. While he dreamed of altars and shrines, candles and vespers, rites and Romish prelacy the Holy Spirit wove the web of environment that must finally sequel his absolute redemption from Papal ignorance and superstition.

**That Strange Black Book.**

In coming up to his room he observed lying on the bureau a peculiar black book. He saw the imprint on the back, "Holy Bible," and at once his distrust and hatred for the Book arose. He took a quantity of papers lying in the room and piled them in promiscuous fashion over it, and felt relieved to have it out of sight.

The next time he came to his room the first thing to catch his eye was the Black Book. The papers had been neatly folded, laid aside, and the Book placed in its former position. Considerably disturbed over this strange occurrence he now thought of burning the Book, but was afraid to do so lest enquiry result and the deed be traced. But what should he do? Whatever he did his eye invariably fell on the leather bound Volume. Had he not been taught to hate the "Heretics' Bible"? Who had presumed to place it there? And so he soliloquized. Finally he took up the hated Volume, drew out a drawer from the bureau, dropped it in, threw the folded papers over it once more promiscuously, pushed to the drawer and sat down. There! the thing was out of his sight!

**Protestant Ignorance.**

It seems strange to a Protestant, especially to one whom the Bible has always been meat and drink, that such ignorance of and hatred for the Sacred Volume should exist. But we repeat that

the Protestant little knows the power of Rome's training. "Line upon line and precept upon precept," false though it is, has been droned into the senses until error has become truth to the child now grown. And we would add here that the Protestant is as ignorant of Rome's theology, methods and purpose as is the Catholic dupe of real salvation. Every Protestant should inform himself regarding the *tenets* and *intentions* of Rome. The occasional attendant at her services sees only the devout worshiper, the glowing candles and the smoke from swinging censers; he hears only the mumbling of the Latin litany and Agnus Dei; but he should *get behind the scenes!* He should look behind her walls where virtue is dragged to her grave by priestcraft. He should study the Purgatory cheat; the priestly absolution humbug; the infallibility farce and *he will find the reason* for such gross ignorance, and the intention of Rome. She holds her subjects and wins her bloody laurels through the channel of ignorance. By keeping the Bible from her devotees she keeps them in ignorance, and by keeping them in ignorance she keeps them from their liberties, and by keeping them from their liberties she hopes to regain her lost prestige and power and—plunge the world into darkness deeper than Egyptian and perdition as deep as Hell.

As if by the subtle power of witchcraft the Bible was in its place once more as he entered the room the third time. He stood astonished, unable to



account for the strange occurrence. One Sunday, after an inward struggle, he picked up the Bible to look through its pages. Fearing some one might see him thus engaged in his room upstairs he took it down with him to the parlor. The family had gone out, and, supposing himself alone, he commenced to read. Suddenly he was startled as some one caught the forbidden Book and tried to tear it. The servant girl, a devout Roman Catholic, had tiptoed up behind him, looked over his shoulder, and, seeing him engaged in reading the Bible, sought to destroy it.

#### Why Catholics Are Hard to Reach.

Thus, little by little, the shifting circumstances cut into the designs of Rome. When but a very small boy he had often erected an altar, strewn its base with woodland flowers, set about in their proper places the glimmering tapers and performed the priestly rites as best he knew how. His emotional nature seemed ingrained with the spirit of devotion. While the school children ran noisily about in play when school had been dismissed he hurried homeward and on the way there said as many Hail Marys as possible. Then, with his dog at his heels and his beads still in his hands, he went after the cows *saying* prayers to Mary. Why should we think it strange, then, that Catholics are so hard to reach? The Protestant is not versed in the errors of Rome, hence often, and unwisely,

resorts to sarcasm and denunciation of her dupes. Jesus did not say, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will *drive* all men unto me" (Jno. 13:32), but "will *draw* all men unto me." The hardest man to drive is a Catholic. The greatest drawing force is Jesus. Yes

"Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:  
*Touched by a loving heart,*  
*Wakened by kindness,*  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

So the youth of our narrative was gradually led into the light by repeated encounters with the silent forces of the Book. Later living examples helped to impress the truth that had already found lodgment in the heart.

### The Free Baptist Revival.

Although employed at Marysville he attended mass at St. Mary's, N. B. This chapel he had helped to build and here held a pew. During his stay at Marysville the Free Baptists held a revival there. Curiosity induced him and his friend to attend. The first night they went the church was already full, but the usher knew them, and, anxious that Catholics might see the light, beckoned them to follow him. To their utter dismay he led them to a front seat directly facing the preachers. Abashed because of his close quarters it was some time before he dared look up to take inventory of his surroundings. He looked to see where their

god was, but here was no god, no Mother Mary, no statuary, no altar, no holy candle, no crucifix, and no priest. In his heart he pitied the "poor Protestants."

Looking up he saw an old preacher, Wm. Doney, preaching with such earnestness that tears streamed down his cheeks. This struck him very forcefully. He was convinced the preacher felt and knew what he was talking about. The whole scene was indeed strange to him.

A testimony meeting was in progress. Numbers arose to tell what God had wrought in their soul. Leaning over to his friend he whispered in his ear, "Say, what do you think of this?"

"All crazy, King," answered his companion. Just at this time a young man, Burt McDonald, who worked at the same place they worked, arose and gave a ringing testimony to the power of redeeming grace. "There," said our youth "*he* is not crazy! We know him;" But the companion was vexed and would not acknowledge truth.

### The Power of Silent Forces.

A large rock threw its massive bulk into space. For years sun, wind and rain beat around its granite sides. Euroclydon blasts swept its bold prominence but it jutted defiantly into space while all else went to decay under superior forces. One day a little bird dropped an acorn into a tiny crevice on the time-ribbed face of the rock, winds filled the seam with dust and sand and the rains washed

it down until the seam was full. A tiny leaf came smiling through the streak of soil. In the morning the sun kissed the dewy tears away and at night Nature bathed the hot cheek of the leaflet with cooling draughts from a filmy cloud. The breezes brought their ambrosial treasures of food to the healthy sprig, and from the black soil in its crevice bed it drew strength and courage. Years later the giant rock lay cleft in twain and on the wide earth-filled chasm stood a mighty oak. Silent forces had accomplished what cyclones could never have done. So the silent influences of grace wrought successfully where thunderous onslaught and biting sarcasm would have failed. The "draw" of Jesus, through the years of varied environment, was accomplishing more than the "drive" of over-zealous endeavor. May the dear Lord teach us the art of being good *leaders*; we already have too many *drivers*.

#### Confession in the Parlor.

But the Devil could not give over the battle so easily. Our youth had attended the meetings a number of nights when a notification came from the parish priest at St. Mary's that at a stated time all Catholics must appear for confession. Some one had tattled. Since there was no church at Marysville a confessional was instituted in Mrs. Douney's home, and Rome's machinery was in motion against the light. Father Kiernan, once a Protestant, had heard of young King's actions, and, knowing of

the young man's intention to become a priest, he hurried in to intercept any movement to offset it.

In a parlor set aside for the confessional sat the robed priest. Outside stood the communicants and one by one they passed in, and then passed out when the ordeal was over. Our subject managed to hold himself last, vainly hoping that something would transpire to interrupt the confession. But he was the principal culprit Rome was after. As the door opened and the last dupe, his friend Alexander, left, hope vanished and he knew escape was impossible.

#### The Confessional Tactics.

The confessional is dreaded by the Roman Catholic. Strong men fall to the floor and wail like infants in their guilt and terror before the priest-christ of Rome. Knowing that the priest has access to every secret thought of the heart, and taught that to withhold anything of deed or thought is worse than no confession at all, and will doubly damn, no wonder that the confessional is dreaded. L. J. King knew what Rome wanted, and knowing this, dreaded the frightful ordeal.

A tense clutch at the heartstrings, a nervous catch in the breath, a tremor of terror, and he passed through the door and was alone with the priest. The usual confession touching the general sins (sins in Rome's sight) was gone over and then came a halt:

"Go on!" said the priest.

"I can't, Father!" sighed the youth, determined if possible to avoid the unpleasantness of going through the experiences of the last few nights at the Baptist church. But this was exactly what the priest wanted to air, hence the by-play of halt and command.

When in the confessional box it is the duty of the priest to help the one confessing, and this young King knew. He had purposely stranded here as against a last but lost hope. And the priest knew it just as well. The lance on which the priest impales the soul was now taken up and the culprit prepared to receive the thrusts.

Beginning at uninteresting mayhaps that might have led the youth into such soul-agony in order to lead up to the subject in hand the priest drew his circle of questions around him closer, like a serpent coils around its victim, until he framed, by seeming accident, the following question:

"And did you at any time attend a Heretics' meeting?"

Bursting into tears and falling to the floor in mortal terror that the priest had guessed (?) it at last and sorry (?) that he had so fallen from grace, the young man blurted out, "Yes Father, I attended the Baptist meeting!"

"And did you not know that this is wrong? that you will be damned if I do not shrive you and you persist in attending Protestant meetings?" seriously asked the priest.

"Yes, Father," sobbed the youth, and gave every



evidence of deep contrition. We have seen children howl lustily *before* punishment was meted out by the angry parent and in this way escape a severe chastizement. The children of Rome still play this deception on the priest and thus lessen penance.

"My dear little boy," said the priest, "will you promise me never again to darken a Protestant church door?"

"Yes, Father," meekly answered the tearful suppliant. The priest extended his stole toward the youth in token that his sins were forgiven, gave him a penance, and the dreaded ordeal was over. The next morning all attended mass, received the wafer-good and—*that night L. J. King and his friend Alexander were back at the Free Baptist revival.*

### The Power of the Gospel.

Rome's arrow had fallen short of the mark. The terror and tears of her refractory dupes and the threatening of her robed priest could not kill the God-born desire to learn more of the sweet story of Jesus. The happy faces, ringing testimonies, heart-searching sermons and joyous shouts of new-born souls had held greater attractions than all the vain pomp of a false religion. For him who had groped among these empty baubles so long the peculiar mode of Protestant worship threw shadows of doubt around his Romish superstitions. Through this shadowy haze he seemed to see a gleam of hope and possible deliverance from bond-



age. That night an invitation was given to all who wanted to be prayed for to arise. Leaning over he whispered to his friend Alexander: "I feel impressed to stand up!"

"Don't you dare do it!" answered he, and plunged his hand into King's coat pocket, thus nailing him to his seat. Soon the "impression" left him. The consequences were that he went home unsaved. The sneer of a companion had stifled conviction and he was left in his darkness and troubled spirit.

### The Fatal Hiss.

A revival was in progress in a certain place. Souls were finding Jesus while conviction hung over the scene. Suddenly a woman started toward the altar of prayer. As she left her seat a companion hissed and she stopped. That night she went home unsaved. The next night her conviction was so heavy that she could not keep her seat and again started for the altar. Again she heard the hiss and again she stopped—and went home unsaved. Conviction left her, the meetings closed, and the woman who was afraid of a hiss was not saved.

Soon after this she took sick and lay at the point of death. To him who sat by her side she said the following sad words: *"Just think, six months after I am dead the one who hissed at me that night in the revival meeting will pick flowers from my grave — AND I WILL BE IN HELL! O, had I but yielded to the Voice in my soul that night I need not*

have been lost! But I am going to Hell!" and her soul trailed out into the realities of the Great Unknown. Only a hiss, but it sent a soul to Hell. Who can measure the power of influence?

### **The Sun Behind Clouds.**

His companion's "don't you dare do it!" and the hand in his pocket had stifled the voice of conviction, the meetings closed and the youth was still unsaved. Soon after this he left Marysville and with the money saved during his stay there went home and built a house on the land his father had given him and opened up a general store where rum and tobacco formed part of his merchandise. In this store the godless element gathered on Sabbath afternoon and rioted the hours away.

Changes multiplied. The mother married again and took up her residence in the city of St. John, N. B. Business cares increased. Money getting absorbed the soul, and it seemed the seed sown in the Baptist revival was destined to be lost. The bands of Catholicism tightened on the soul and the forces of evil closed in. The rift of hope once seen in his religious sky had long since closed and the heavy shadows rolled in from the inky seas of Romish ignorance and superstition.

Man, impatient for results, saw every hope vanish and every effort lost; but God, who is never impatient, had yet other means at hand and in His own good time brought influences to bear on the case that resulted in glorious triumph.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FROM ROMANISM INTO THE LIGHT.

We are now back in the old home neighborhood. The general store has taken on a prosperous air, and, mingling with the associates of childhood, young King found life not altogether unpleasant. New environments brought about changes and the next few years mark these changes with interest. We enter upon our task of describing them with delight and believe the reader will find the page a blessing.

Our task is twofold. We not only desire to show forth the errors of Rome, and by this lead her dupes to Christ, but to awaken the sleeping Protestant to his duty and his danger. The horizon is already black with threatening clouds that carry in their frowning folds a baptism of blood for the Protestant. Our political fabric is intertwined with Rome's black strands of despotism and unless the Protestant awakes the sorrows of the near future will overtop the bloody record of the dark ages. The Protestant has always been taken by surprise by Rome and he will be surprised again when the

Harlot on the Tiber shall make her last but vain effort to regain her lost power. The breadth of her failure will depend largely on the alertness of the Protestant. May God use this narrative to the salvation of souls and to the discomfiture of Rome!

### **The Methodist Chapel.**

Across the St. John River stood a Methodist church. To this church the young merchant wended his way one Sunday morning. As he came in some one told the preacher that a Catholic was in the service. During the discourse the preacher referred to the absurdity of Rome's claims; that "neither priest, bishop nor Pope can forgive sins." This angered the young Catholic at once. Your Roman Catholic neighbor may be the personification of kindness, but touch his religion and he is ready to kill you. This ought to be sufficient proof that it is not the religion of Jesus Christ. He says, "You have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you: Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." (Matt. 5:43, 44. Catholic Bible.)

"That will do," said the young Catholic to himself; "I shall never return!" At the close of the service the preacher somehow managed to get to the door first. As he shook the young Catholic's hand he looked him squarely in the eye and said, "God bless you!" and asked him to come back. He

could not understand how the preacher could attack his religion and still wish him a fervent "God bless you!" The priest never shakes hands with his parishioners and never mixes with his people. He keeps his people off. Perhaps should he become too well known to them familiarity might breed contempt.

After his attendance at the Methodist chapel the young Catholic went home and tried to do penance for attending a Protestant service, but this did not ease the error-led conscience. The next Sunday he again betook himself to the Methodist chapel. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Howard were his neighbors and took him under special charge. The lady was an old schoolmate. She knew the young man was a staunch Roman Catholic and intended to enter the priesthood, hence she moved with great caution lest she offend unnecessarily and thus drive him away from the influence of grace. This devoted couple poured out many a prayer for the boy they loved and who seemed to have been entrusted to their especial care.

### Strange Experiences.

The service opened as usual. During prayer the most of the congregation were on their knees, but the young Catholic sat bolt upright through it all. While the preacher prayed for the boy's salvation he fumbled his beads in his pocket and asked the Virgin Mary to convert the Protestant preacher.

A devout Catholic neighbor deplored King's

actions in attending the Heretic meeting and called for him soon after. This neighbor insisted he go to mass with him that morning. He did so, but found no satisfaction at mass and came back feeling worse than before. During the entire winter he went to mass and to the Methodist church—to mass to ease his troubled conscience and to church because he could not help it. The bouquets he had laid before the crucifix, the prayers he had offered to the Virgin Mary, the masses he had said before a crudely erected altar, illuminated by slender tapers, in his boyhood days, this, all this, seemed to lose its sacredness in the fresh services of the Methodists.

#### Rome Loses Her Grip.

He had now been under conviction for more than a year and was losing faith in the Roman Catholic religion, especially in the dogma of transubstantiation. He could not seriously believe that the priest had power to change the wafer into the very flesh and blood and bones of Jesus Christ by mumbling over it a few Latin words. The following stanzas will exactly illustrate our point:

#### Priest Exposed by a Lady.

(Author Unknown.)

A pretty maid, a Protestant, in ignorance was led  
To think she might with comfort live, though to a Papist  
wed.

But Rome decrees no peace they'll have who marry Heretics,  
Until their households have been made submissive to her  
tricks.

It sorely grieved this husband that his wife would not  
comply

To join the "Mother Church" of Rome, and heresy deny,  
Day after day he flattered her, but still she held it good  
That man should never bow the knee to idols made of wood.

The mass, the priest, and miracles, were made but to deceive,  
And transubstantiation, too, she never could believe.

He went unto his clergy then, and told him his sad tale—

"My wife's an unbeliever, sir! try if you can prevail!

You say you can work miracles? She says it is absurd!

Convince her and convert her, sir, and great is your reward."

The priest went with the gentleman (he thought to gain a  
prize)

And said, "I will convert your wife, and open quite her eyes."

So when they came unto the house, "My dear!" the husband  
cried,

"The priest has come to dine with us!" "He's welcome!"  
she replied.

The dinner being ended quite, the priest to teach began,

Explaining to her ladyship the sinful state of man;

The kindness of our Savior, too (this modern priests deny)

Who gave Himself a sacrifice, and for our sins did die.

"He by His priests still offers up Himself a sacrifice!"

The lady only answered by expressing great surprise.

"I will return to-morrow morn. Prepare some bread and  
wine.

I'll then dispense the sacrament to satisfy your mind."

"I'll bake the cake," the lady said. "You may," then  
answered he.

"And when you see this miracle, convinced I'm sure you'll  
be."

The priest returned accordingly, the bread and wine did bless.

The lady asked, "Sir, is it changed?" His rev'rence answered,

"Yes!

It now is changed from bread and wine to real flesh and  
blood,

You may depend upon my word that it is very God!"

Thus having blest the bread and wine, to eat he did prepare.

The lady said unto the priest, "Your rev'rence, have a care!

For one half ounce of arsenic I've mixed in that blest cake—

But as you have its nature changed, it may no difference  
make?"



The priest stood all confused and dumb, and turned as pale  
as death.

The bread and wine fell from his hands, and then he gasped  
for breath—

"Bring me my horse," his rev'rence cried, "this is a cursed  
place!"

"Begone! begone!" the dame replied, "you're of a cursed  
race!"

Her husband stood confounded there, and not one word  
could say.

At last he spoke. "My dear," said he, "the priest has run  
away!

Such mummery and nonsense, dear, no Christian can ap-  
prove—

Thank God I've seen this shameful trick unmasked by you,  
my love!"

This Romish humbug was exposed by just a woman's wit,  
And transubstantiation proved a farce born in the Pit.  
The priest and old Beelzebub, confounded, fled apace,  
And left that home an Eden Rome had measured for dis-  
grace.

When a boy seated in the gallery of the church  
at French Village by his mother's side his curiosity  
had got the better of him. Every communicant is  
supposed to have the head bowed low while the  
priest changes the wafer into Christ; but the boy  
peeped through his fingers at this solemn moment  
"to see how it was done." He had seen no super-  
natural change evidenced, hence as the years drew  
apace the doubt assumed greater proportions. The  
Methodist meetings threw cold water on the cooling  
embers of his false religious fervor and the sandy  
foundations of Rome began to rock. The entire  
superstructure was in imminent danger of collapse.

### The Methodist Preacher's Call.

After attending the Methodist meeting for some time the preacher called at the young Catholic's store. He knocked and was asked to come in. After shaking hands and a few commonplace remarks the following conversation took place:

"It is customary for me to call on the strangers in my congregation and welcome them to the meeting," said the preacher.

"Glad you came," answered the storekeeper. "But I wasn't glad at all," said he, later.

After they had talked a while the preacher said, "I suppose I might pray? I usually do so as I make my calls?"

"Y-e-s," slowly consented the wondering Catholic. Instantly the preacher dropped on his knees and began to pray. As he pleaded for his friend's salvation the latter sat bolt upright, but as the preacher warmed up in his petition he slid from his chair and dropped on one knee. Alfred Le Page knew and felt the power of prayer and used this power to good advantage. "O Lord," rose the tremulous petition on the wings of faith, "this young man is too bright to be in this kind of business. You are not going to let him keep store, but you will save him and make a preacher of him!" Then he arose from his knees, his face radiant with heavenly bliss, took the astonished young man by the hand and said, "You can be saved right now!" But pride ruled and he did not yield.

As the preacher turned to go he said, "We expect to hold a series of revival services soon and I would like to have you attend?" He was very careful not to stir up strife in the breast of his friend, and hastily added, "when not attending mass." He now asked the young merchant for a Bible, but received reply that he had none. There was no Bible in the young man's home. There were plenty of prayer books, catechisms, holy candles, etc., but no Holy Bible. Having guessed aright the wise preacher now asked, "Would you accept a Bible if I gave you one?" Being assured that he would the preacher hastened out to his buggy and brought in a well thumbed Volume and presented it to the young Catholic merchant. He then shook hands once more and with a "God bless you! I am going to pray for you," left the place.

#### A Remarkable Dream.

About this time he had a very remarkable dream. He dreamed that he was out in the field at work with his father and two of his brothers in the very early spring. Dark clouds were gathering in the northwestern sky — the quarter from whence storms usually came. The clouds grew blacker as they rose and assumed a threatening aspect. Soon a light or yellowish streak was left in the wake of the rising body of black clouds. The wild fantastic cloudwork swirled upward like a churning sea and lightnings leaped in zigzag rapidity through the inky blackness.

He had watched the approaching storm with apprehension, and now said, "We had better make for shelter!" His companions seemed indifferent to the oncoming danger, so he dropped his work and ran homeward. As he looked back he saw his father and brothers also running from the rapidly approaching storm. Soon he came to the house where his mother was standing in the doorway. But he ran by the house, although he heard her calling to him as he passed by. Straight to the river he ran and started across on the ice. As he ran he saw a large crack just before him (the river would soon break its icy coat under the springtime freshets), but he thought he could jump it without difficulty. But the crack was wider than he had calculated and he fell into its wedgelike depths. As he went down he cried for help and just then a man ran up, reached down his hand and lo! it was the Methodist preacher who later visited him, prayed with him and gave him the Bible.

### The Sequel.

We have already narrated the death of the evangelist's father in the second chapter. That he swept triumphantly into Heaven in spite of Rome's death-watch is confidently believed, and this dream helped to confirm the belief. The seed that fell from William Sloat's hand into the dying man's heart where Rome kept her vigils yielded glorious fruition. The Romish cords that bound the dying man snapped

just before his soul sped across the boundary of space.

Six years after our subject's conversion, Thomas, one of the brothers in the field, was converted and baptized at Presque Isle, Maine. Later Lawrence, the other, was gloriously saved. Three months after he sickened and died. L. J. King spent a week at his brother's bedside. When asked whether he wanted a priest, he answered, "No! I am satisfied with Jesus!" Lawrence died a triumphant death. He left a widow and one child who still reside at Presque Isle, Maine, and are devoted followers of Christ. Thus the dream, so vividly impressed on the mind of our subject, was fulfilled. The run from the gathering storm of Judgment resulted in the salvation of all four toilers in the field of life.

The meetings began. Mr. and Mrs. Howard began, and God had already begun. As he attended the meetings the Spirit worked and conviction deepened. He tried to work off the strange spell with his beads in praying to the Virgin Mary, but the counting of beads did not allay the fears in his guilty soul.

### **The Sleepless Nights.**

He now began to lose sleep and interest in his business. Tears flowed freely. He thought folks cried only when some one had died, but to cry while about your work he could not understand. Two or three handkerchiefs were soaked in tears

in one night. At the service he laid his head on the pew before him and wept in an agony of distress. He thought every prayer and every sermon had been directed to him, as indeed they were, under the sure guidance of the Spirit. He was angry with himself for going and yet he could not stay away. On his way home he would rattle off the Hail Marys on his beads to appease that holy Mother's wrath, but the battle grew in proportion.

While in bed one night he screamed in soul agony, and lest others should hear and enquiry result, he wrapped his head about with a quilt and cried aloud. He now began to read the Potestant Bible, and the next minute was tempted to burn it. After spending many sleepless nights he arose and turned to Isaiah 55 (he did not know Isaiah from Revelation) and began to read:

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt



call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah 55:1-7.)

### A Strange Coincidence.

The seventh verse seemed to fit his case exactly. Impressed with it he took his pencil and wrote it out on paper lest he lose the place, and kept repeating it all day long while about his work in the store. That night he went to the meeting as usual and was surprised to hear the preacher read for his Scripture lesson the first seven verses of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and close the Book. A member of his choir, Miss Kilbourn, then prayed, and the entire tenor of her prayer seemed to be directed to him. After the prayer the preacher arose and announced his text. It was Isaiah 55:7, the same he had written on his paper and repeated in his store: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

The whole sermon seemed especially preached to him. After the sermon the call for mourners



was given and a number went forward and knelt at the bench. The convicted man sat back in his seat shaking like an aspen leaf. He wanted to go forward but soliloquized: "If I go up there and become a Protestant the Catholics will disown me, I will be excommunicated, get the Pope's curse, and will be damned!"

He knew nothing about God's power to save. He saw others going to the "mourners' bench," wanted to go himself, but decided finally to become a Protestant in his seat. But that failed to work.

### The Smile of Jesus.

But he still hung back, clung to the back of the pew and cried aloud. The load was growing unbearably heavy — almost to the breaking point. The preacher entreated, "Now is your time! to-morrow you may be in eternity!" Just then the choir began to sing,

"What do you hope, dear brother,  
To gain by your further delay?  
There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but His way."

"Yes, I will!" now cried the wretched man, and, forgetting all about his surroundings and the consequences of his action, almost fell toward the altar of prayer. While rolling there in the agonies of repentance he looked up and saw the smiling face of Jesus beam down at him from the cross. As he saw the blood trickling from His wounded palms the burden rolled away.

**Rest, Sweet Rest.**

When this happy transformation had taken place the preacher was hugging him, the choir was shaking his hand and he began to wonder whether he had made a fool of himself. He now thought of the Pope's curse, etc., but—something had happened, and he knew it. Thoughts came thick and fast: "Is it true? Have I dreamed? Will it last? I went too far! I must go back to the Catholic Church!" So the battle raged, but peace came in and the storm of the soul was calmed. He felt he must keep on and turn a deaf ear to all other voices. As he did this the joy increased and he had learned his first lesson in Christian discipleship.

The old fear and agony had passed away. The sleepless nights were now in the past. Since the great change had come he could lie down on his pillow and sleep the sleep of innocence. Truly "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Eight years before his brother Lawrence's conversion the evangelist visited Presque Isle, Maine, and while there, held a meeting. His brother came to hear him preach and the next day took him out riding around the place. During the course of their conversation he said, "I believe you have the right kind of religion!" Although he remained a Roman Catholic for eight years longer, yet the truth sown in the meeting brought forth fruit in his sound conversion under the labors of evangelist Shaver. Thus the prophetic dream was gloriously fulfilled

and all who ran from the storm found safety in the Shepherd's fold. We close this chapter with the first fourteen verses of the 116th Psalm. Grateful because of having escaped the toils of Rome, and delivered by the power of Jesus, this Psalm has ever been precious to him:

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted: I said in my haste, All men are liars. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me. I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." (Psalms 116:1-14.)



## CHAPTER V.

### NEW EXPERIENCES AND NEW VICTORIES.

It seemed he had been transported into a new world. The sun had never shone so brightly, the birds had never sung so sweetly and the trees seemed to clap their hands for very joy. There was a new Heaven and a new earth. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (II Cor. 5:17.)

#### Telling the Glad News.

He had been afraid this new strange joy might take its flight after the first hours of bliss, but as he praised, God blest. Every new-born child of God is anxious to tell others of the sweet peace thrilling the heart. So with him. He now felt impressed to tell his sister of the wonderful soul-transformation. Early the next morning he rapped at her door. She opened it and stared at him. Then she turned pale, stood back, and finally said: "O Louis, what have you done!"

"Glory to Jesus, I got saved at the Methodist Church last night! I am so happy, and so wanted to tell you. You don't need to go to a priest any more, nor pray to the Mother Mary!"

At this outburst of jubilant praise the children crept behind their mother's skirts and cried, "O mamma, Uncle Louis is crazy!" Indeed! he had just been "clothed in his right mind." The sandy foundations of Rome had been blown out and the sure and abiding foundation of Bible Christianity laid by the Hand that rules the universe.

#### Fond Hopes Blasted.

This brother and sister had almost worshipped each other. He had been intended for the priesthood and she for the veil. By marriage she had forfeited the veil and now this Protestant-Methodist revival craze had struck the favorite brother and blasted the family's fond hopes and dreams.

She had watched him narrowly while he had been under conviction; had noticed the tumbled bed, the haggard expression and carried the nicely prepared but untasted breakfast away morning after morning with a heavy heart. She knew he attended the Methodist revival, but had hardly expected him to sell his birthright for a mess of Protestant pottage.

They had attended school together, held each other's sacred secrets, and the warm affection had been unbroken until this new cloud of terror broke over their horizon of bliss. The "great gulf fixed"

between error and truth divides *here*, and the pain lies heavy in the heart where righteousness reigns.

"No, I am not crazy!" said he. "I was saved last night in the Methodist meeting!"

"Well, when are you going to be baptized?" was the next question she directed toward him.

### Catholic vs. Christian Baptism.

"I do not know. I was so happy I had not thought of it!" said he. His joy was unspeakable, while the sister's woe was deep and dark. The Catholic hates Christian baptism. To him it is the highest insult to the Pope's baptism. Baptism in the Catholic Church stands for regeneration, hence, when he who has renounced Roman Catholicism and embraced Protestantism, baptism by immersion seems in their sight to clinch the compact.

"I just hope when you go down in the water you will never come up!" was the next shaft that fell from her lips. Suffice it to say that Rome has had every reason to believe for the last fifteen years that he "came up." Although the sister is still a Roman Catholic, yet they are the best of friends. It is hoped that the life and prayer of the self-sacrificing brother will yet lead her into the white light of truth.

### The Lantern on the Bush.

The ice was now beginning to break up on the river and it was dangerous to cross. The meetings



still continued, but few crossed on the boat on account of floating ice and logs. But, although few from his side crossed the river on account of the danger, he and another party went night after night. They would hang their lantern on a bush on the home side of the river, row across, attend the meeting and then, on their return, steer for the light on the other side. The river was one-half mile wide here, the night pitch dark and straggling logs floated in the river, one of which might at any time capsize the boat and sink them to a watery grave.

But the love for the meeting was strong and they decided to risk the danger. In the bow of the boat sat the companion watching for logs, and by a peculiar twist of the paddle the new convert steered for the lantern on the other shore. They had engaged a Pilot who had never lost a boat—the “Pilot of Galilee”—hence the river was crossed again and again without accident.

#### Experiences New and Varied.

While still in the store, yet he served the Lord faithfully and walked in all the light he had. The Methodist minister now began to instruct him in Wesley's theology. He also again started to school. He had been converted about the ninth of April, and soon after felt the call to preach. He had been truly “born again, not of corruptible seed” (not of the Pope), “but of incorruptible, by the

word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." (I Pet. 1:23.)

A year from his conversion in April he went to see a Baptist immersion which was done through a hole in the ice. He felt that this was the proper mode of baptism as viewed from a scriptural standpoint and resolved to be immersed. He applied, and in the presence of a large congregation of Protestants and Catholics, was immersed.

#### **Seed-time and Harvest.**

But he still clung to his general store. He would take a run out and hold meetings and then return to the store. He had been elected Sunday School superintendent over the same Sunday School which he had attended with his father, brother and sister when ten years of age. The harvest time had come to Miss Cooper and Mrs. J. Cliff, who had then so faithfully canvassed the neighborhood for Sunday School scholars.

#### **A Wonderful Vision.**

The call to preach was more clearly felt as the months passed by. But it seemed he wanted to be sure, and then the Romish error ingrained into his religious nature for twenty-five years left stubbornly. One night as he lay on his bed pondering the situation, afraid to take a new step, waiting for something more definite, he knew not what, he suddenly saw a yellowish light appear in his

room which grew brighter and brighter. In this strange flame or glare, a little distance from his bed about one foot above the floor the Savior appeared. All around Him hung a whiter light infinitely pure. He wore a soft white robe and on His face of radiant beauty appeared an expression of such compassion and love that cannot be described.

With this expression He looked upon the perplexed disciple a moment and smiled. He was not afraid, and as that wonderful smile beamed on the Savior's face He handed him a bright shining sword, and as he took it, lo! it was the Word of God — the Bible — and immediately the vision disappeared.

As the years fled apace this Sword has been used with telling effect. The vision strengthened his faith and corroborated the call into the harvest field. The following chapters tell how the Lord honored the hand that wielded the Sword. Throughout his *Trials and Travels* we see how wonderfully God honored his efforts from the very day of his most wonderful conversion.

In this year he began to preach in the Baptist Church at home and kept on preaching until finally he gave up the store entirely and the prayer of Alfred Le Page, the Methodist preacher, had been answered. For fifteen years he has preached and lectured through the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the state of Maine, and for the last two years in the United States.

While engaged in preaching and lecturing he wrote to his mother regularly and kept her informed

of his movements and the success God was giving him. Letters of this character sorely displeased the step-father, who was a staunch Roman Catholic. When the mail carrier came he would intercept him and all letters from his wife's son were promptly destroyed. At this the woman wondered why she did not hear from her deceived son, but the man kept silence. As soon as the evangelist learned how his letters had been tampered with he addressed them to a friend and in this way the mother once more received his letters, and Rome's dupe was foiled.

#### **Father Dunnivan's Conclusion.**

But these letters, full of gospel admonition and stirring incidents of the meeting, troubled her. She took them to her parish priest, Father Dunnivan, of Carleton, St. John. After he had read them he turned to her and said: "Madam, your son is surely insane! No sane man could write such Protestant sermons!" She then told him, poor woman, that "Josh" Howard had led him astray, and fully expected to see her son brought to the St. John insane asylum. But as Paul said, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness" (Acts 26:25) so he might answer the priest and continue the train of thought contained in the 26th verse with the language adapted: "For you, mother, and the priest, know of these things, and before you I speak freely: for

I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from you: for this thing was not done in a corner."

### **The Sad Visit to Mother.**

In the month of June he determined to pay his mother a visit, and boarded a steamer for St. John. It was a heavy trial. The step-father was vicious and the mother hostile. When he crossed the gang-plank as he left the steamer his courage almost failed. As he came in sight of the house his heart beat tumultuously and he almost fled. If mother were only alone, thought he, but the man is so vicious; what shall I do?

He stopped at the house of the friend to whom his letters had been addressed and advised with them whether he had better go to the house or have mother come over? But after prayer he gained new strength and then proceeded to the house. It was just across the street and when he arrived he found the step-father sitting on the veranda smoking. As he approached the door the man at once began a tirade of abuse and called him a "miserable reprobate," and "old Chiniquy!"

"You are not satisfied to disgrace yourself and mother, but now you come to disgrace me and my family!" roared the irate Irishman.

"Mr. McGill," said the wronged son, "I have disgraced neither myself, my mother nor you. You know what I was while I was a Roman Catholic. I have been converted and love Jesus. I have come

to tell mother about Jesus. If you do not want to hear it you need not. I have come to see my mother!"

The neighbors had been aroused by the angry talk of the man, and as he saw this he took his chair, walked into the house, slammed the door and said, "You can't bring your Jesus in here!"

The evangelist saw the door would not be opened so he resolved to return to the boat. As he passed the window he saw his mother watching him intently as though she really believed him insane. Her face was ashy white. The mother he still loved he was obliged to leave without one word with her and he went back to the steamer with a heavy heart, and keenly felt the truth of the scripture: "The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." (St. Luke 12:53.) But as he walked away there also came to him this comforting passage in Ps. 27:10: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

### **Roman Catholic Hate.**

There is something in the heart of the Roman Catholic that wants to kill when his false religion is exposed. This murderous spirit is in the heart of the mother against the son or brother against



brother. Some time after he had entered the new life his mother declared, after she had been told that the reformer had delivered a lecture against the wafer-god and exposed the folly of transubstantiation: "If I had the power, I'd burn him at the stake!"

Later still while visiting a sister she and a brother became bitterly incensed at his preaching and lectures. The brother tried to defend his religion, but, since Rome is always worsted in scriptural argument, he became so furious that he came at his brother with an uplifted ax just outside the door. But as the evangelist prayed the angry brother turned around and sunk the blade of his ax into a tree standing near by, and the tragedy was averted.

#### **Beautiful Beulah Camp.**

But, since the Lord had taken him up after he had been cast off by his mother he took passage on the steamer for Beulah Camp, twenty miles from the city of St. John, and found comfort for his bleeding heart. Here he first came in contact with holiness people, and found as he listened to the sermons and testimonies that he had the same experience, but had not known what to call it.

#### **The "Second Work of Grace."**

He had felt the stirrings of the carnal mind some time after his conversion and had felt the need of a deeper work. As he struggled and prayed under



the strain for deliverance, while sitting in his chair one day the light broke through and in and he knew that deliverance had come. He did not then know it by the name of "perfect love" or "sanctification," but it worked exactly the same as though he had been able to apply the theological label. So as he sat in Beulah Camp he was at "one accord" at once and the saints at "one accord" with him. The seventeenth chapter of St. John "that they all may be one" was exemplified here and "worked."

The holiness people, knowing about the evangelist's trials, gathered around and comforted him. Some gave him money, and a lady who had known him and boarded at the same house where he had had the experience with the Bible on the bureau, had a beautiful Bible. She now came to him and said the Lord wanted her to present it to him; that she had several times almost decided to have her name put on its cover, but something had prevented. All these things encouraged him and he was once more ready to go out to the battle.

### **The Doctrine of Holiness.**

We have now come up to holiness. This priceless doctrine will receive due prominence throughout the remainder of this narrative. There are no people we love better than the holiness people. They are the "salt of the earth." But lately the writer had gone through severe trials at the hands of the enemies of the cross and soon after entered

his brother's church for a Sunday morning service. As he entered the little chapel they were singing "Beulah Land!" He can never forget the joy he felt as he heard the holiness people sing that song. At once the breezes from Beulah Land fanned his soul into fervor and he realized, if but faithful

"The toils of the road will seem nothing  
When we get to the end of the way."

Thank God for holiness, obtained and retained here and now — the experience that fits us for Heaven. Without it no one shall ever see the Lord.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BEARING REPROACH "WITHOUT THE CAMP."

The preacher who had baptized evangelist King now desired that he enter the active work with him, which he did. But as he had obtained the experience of holiness and this preacher was a holiness fighter the connection was soon broken and work carried on separate and alone.

#### Baptists Disappointed.

The Baptists were very sorry that the evangelist had attended the holiness meeting at Beulah Camp. They had never liked his testimony to a life without sin, but the impetus received at the Camp was so evident in the man that they saw something must be done. They had hoped to make of him a Baptist preacher, but with this holiness experience on hand, they could not use him. Accordingly they decided to wait on him to show him the error of his way and deputed an old Baptist ripe and well versed in the tenets of their Church to visit him. This man was very religious, but much addicted to

the use of tobacco. The evangelist had received light on the subject and had given it up some time before.

This leader in the community came to talk to him "about this holiness experience," and said this holiness religion had been "smuggled across the line (thus escaping duty) by Aaron Hartt," and that if he "continued in it" he would "never amount to anything!"

Our holiness evangelist then told him that he thought the experience had been "smuggled" from Heaven and was therefore the best article he had ever had. Worsted at every turn the old man left, sadder, but no wiser, for he dearly loved his quid and the tenets of the Baptist Church.

### Holiness Not Popular.

How many have been told that they would not amount to anything if they persisted in going with this despised holiness crowd. The moment real holiness becomes popular that moment it meets its death. But he who keeps on with the hated few will win laurels for Jesus. As the man with the double barreled gun is capable of killing more game than is he with a single barreled gun, so is the preacher who presents the "double cure" more effective and efficient in soul-saving work than he who knows only the "baptism of John."

While the one-work Church withdrew her fellowship Mr. and Mrs. Howard stood true to him.

This brother had been to holiness meetings and had obtained the experience; had subscribed for holiness papers and was in many ways a great help to the young preacher.

### **Carnality in Catholic and Protestant.**

But throughout the fifteen years of evangelistic work many Protestant pulpits were denied him, not only because of his anti-Catholic lectures, but because he preached and taught the "second work of grace," properly so called. The carnal mind is the same in the breast of the Protestant as in the heart of the Catholic because it is "enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Rom. 8:7.) It is the same in quality in the breast of a Protestant clergy as in that of the Romish priesthood. One expects to be rid of this "evil propensity" at death while the other hopes to have it purged out by Purgatorial fires in the world of spirits. Both are wrong, and both will be doomed to an eternal disappointment. The Scriptures are emphatic on this question, and declare that we must "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 13:14.) Christ gave Himself for the Church as well as for the world.

### **Christ Died for the Church.**

"I thought," says the queriest, "that Christ gave Himself for the world? Do we not read in John

3:16 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life'?" Indeed! So He did. And when the sinner repents and lays hold of this promise by appropriating faith, the blood is applied and he is regenerated. But the "root of bitterness" (Heb. 13:15), or "carnal mind" (Rom. 8:7) cannot be forgiven, but must be cleansed. John 3:16 has reference to the man in a state of *sins committed* while Eph. 5:26 refers to the man in a state of *sin inherited*. His actual sins had been pardoned because he met the conditions laid down in John 3:16; but since Christ's death embraces a dual significance; viz., that He died *for the Church* as well as *for the world*, the conditions of Eph. 5:26 must be met in order that the "inbred sin" in the man's heart may be *cleansed away*. *Actual sins are pardoned in regeneration, but inbred sin (carnal mind) is cleansed in sanctification.*

### Nothing But the Blood.

If "regeneration" or "works" or "baptism" or "reckoning" (Keswickism) or "growth" or "death" or "Purgatory" could "crucify the old man" (Rom. 6:6) then what shall we do with the blood of atonement? If any or all of these accomplish the desired end we have no need of the redeeming blood of Jesus? "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, *and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify (set apart) and cleanse it* (from the

carnal mind or inbred sin) with the washing of water by the word." (Eph. 5:25, 26.)

The regenerate soul has carnal propensities, and if it would "put off the old man" (Eph. 4:22), this "carnal mind" so "at enmity against God," then there must take place in that soul a work of grace embodied in Eph. 5:25, 26. The "old man" is identical with the "carnal mind," "double mind," "root of bitterness," and other terms of like import. We believe Brother I. G. Martin, the author of the following well worded song (found in "*Songs of the Comforter, No. 2*"), will forgive us if we here use it to help clear up the fog in the mind of so many people:

#### THE OLD MAN.

So many dear people are troubled to-day  
With conflicts and battles within,  
"O what shall we do," so often they say,  
To conquer the old man of sin?

Chorus.

Some say, "This is the way,  
Keep him down and let him stay;"  
But here is the true and scriptural plan:  
Crucify and kill the old man.

"So many the times when we've tried to be good  
Then trouble was sure to begin,  
How wretched am I, say what shall I do,  
To conquer the old man of sin?"

"They tell me this battle will last all my life,  
With unconquered evil within—  
Say, is there no way to end all this strife?  
To conquer the old man of sin?"



When this has been accomplished then will there be a oneness among the children of God that can never exist without it. Warring factions will cease their clack and senseless clash, and "differences" will but draw us closer together in bonds of holy fellowship. So many believe in being "one," but they want to be the one. They agree with no one else, and their "opinion" and "impression" must be honored and respected. The spirit of the age seems to be

"Me and my wife,  
My son John and his wife—  
Us four, and no more."

The head of the house, well satisfied with his pre-eminence in all things, said, "Wife, everybody is queer nowadays — except you and I; and — sometimes I think you are a little queer!" This spirit has crept into the rank and file of the holiness movement with disastrous results. And yet, there are many precious souls who are of "one accord" no matter whether they meet in America or in the jungles of Africa. Real sanctification unifies in spite of every thing pointing to the contrary. We see and welcome the hour when the little differences of the head are being laid aside and a united front be shown the enemies of the cross. We close with the prayer we believe every sanctified soul can pray, so ably set forth by Freda Hanbury Allen in the following poem:

**"THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE."**

(John 17:21)

"All one in Christ"—Whence then come these divisions?  
 This criticising spirit keen and hard?  
 This strife of tongues, this secret bitter envy,  
 This lack of love which many a life has marred?

Whence comes this party spirit fierce and angry,  
 Which counts all views as error save its own?  
 And whence these harsh misjudgments of each other,  
 While we profess to follow Christ alone?

Come they not from a self-life unsundered?  
 Where Christ is King in name, but not in deed?  
 Where each holds fast his wisdom, his opinion,  
 Nor sees his poverty, his soul's deep need?

Come they not from that which God abhorreth,  
 Which thinketh "I am holler than thou"?  
 Which does not count itself as one unworthy,  
 And in the dust before the Savior bow?

Come they not from a lack of understanding  
 The wideness of the Father's wondrous love?  
 And how that love yearns over all His children,  
 To make them perfect for His home above?

"Father, that they in one may be made perfect!"  
 Such was (and is) for us His heart's desire;  
 Thus only will the world believe our message,  
 Thus only burn the Pentecostal fire.

For when the voice of praise "as one" ascended,  
 The cloud and glory filled the house divine;  
 And when "with one accord" they simply tarried,  
 On each the fire of Pentecost did shine.

"By this shall all men know my true disciples,  
 If ye my love toward one another show:"  
 This was the mark with which Christ sealed His follow'rs;  
 This the disciples' badge while here below.

O Father, let us not frustrate Thy purpose,  
To show through us Thy love so great to man:  
Shed in our hearts Thy love in all its fulness,  
That love in us may all divisions span.

Break every barrier, melt our stony coldness,  
Humble our pride, and set our hearts aglow  
With love to Thee and love to one another,  
That through Thy Church the stream of life may flow.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OUT INTO THE HARVEST FIELD.

We are now about to take up the work proper of the reformer that extends through the years of 1899 and 1908. Strange experiences are recorded, and no one can doubt that the hand of God led throughout the *Trials and Travels* of this child of God.

Before we proceed we will relate another incident which happened about five years before his conversion. It shows how the Lord followed him by providences along the way and finally brought him out of the Romish maze of superstition and error into the white light of gospel truth.

#### Currie's Haunted Bridge.

The Roman Catholic is a most superstitious creature. This trait is born and drilled into his nature in order that the priest may the better work his dupe to advantage. When the subject of our review was about twenty years of age he was sent on an errand to a doctor. Before his return night had overtaken him. He was afraid to cross "Currie's Bridge." This locality was said to be haunted and

was located in a lonely part of the forest where deep gullies cut their declivitous way through to more pleasing outlets. It was said that years before a peddler had been robbed and murdered here and since then rumor had it that a man without a head had been seen in the vicinity of Currie's bridge.

Before the young Catholic approached the bridge he came to a school house in which he saw a light, and found the Baptists were holding services there. He now resolved to linger near the school house until the services should be dismissed, when he would have company across the haunted bridge.

### The Two Voices.

For some time he stood outside when a Voice said, "Go inside!" But another voice said, "Don't go in!" But the stronger Voice prevailed and he dropped into a back seat, as he hoped, unobserved. Testimony meeting was in progress and all this was indeed strange and new to him. When about to close the preacher gave an invitation to all who desired the prayers of Christian people to raise the right hand as expressive of such a desire. The Voice again said, "Put up your hand!" and the other voice said, "Don't you do it!" Again the stronger Voice prevailed, the hand was raised, and quickly dropped with the hope that no one had seen it. But the preacher had seen the hand and prayed. The meeting closed, the haunted bridge was safely

passed and the man without a head was not seen; but the impressions received in the meeting never left him and played no small part in deepening conviction which finally led to his conversion.

*Bath N. B.* — While holding meetings at Bath, N. B., the evangelist was invited out several miles from there to hold a series of meetings in a Baptist church. No sooner had he begun when the Roman Catholics were up in arms. However, the services grew in interest and power, and each plan of the Devil was foiled.

Adjoining the church lay a field owned by a Catholic. The people coming from a distance were wont to hitch their horses to the fence. One night as the services were about to begin this dupe of Rome unloosed the horses and a stampede was the result. In the excitement men and women jumped from the windows, pandemonium reigned and the services broke up for the night. A double seated coach was backed up to the church door, which the evangelist entered, and was driven to Bath. Thus, it seemed, the Enemy had the victory. But we shall see.

The next day was Sunday. A large crowd had gathered and a blessed service was held. At the close a threatening cloud was observed hanging in the sky moving in the direction of the church building. A storm was evidently pending. Many had come a long distance, hence they thought it wise to remain in the building until the storm should pass by.

### The Burning Barn.

A short distance removed from the church lived the Roman Catholic family, highly incensed at the Heretics. The holy water had been sprinkled toward the approaching storm to palsy disaster, candles blinked in the gathering gloom, rosaries rattled through nervous fingers and mumbled prayers to the Virgin Mary left tense-drawn lips that the Heretics might be destroyed. Suddenly the storm burst. Forked lightnings played across space in zigzag gleam across the black heavens and thunders pealed across space like the beating of huge kettle drums. A sickening glare lighted up the darkness, followed by a thunderous boom like the discharge from deep-mouthed cannon and from the Catholic's barn poured flame and smoke. The shaft shot from God's hand could not be stayed by holy water, gleaming candles nor bead-counted litanies. Rome's priest-blest trappings were as powerless to turn the tide of the storm as were the cries and prayers of Baal's prophets on Mount Carmel.

The despised Heretics rushed from the church building and succeeded in keeping the flames from destroying the house and other outlying buildings. Some one said to the distressed and deluded woman, "If it had not been for King's meeting, you would have lost your house as well as your barn?" whereupon she admitted that "King must be a good man."



**Sad Plight of Rome's Dupes.**

Poor deluded people. How sad their plight. Reared in Romish superstition and darkness they thought to work a miracle with Rome's senseless trinkets, and knew not that the hand of the miracle-working God was ever against them. Loosing horses could not stay the tide of victory nor drive the hated Heretics from the field; neither could holy water, burning tapers and appeals to the Virgin Mary on strings of beads bring down the wrath of God on their heads.

God's hand has ever been against Rome and always will be until the Scarlet Hag shall have been cast into the bottomless Pit. Once again had the Enemy been defeated and the evangelist could say with the Psalmist: "By this I know that thou favorest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me" (Ps. 41:11) and "As for all the enemies, he puffeth at them." (Ps. 10:5.) A puff of fire from God's thunder-capped storm-cloud had licked up the holy water in the trench of superstition around Rome's altar, snuffed her burning candles of their vested power and torn the rattling prayer-beads from the hands of her deluded devotees.

The following poem (author unknown) sets forth the truth in verse so well that we give it here. May it open the eyes of some poor Roman Catholic who has been ensnared by Rome's thousand and one empty ceremonies:

## PADDY'S FAREWELL TO THE PRIEST.

The priest of the parish got up in the morn,  
And ordered his Clerk all his people to warn;  
Before his tribunal each one should appear,  
Where he sat as God their "confessions" to hear.

Then Paddy rose quickly and sent the priest word  
His soul had escaped from the snare, like a bird  
The net of the fowler, and now he would tell  
His reasons for bidding his reverence farewell.

Farewell, and for ever, to teacher of lies!  
Your own Douay Bible has opened my eyes;  
I see your imposture as plain as the light;  
You only can flourish in darkness and night.

Your merchandise old now has no charm for me,  
The "pearl of great price" in the Bible I see.  
The joy that now fills me no language can tell—  
So, priest of the parish, I bid you farewell.

Farewell to your worship of pictures and stones!  
Your rags and your relics, your rotten old bones!  
Your images winking, bleeding impostures,  
Twenty "Ave Marias" and two "Pater-nosters!"

The second commandment you cunningly hide,  
Idoltrous worship for Christians provide,  
Where mysteries Pagan and Jewish combine—  
A mock'ry Satanic of worship Divine.

Farewell to the mass, 'tis a blasphemous cheat!  
What! worship a wafer the vermin may eat?  
It grew in a field, it was thrashed with a flail;  
'Twas winnowed and fanned, and then ground into meal.

'Twas boiled in a saucepan, and made into paste;  
'Twas clipped with the scissors—the mice ate the waste;  
'Twas stamped with a figure—a cross and a man;  
'Twas put on the fire and then baked in a pan—

Of Satan a masterpiece, chief work of Hell!  
To gods made of wafer, for ever farewell!  
Farewell to your worship in muttering tone—  
An offering of fools in a jargon unknown!

Your antics and turnings, bowing and scraping,  
Postures and twistings, grimacing and aping!  
The Word of the Lord by your trash you disguise,  
And cheat all the world by your "refuge of lies."

Farewell to your cursings, your bludgeons and sticks,  
The "Mother of Harlots," and Jezebel's tricks.  
Go, stand on the necks of your minions and tools!  
Go, blow out your candles on asses and fools!

I pity the slave who allows your control—  
Who feels all the weight of your chains on his soul.  
The power of the Truth has now broken the spell,  
So, priest of the parish, I bid you farewell.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN ST. JOHN, N. B.

At this place the evangelist began meetings in the Temple of Honor Hall and continued for a period of ten months. The result was a great revival. Twenty-six were baptized in the open air. This was something new and caused a great stir. The baptismal service was largely attended by thousands of Catholics. Among those baptized was the evangelist's sister, who lived in the city of St. John. At first as she attended the meetings she fought the truth and called her brother "crazy," but finally she knelt at the altar and was soundly converted. She is training up her family in the Protestant faith.

As the meetings grew in interest the lectures against Roman Catholicism were given in York

Theatre, which were largely attended. In the summer months when the weather was fine the meetings were held in the open air on Sunday afternoon, where from five to ten thousand people heard the gospel message.

### The Ft. Howe Riot.

After having preached thus for a number of Sundays the Roman Catholics made a final and desperate effort to kill the reformer. There had been some trouble before this time and he had been obliged to apply to chief of police Clark to get protection on Sunday. Some time before a Catholic policeman off duty had thrown a piece of rock at the preacher, and after his case had been heard he was discharged.

But on this particular Sunday—the last day of the evangelist's stay—the Pope's dupes could restrain their murderous instinct no longer. The Hibernians and Jesuits, Rome's chief tools, made an attempt to force the evangelist over the precipice. This bluff of rock lay in the heart of the city. On its high prominence it was conveniently cool in hot weather. The Salvation Army had held meetings there. A military shed stood there and its top bristled with cannon. It was a beautiful place and afforded a fine sight of the city and harbor.

### **The Fight on the Hill.**

On the east side of this scenic bluff the evangelist usually held his meetings. He had been warned of the intended attempt on his life, hence to-day he had shifted toward the center, some distance away from the declivity. When about to close, although attended by fourteen officers and two hundred Orangemen, the effort was made to force the evangelist over the brink by a tremendous crowd of Hibernians. But the Orangemen had come prepared, and with revolvers, clubs, etc., began to resist the impulse of the Pope's mob. The policemen fought furiously. Blood flowed freely, bones were broken and bottles hurled; but after a hard fight the police and Orangemen succeeded in dragging the reformer through the crowd into the street.

### **Orangemen.**

An Orangeman is once and always opposed to popery. They are very numerous in the British Empire. On the annual 12th of July celebration multiplied thousands march through the streets, carry the Bible, with the procession headed by a representative of King William on a white horse. The flag of the country is unfurled and patriotic speeches are made. They demand an open Bible, liberty of conscience, equal rights to all (Catholic



and Protestant) and special privileges to none. The reformer being affiliated with them he always found them trusty protectors. A short history of their origin might not come amiss here:

### History of the Orangemen.

*"Battle of the Boyne.* — J. D. E. — The Battle of the Boyne was fought on July 12th, 1690, between James II and William III.

"King James' force numbered about 30,000, while that of the Prince of Orange was about 36,000. The battle resulted in the defeat of King James, whose loss was 1,500, King Williams' army losing only a third of that number. The Battle of the Boyne was an incident in the revolution headed by King James. While on the throne of England his tyranny estranged him from the affections of every class of his subjects, and finally seven Englishmen of high position, both Tories and Whigs, invited the Orange Prince to come over and redress their grievances. Accordingly on November 5th, 1688, he landed at Torbay with an army of 15,000, composed of English and Dutch. His success was rapid and bloodless. Men of all parties came over to him. On December 23rd James fled the Kingdom, and the throne, having been declared vacant by the Con-

vention of Parliament, on February 13th, William and Mary (she had landed the day before) were proclaimed King and Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. James, on the first appearance of danger, had sent his wife and infant son to France, and when he fled the country he made his way there and joined them at St. Germain. The following year, aided by a small body of French troops, he proceeded to Ireland and made an attempt to regain his throne, but was defeated by William at the Battle of the Boyne, and again fled to France."

#### **Brick Bats Rome's Cowardly Argument.**

The attempt to hurl the evangelist down the two hundred foot declivity had failed. His rescuers now hurried him toward the hall one half mile away by way of Main street. But when they arrived at the street it was so crowded that the cars could not run. Water and missiles were thrown from overhead windows and yells of "Kill him! kill him!" followed him by the bloodthirsty mob. When they arrived at the hall an attempt to get inside to kill him was prevented by the police and Orangemen, and then a special service of thanksgiving was held for God's protecting care and Rome's defeat. It was remembered that upon one occasion when Jesus had borne witness to the truth that a mob "rose up, and

thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereupon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."

### **Catholic Justice Foiled.**

One Saturday night some time before the Ft. Howe riot while holding meetings in the Temple of Honor Hall a Catholic merchant who had once been a Protestant, but had married a Catholic girl, hired six boys to disturb the meeting. They threw ice, rocks, and shouted so the evangelist could not proceed with the service. In the audience sat an officer, Mr. White, who secured the arrest of one of the boys and saw to it that he was lodged in jail. On Sunday morning Judge Richie, a Catholic, discharged the boy, also a Catholic, without trial or fine. Mr. White promptly re-arrested the boy and prepared for trial. The evangelist's lawyer was the Honorable Mr. Skinner, an Orangeman, while the opposing faction had secured the services of lawyer Wilson. The Judge and lawyer Wilson put forth every effort to free the boys, but Mr. Skinner skinned them so thoroughly that the Judge was compelled to find the boy guilty. On promise that the meetings should be disturbed no more the evangelist mercifully forgave, and thus another victory was scored for the Cause.

### A Strange, Sad Incident.

We must now go back to the year 1898 to complete the link of that strange history. While on his way to arrange for a meeting in Adams Hall, Hampstead, Kings Co., N. B., the evangelist became acquainted with Miss Sibil Jones, which resulted in an engagement, the marriage to take place in May, 1900.

In the Winter while skating was good she determined to skate to Wickham post office to mail a letter, four miles away. It was the night of an eclipse of the moon and for some reason her home folks did not care to have her go. As she started from the house she was seized with a kind of nervous chill, returned for warmer wraps and again started. A little farther on a large black cat jumped at her and frightened her back to the house, and, upon relating the same, was entreated not to go that night. But she persisted.

While en route to the village she was joined by a half-witted fellow whose company she resented, but together they skated up the river. Some distance up a group of skaters thought they heard a noise as of some one drowning, but dismissed the thought. Sleighers passing by on the opposite side thought they heard the sound and some one called, "Is all well?" "Yes!" came the reply.

The man arrived at the village, wet, with one skate lost and the lapel of his coat torn. When questioned he said he had fallen into the river, and finally said, "Miss Jones is drowned!" Foul play was suspected, and an expert diver employed, but he seemingly searched for the body in vain. In the Spring after the ice had broken up after a thunder storm her body was found lying near her home on the shore with the engagement ring still on her hand. She was buried by her heart-broken parents; but the whole affair was shrouded in mystery which will be cleared up at the Judgment Day.

### Marriage.

While holding meetings at St. John the reformer met Miss Nellie Toole, a young lady who had supplied the place of the absent organist, which resulted in marriage October 31st, 1899. Mrs. King's mother was a Protestant, a Free Baptist, and one of the pioneers of Karrs, Kings County, N. B. Her father was a staunch Irish Roman Catholic of Dublin, Ireland. When she was three years of age he had her christened against her mother's will, sought from time to time to place her under Roman Catholic influences, but was defeated, thanks to the good seed sown by the Protestant mother. Her tears and prayers shall yet yield glorious fruition.



MRS. L. J. KING





The meetings at St. John closed with success. Protestant officers said the trial before Judge Richie was worth thousands of dollars to the city. The eyes of the Protestants would be open the coming election. So, as at all other places, God had again turned to flight the armies of the aliens.



## CHAPTER IX.

### COLLINGWOOD CORNER, WORK AND RESULTS.

The reformer now went from battle to battle. In the Summer of 1902 he held a meeting at Collingwood Corner, River Philip, N. S. Crowds came night after night, and as the message took effect, many were saved.

The condition of the denominational churches everywhere was deplorable. Those which opened their doors to the truth were blest with a gracious revival. A strict separation between the Church and the world was ever insisted on, and on account of this many doors were closed to him. But at this place the Spirit graciously worked on the hearts of the people and the sob of the penitent mingled with the shouts of praise by new-born souls. Not all yielded to the overtures of mercy, but grieved the Spirit away to their everlasting regret.

A bright young man, full of life and vigor, sat in the audience and listened attentively to the truth, until the arrow of conviction had entered his heart. The lights and shadows played alternately over his handsome face as the forces of good and evil strove

for the mastery. Now it was an almost decided resolve to yield and hope shone through the windows of the soul, and then the darkness would chase the light away. As the soul-stirring appeals fell from the preacher's lips he would almost yield, but his attending demons redoubled their efforts and the hard resistant look shot into the eye, the backbone stiffened, the lips tightly compressed and the battle was once more lost. The Spirit was faithful, and the good angel played sadly but hopefully on the strings of emotion, but to no avail. "*Whosoever will*" may be saved. He willed not to be saved, although he frequently raised his hand for prayer. His destiny was in his own keeping.

One night the evangelist had finished his message, and, while pleading with the undecided to yield to the Spirit's call he felt strangely impressed to speak to the young man personally. Leaving his place on the platform he approached him, placed his arm lovingly around his neck, planted a kiss on his cheek, and said:

"Would you like to be a Christian?"

With tears trickling down his cheeks, he replied in the affirmative. "Then your time is to-night!" continued the evangelist, and supplemented the prophetic words with earnest pleadings. But implorations would not move him. The darkness chased desire from the eye, the fountain of tears no longer overflowed, the hard lines of resistance returned, the hand clutched the pew in front convulsively; all the negative forces of good leaped

from the shadows and he repeated the ever-ready and ever-fatal words, "No, not to-night!"

Unsaved still! Demons danced in fiendish glee and accompanied him through the gloom to his home. The angel of mercy folded his white wings sadly and left him to his chosen fate. That night the pillow was tossed and tumbled about many a time, but the head that pressed its crumpled folds could find no rest. Others heard the tossings of the restless man and remembered the silent agony after the tragedy was over.

#### **To Eternity With a Broken Neck.**

The breakfast, always so heartily enjoyed, was left almost untouched as he went about his work tormented by his attendants of the night. At seven o'clock he led his team of horses to the hay-field and proceeded to hitch it to the mowing machine. While in the act of hooking the last trace to the whiffletree the horse kicked and broke his neck.

The dinner horn blew its welcome blast to the hungry toilers, but George P—— heard it not. Alarmed at last at his continued absence they repaired to the field and found him lying across the mower tongue with a broken neck. They took his already stiffened body away, and while preparing him for the coffin they took a wedge-shaped stick, pried his death-locked jaws apart and took from his mouth a swollen quid of tobacco.

What a scene! What a sad sequel to life's short drama! Last night he had said when asked to

yield to the Savior's wooings, "No, not to-night!" Scarcely twelve hours later he lay with a broken neck, sent to eternity by the kick of a horse. Only a few hours before he had heard the sweet sound of the Gospel, then came the tossing to and fro in his bed, the tasteless breakfast, and then the lights went out. Great God, can we not see in this incident the fulfillment of Scripture, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man?" It transpired, was related and written as a warning to you, fellow traveler to the bar of God. Will you heed it?

Although the Collingwood revival swept many into the Fountain, yet some sad incidents fell under the evangelist's observation. Every revival carries with it a last call to some soul. It was so here. The hardened heart would not yield, hence it must be dealt with by the God of equity. Strange trials often fail to teach those obedience who feel inclined to follow their natural bent towards their own ways. And when these chastizements come often the soul upon whom they fall learns the lesson and forthwith faces about to do the Master's bidding. The following incident will illustrate our position:

#### **The Scoffing Undertaker.**

During this same revival a man, Sunday School superintendent, class leader and undertaker of the village, stood nobly by the evangelist for a time, but, being poisoned by G——, an M. E. preacher, turned against the meetings.

God pity the preachers who oppose full salvation. Is it possible that the preacher who, when about to be ordained, must at least "groan" after a clean heart, will cease his groanings as soon as the ordeal is passed and oppose the thing he ought to hug to his heart as the highest and richest boon of Heaven? Sad the day when the ministry departed from this clear-cut, Wesleyan, Bible teaching. If "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," woe be to him who opposes this priceless truth.

To show the blindness and opposition to the truth we will here digress and narrate an incident closely interwoven with the revival at Collingwood. Finding the hall too small to accommodate the crowds it was decided to repair to the Methodist Church. As nearly all were members of this faith no difficulty was anticipated. But to the surprise of the people who had built the church they were told by the Right Reverend G—— that the church building was held in trust by his conference. A well-signed petition was next presented to the opposing preacher by Lorenzo S. Sherman, but the irate divine shook his fist under the petitioner's nose and dared him and the people to open and use the church building for Evangelist King's services.

Of course, the people were beaten. The deed had been carefully worded, conveying the right of title to the Methodist Church and conference, as research evidenced. But lo! the victorious G——



had forgotten to reckon with God. Highly elated at the master stroke of success, this opposer to truth and holiness thought the conflict over; but he was rudely awakened from his dreams. God touched the old church with one of His mysterious torches and the fire razed it to the ground. God had decreed that if the holiness people were not to have access to the building, neither should the opposing faction.

Later the holiness people purchased this identical lot from the conference for a nominal sum, gathered a subscription of \$1100.00, built and dedicated a new church over the ruins of the old and carried on the well begun work to the chagrin of G—— and his allies. Thus did God stand by His truth and people. Thus the opposition to truth and holiness was thwarted by the Hand that rules the universe. With Job (Job 20:5) his people can safely say, "The joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment."

#### **A Severe Lesson.**

But to return to our subject, the undertaker. Having turned against the meetings he did everything in his power to keep others from attending and sowed seeds of discord everywhere and whenever opportunity afforded. His vaunting opposition was so marked that it was observed by all. But the poor tool of a compromising ministry had reached the limit. God had His eye on him and His displeasure swiftly followed.

Impressed by the Holy Spirit, the preacher prayed that the Lord might stay the opposer's hand either by fire or by some other means. That night at twelve o'clock — the hour when God so often startles men by His interposition — fire swept out the scoffing undertaker's entire establishment. The crowd stood helplessly by. No one seemed able to raise a hand against the fury of the flames. Some strange spell held at bay every effort to check the fire, and men exclaimed, "The answer to King's prayer! the answer to King's prayer!"

God's plans never fail. While men sleep He lays the wires of justice and wrath and touches the electrical currents of His power while men stand aghast and helpless. The undertaker was forced to reckon with God.

The effect was magical. The scoffer's ire was gone. Humiliated, he laid down his arms of rebellion while God worked with the souls of men. The man had seen his folly — had learned his lesson — had interpreted the trend of events correctly — and bowed submissively under the chastening hand of God.

Say not, my doubting Thomas, that God does not answer prayer to-day. He still hears the cry of His own. When the earth has passed away and the heavens have rolled up as a scroll His word will stand sure. This is the rock against which every skeptic's barque shall shatter. Praise God for answered prayer! Every opposer will be defeated and the work of the Lord will go on to its

final purpose. In the words of Nehemiah (Neh. 4:15) we exclaim, "And it came to pass, when our enemies heard that it was known unto us, and God had brought their counsel to naught, that we returned all of us to the wall, every one to his work."

Satan is ever on the alert to ensnare souls. If not in one way, then in another, will he seek to lead souls into his domain. Thousands of incidents might be related how souls have been trapped and by some device invented for the occasion have reaped everlasting regrets. We give another striking incident with the prayer that many may see the danger of putting off salvation until some more convenient season:

### **The Fatal Dance.**

Two lady evangelists were holding revival meetings in Canada. Much interest soon developed as the truth was told, souls were convicted of sin and quite a number plunged into the Fountain and were saved.

To offset the influence of the meeting a dance was arranged by the godless element of the community. A young man had obtained the consent of a young lady to accompany him to the dance whose parents were God-fearing and opposed to all such work. Accordingly, the young man called. There were expostulations and tears, but all this proved of no avail.

"You certainly are not going to the dance to-night, daughter, but will go with us to the meeting?" sobbed the mother.

"Mother, I promised to go, and I cannot break my word. I am going!" replied the girl.

Pleadings were all in vain. She repaired to her room and prepared to dress for the gala occasion. Conviction was stifled and the voice of the Tempter heeded. Although she had come forward for prayers a number of times, to-night the forces of light had been driven away by her *will*. She had *willed* not to yield — to stifle the Voice in her soul — hence that Voice must cease its tender pleadings now.

"Go to the meeting — give Me your heart" — pleaded the Spirit, but "Go to the dance to-night — have one more night of pleasure" — said the voices from the shadows, and to these voices she yielded.

While the mother was sadly preparing to attend the service she heard a commotion in her daughter's chamber overhead. Hastening up to ascertain the cause she was shocked to find her lying on the floor in her death-struggle. Attired in her beautiful ball room dress, with roses in her hair, the once lovely girl lay writhing in the throes of dissolution. Her fair forehead was studded with beads of sweat, the blooming cheek had grown pallid, the jaw had dropped, the fingers clutched the air convulsively and then her form stiffened as the life forces relaxed their hold on her mortality.

She did not want to go to eternity. It was the dance — the place of revelry — she had desired to

attend. The revival service had lost its peculiar charm to-night. The songs of the redeemed seemed insipid and the thrum of the viol stirred strange, sweet emotions in her young heart. Sensual love and passion in the dreamy waltz enrapt her soul. The forbidden fruit glinted in the rosy light of pleasure's lamp, and the spell was weaving its subtle charm around her yielding heart when a bony hand crept out from the mists of the Unknown and clutched in its relentless grasp her throbbing mortality. Instantly the awakening came. The past with all its golden but wasted opportunities flashed before her in panoramic form; but the hour of repentance had passed — for ever.

The lovely young woman was laid away with the usual tears and heart-breakings. The beribboned ball room dress gave place to a sombre shroud. The roses in her hair withered under the sad funeral obsequies. Instead of swaying to the rhythm of the waltz she was ushered into the presence of her Maker.

May God awake the young from their dreams through the reading of this incident. May they renounce the pleasures of sin and accept the offered mercy of a tender and compassionate Christ. Surely "he that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. 29:1.)

**Old Time Power Needed.**

The Gospel still has power to bring things to pass. The Spirit of God still works directly upon the hearts of men. If the apostate Church only knew the power of her forsaken God what wonders she could perform upon her return to Him. But to-day the popular Church is powerless. Revivals are misnomers and "protracted efforts" mean protracted failures. Old-time revival power is seldom seen, and if seen is sneered at by the modern hireling and relegated to backwoods days. In the words of one who felt the need of the hour we join in the cry that we need power in the Church.

**"Giants, Not Dwarfs."**

"The need of the Church is giants — men who have sucked the spiritual honey from the 'lion's carcass' and who, in the strength of its luscious and divine sweetness, can smite the enemies of the cross until they lie as thick as the bleached bones in Ezekiel's vision. Giants of spiritual and heavenly stature, who are head and shoulders above their fellows, whose tread makes the earth tremble and turn pale. Giants of mind, of intellect, who can climb the highest altitudes, hurl aside the mountains and leap the deepest and widest chasms, who can bridge over the gulfs, and make a highway for God and souls over the most rocky and rugged desert. Giants who in conflict never grow weary, sheath their sword, beat a retreat, or strike their



colors; but who will conquer or die, who will never be discouraged or defeated. The world and the Church are sick of dwarfs — men of puny and infantine stature, men who were born babies, have lived babies; and who, without a divine miracle, will die babies: and if God permits them, will rock the cradle and sing the lullaby of thousands of spiritual cripples besides themselves.

“The Church is sick of men of gloved hands, ringed fingers, feminine voices, bland smiles and rag paper sermons. We want men, not babies — giants, not dwarfs; men of iron grip, who can shake sinners with archangel strength, and roll the thunders of the law in their ears till Sinai smokes like a blazing furnace, and who can hurl the anathemas of Heaven at them till they howl like demons and tremble like a city shaken by an earthquake. Men who can arouse and wake the Church, reclaim backsliders, frighten sinners, terrify the world, stir the Devil, shake Hell, and move angels, seraphs, and all the glory world. Men of Holy Ghost metal, of spiritual robust health, of cast iron constitution, steel sinews, and undaunted, undying, and mountain-moving faith. Men who laugh at impossibilities and overcome all difficulties.

“It is not so much learning that is wanted but wisdom to make the right use of what learning we have. We do not condemn learning — would to God that all of us possessed a million times more of it than we do; but we want to put our learning to soul-saving purposes, to harness it with power,



with living flashes of Holy Ghost energy. The Church is loaded down to the very gates of Damnation with learning; the very flames as they shoot out their red-hot fiery tongues are laden with the perfume and incense of the schools; and the groans of the lost, the shrieks of the unsaved, and the wailing of the damned mingle with the rhetoric, the oratory, and the eloquence of our fashionable and fastidious preachers; from their very pulpits, souls are worse than damned, and the incense of their learning perfumes the very blood of which their souls are the sacrifices.

"It is not learning but power—real apostolic strength, spiritual might, and Holy Ghost energy. Not the skill to dress up thoughts in guise, and tinsel, and sparkling finery, but a giant's strength to make thoughts, to clothe them in flame and fill them with lightning; to make of them spiritual galvanic batteries, and charge them so effectually with holy and divine electricity that every shock shall loosen the joints of iniquity, snap the cords of wickedness and make the very bones of sin rattle and quiver. We want giants who are not only able to carry the gates of Gaza, but who can lift on their Herculean shoulders the whole city. Men who have thoughts of their own, and know how and when to use them, and who stand undaunted where pedants cry 'fanatic.' Men who dare call things by their right names."



## CHAPTER X.

### THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, OXFORD.

In 1902, immediately after the Collingwood revival, a series of meetings were begun at Oxford, N. S., nine miles distant. While every revival aroused the hate of Roman Catholics and ungodly Protestants, everywhere he went, yet here it seemed the Enemy determined to make a bold stand. The M. E. preacher, Crowe by name, and the Presbyterian pastor, Munroe, had been at loggerheads for a number of years, but when the revival began under the holiness slogan Herod and Pilate buried their differences and, together in a carriage, they rode to Oxford Junction and locked the Union Chapel in the face of the ex-Romanist preacher, and thus proved their loyalty to Diabolus. The rough element, being encouraged by such actions by the high priests of Belial, grew restless and troublesome under the lash of Truth, and, backed by the cowardly pastors of the town, could not long lie inactive and soon began to lay plans for their destructive operations.

The town hall was packed night after night.

Two months the battle tide raged and many souls swept into the Fountain. Oxford was noted for its godlessness. The Salvation Army had been run out of the place and dynamite placed under the M. E. church in its better days. No punishment having been meted out the rowdies were encouraged to try their pranks in the present revival and silence its guns. Accordingly a number of boys, of whom the Baptist preacher's son was one of the chiefs, scattered cayenne pepper and gunpowder on the stair steps near the top landing of the third floor where the hall was situated, and one applied the match. The stifling fumes soon filled the large and densely crowded hall and a panic was narrowly averted. Windows were quickly raised but the meeting was abandoned for the night.

#### **Scare-Crows a Failure.**

This daring piece of deviltry served to arouse the citizens to action. Arrests were made and the guilty parties punished. After this episode a magistrate from Amherst appointed constables to keep the peace of the place. The meetings continued with unabated interest throughout the two months and scores were saved. So neither the Devil's scare-Crow(e)s in the persons of compromising preachers nor fellows of the baser sort succeeded in staying the tides of salvation.

As usual, after the meetings closed the holiness people's testimony to the "second blessing" was

ruled out in the churches, and especially so in the M. E. church. Consequently a goodly number of the members who had been blessedly sanctified during the series of meetings respectfully waited on their pastor and demanded to know whether their testimonies to a life free from sin were to be received and they allowed liberty to worship the Lord according to the dictates of their conscience. If not, then their only recourse was to ask for their letters and seek fellowship elsewhere. Pompously the Reverend Mr. Crowe exclaimed, "Obnoxious!" inferring that their testimonies were obnoxious to "the brethren" — the aristocracy — and accordingly wrote out their letters.

#### **A Glorious Summary.**

Having been forced to sever their connections from this compromising Methodist body, they purchased the old Baptist church building and through the efficient guidance of the despised ex-Romanist King a church was formed more after the Pentecostal order, and became the leading church of the town. With a competent leader placed in charge the sixty-four members and ninety-four Sunday School scholars carried on the work so mightily blest of God.

The effects of this revival were far reaching. Hard, hopeless cases had been touched and regenerated by the mighty power of God. Among them was Ernest Peel, a caricaturist — a "lightning art-

ist" — very intelligent, shrewd and naturally quick to see a point of truth, fell under the Spirit's lance in this meeting. His mother had obtained and lived the "second blessing" life, from which he had never been able to get away. As soon as the chain-shot of truth sung in his ears the prayers of mother came trooping through memory's halls, conviction drove him to his knees on his way home and he then and there found the Savior. The next day he came in and while Evangelist King was building a fire he came up to him, shook hands and declared he had been saved. Later he was sanctified wholly. gave up his "lightning brush," and became a traveling salesman. He preaches wherever he goes and nobly defends the "second work of grace" and the Christ who saved him.

#### **The Westchester Incident.**

After the Devil had been so signally defeated at Oxford, the ex-Romanist opened fire at Westchester, N. S., twelve or fifteen miles distant. The Baptist preacher, Bailey, being acquainted with Evangelist King and having heard him at a holiness camp meeting at Collingwood, with the consent of his church, invited him to hold a meeting at this place. This Baptist preacher, living at Sackville, N. B., was completely backslidden, as well as his entire membership. But as the fires of truth burned at Westchester his feigned loyalty to a non-promising gospel oozed out.

**The Hunter's Carnal Foxes.**

After two or three weeks the break came and souls wept their way to the cross. In this Baptist fold was a merchant, postmaster, deacon and political pope of both church and state by the name of Henry Hunter. The triple crown he wore bore the insignia of Baptist dogma, Papal tolerance and business shrewdness. These qualities fitted him for the important role he was to play in the infamous opposition to the truth. Leagued with the turn-coat Baptist preacher, who regularly administered the sacrament to this worldling, this pair began to oppose the work as the truth cut wide swaths through their carnal posy beds.

Hunter now trained his fox hounds of malice on the track of opposition and with his allies endeavored to close the church. According to arrangements Bailey found himself in the pulpit on a Sunday night. Feeling ran high and the blood pulsed heavy in the veins of both sides—one for right, the other for wrong. At the close of his service, not having the courage to announce, at Hunter's instigation, that that should mark the close of the series of meetings, Hunter himself arose, and, inflated with self-importance and stirred by carnality, he eagerly announced that that night closed the revival—that no more services were to be held in the church by Evangelist King. But some one of the other side made a counter announcement that there would be services in the church to-morrow



night. Upon this Hunter's wrath-flumes burst, and stepping up to the ex-Romanist preacher of righteousness, he doubled and shook his fist under that fearless man's nose and poured out his pent-up invectives with vehemency. The tension was so great that a single move might precipitate a tumult. Orangemen sat ready to vent their spleen on Hunter whose fawning had endeared the Roman Catholics to his reign, hence it proved wisdom on his part to desist at this juncture and the pending uproar was averted.

#### Holiness Opposers Foiled.

Bailey, the preacher, had once stood for holiness, but had turned a craven coward by continued refusal to walk in the light. Hunter held the keys to the church, and to the situation, so this compromising Baptist thought, hence the effort to oust the ex-Romanist and his adherents were redoubled. They took off the old locks and put a new one on each door. At night when the crowd gathered the church was dark and the doors were locked. But here again the Devil's reckonings fell short. Another merchant, John Doyle, a good man, when he built his store, had for some reason built a hall overhead. Under the mighty truths poured forth by Evangelist King he had been gloriously saved and sanctified. He now came forward and offered his hall for the continuation of the services. Thus the Devil's designs failed to materialize and his

willing dupes continued the unequal fight at long range. The revival continued and many souls were saved.

Having been locked out of their church the holiness people decided to stay out. An organization was effected and the meetings continued in Doyle's hall, with a holiness preacher in charge. In the Spring of 1903 a subscription was secured and a holiness chapel free from encumbrance, costing about \$1,200.00, was dedicated in the Fall. This was the result of the lock-out. Bailey never rallied from the effects and soon after died. What a sad ending! How otherwise it might have been. In the words of Holy Writ we may say: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." (Acts 9:5.)



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BATTLE AT MONCTON, N. B.

The W. C. T. U. Hall was secured and a meeting held in Moncton, N. B. As the truth took effect the hall was too small to accommodate the people. Moncton is one of the hottest places in Lower Canada, but the greatest revival it had ever known was being held when the modern ministry seeks a cool place. It was attended by both Protestant and Catholic and the interest was intense. For six Sundays in succession baptismal services were conducted at Humphrey's Mill pond, and every Sunday among those baptized was a Catholic.

The weather was ideal. The candidates were driven in coaches, and the crowds started for the pond as early as six o'clock in the morning. Nothing so angers Rome as to see her communicants baptized in the Protestant faith. This seems to be the last straw that breaks the Roman Catholic camel's back, hence this method was employed, not as a saving ordinance, but to help break the yoke of Romanism from the necks of her deluded followers. This greatly enraged Rome, and insolently

she sought to accomplish underhandedly what she could not stem openly.

#### **Father Meahan Frantic.**

Seeing his people breaking away from the Catholic faith, Father Meahan sent to Bathurst for another Father to help hold his people. A number of years before this time Father Meahan had attended a series of revival meetings conducted by Crossley and Hunter, two noted M. E. evangelists, and had been on the verge of renouncing Roman Catholicism to become a Protestant, upon which he was summoned to Rome, where all Protestantism had been eliminated.

#### **A Proud Woman's Defeat.**

But the fight was not alone with Rome, although Rome engineered the campaign, and used Protestant dupes wherever she could as tools for the play. The president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Atchinson, was the wife of the mayor. The mayor held his office by a Catholic vote. When the truth began to uncover the proud lady's sins, and strike Catholicism vital blows, she retaliated by a notice to give up the hall. The evangelist had found stowed away hastily the paraphernalia of the place, checker boards, dominoes, cards, etc., and had not been slow in making his discoveries known. But the officers did not second her in her notification, whereupon she called meeting after meeting in the hope that

the vote might give strength to her wishes, but the result was always a failure.

At this juncture the Orangemen learned what Mrs. Atchinson was about to do, waited on her with a committee and advised her not to oust Evangelist King. She trembled like an aspen leaf as they told her what they represented, and that she and her husband should hear from them later if she succeeded in her purpose.

Upon this turn of affairs, determined to win in the fight, she and the Baptist preacher's wife put their scheming heads together and decided to call another meeting, and, contrary to the rules of the body, by an illegal vote secure the majority, and thus oust this hated reformer and holiness preacher. The scheme worked and a notification was sent that the hall was closed. That night as the people assembled as usual the place was in total darkness. As they went in and turned on the lights whom should they find in the hall but the mayor and his wife, who, upon discovery, turned as pale as ghosts. The little mayor raged and fumed and declared that they should no longer hold services in the hall. They quietly withdrew when the holiness church threw open its doors and the meetings continued. As a consequence, at the next election the important little man was not re-elected mayor. Things went wrong with them after this and soon they sold out at public auction and went away. For a period of eight months the reformer labored here and in the vicinity and hundreds were either

saved or sanctified. "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not." (Ps. 37:35, 36.)

### A Young Catholic Lady's Conversion.

At this meeting was converted a handsome and very intelligent French Catholic young lady, Miss Furlong, who was housemaid for Conductor Haines, the head of the Orange lodge of the province of New Brunswick. Through this man's wife this young lady was led to the meetings and thus to Christ. Her priest had told her that King was a bad man, but in listening to his expose of Romish trickery she was led to see the error of Roman Catholicism.

This stirred Father Meahan and the Catholics more than ever. He accordingly called on her at the conductor's home and tried to influence her against Protestantism and again draw her into the nets of Rome. But Miss Furlong said to him that Mr. King had declared Mary was a virgin, but not the Mother of God, and that she could not save, and she believed it. He then left her, but returned and was again in conversation with her in French, and alone, when the conductor came home. He gave the craven priest to understand that the girl was under his protection in his home and that he must talk to her in the English language in the presence of his wife or leave the house.



## The "Holy Father's" Plot Foiled.

Having failed thus far Father Meahan quickly dispatched for her parish priest, but he could not persuade her to leave Mr. Haines' home nor would she yield her convictions. They then sent for her mother, who waited on her, but she, too, failed in her efforts to bring her back to Catholicism. After all these devices had failed they pretended to leave her alone, but the subterfuge was seen. A telephone message came one day asking Miss Furlong to come to a certain house under some pretext, but Mr. Haines advised her not to go. Had she walked into the trap she would have been spirited away and a cloistered cell would have kept from the world the frightful sequel.

After this doors were kept locked, and every ring of the door bell answered by Mrs. Haines in person, while Miss Furlong went up stairs. The conductor loaded a double barreled shot gun and gave orders to shoot on suspicion. The deluded mother was finally forced to return home and the Catholics were defeated. Later the young lady fell in love with a Protestant, married happily and lives in Kent County, N. B. Thus another precious soul was snatched from the toils of Rome and led into the sunlight of grace. To God be all the glory!

This meeting was a glorious victory against Roman Catholicism, and many souls were led into the light. It seems the more intense the opposition the greater the results that followed. Truth

must ever combat evil. Everywhere we go we see the forces of evil and a battle must be fought. Satan meets defeat wherever the truth is pressed forward under Pentecostal unction. Thank God, there is *one* way to defeat the Enemy, and that is not by carnal weapons. The Sword of the Spirit will give victory. Truly,

"Satan trembles when he sees,  
The weakest saint upon his knees."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE AMHERST AND TRURO (N. S.) BATTLES.

At Amherst Evangelist King secured the opera house for ten nights at one hundred dollars. After the work was well under way the Roman Catholic priest and the Baptist preacher united their forces and sought to take the house away from him, but the money had already been paid and their plot failed. As no hall or church was available at the close of the ten days' service he was forced to leave. Later, however, a committee of Orangemen rented and repaired an old Presbyterian church, and the revival so abruptly broken off by the allied powers of Romish connivance and Protestant apostasy, was continued. A goodly number were saved and sanctified, about twenty were baptized at Christie's Mill pond, which was witnessed by thousands of Protestants and Catholics, and a holiness church organized.

#### Ancient Eggs Rome's Argument.

One Sunday evening on going home from the church in company with Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Pugs-

ley, in passing the Rhodes, Curry & Co. car works, two men hurled a basket of eggs at them from the shadow of the building. As some of these eggs were frozen they left cut and bruised faces and ruined clothes. However, it took more than ancient eggs to dampen the ardor of this sanctified reformer, and the battle against Catholicism and the sins of the day continued.

But this incident served to arouse the entire Protestant element. Secret order men as well as others now guarded the preacher to and from the services. The chief of police in person offered protection from the lawless element, and the tide turned in favor of truth and fair play.

#### Swift Retribution on Rome's Dupes.

No arrests were made, but God had determined to punish the men who had perpetrated the deed. One of the men who threw the eggs, while skating fell on the ice and the toe of another man's skate tore out his eye. The other man's coat sleeve caught in the cog wheels of the Rhodes, Curry & Co. car works and mangled his arm, which necessitated an amputation four inches below the shoulder. Thus judgment had overtaken them in an evil hour and they learned the truth of the oft-repeated scripture (Rom. 12:19), "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," and (Ps. 105:15), "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

**Called Back from the Gates of Death.**

An incident of peculiar interest is here recorded to show the love and kindness of God. While holding this meeting a woman was converted and became a bright light in the community. From her own lips the evangelist heard the following story which we narrate as it was told us:

Mrs. Stewart was wonderfully converted in the meeting. A number of years previous to this her daughter had sickened and died. The undertaker had prepared her for the coffin and kind neighbors gathered to watch the night through with the bereft. Almost crazed by the loss of her darling the mother approached very near the borders of insanity and was admonished to seek her chamber for needed rest. Reluctantly she consented, but before she retired she stole once more into the parlor to linger near the form that had been so dear to her heart. Nearing the little casket she threw herself across the waxen clay and gave vent to her mother-grief in sighs and sobs that man has never been able to fathom nor describe. While in this position she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and seemed to fall into a trance. Jesus came very near to her and spoke to her definitely that if she would take a small sharp pen-knife and make an incision in the arm above the elbow, blood would flow and thus show her that her daughter was not dead but would be restored to her.

Arousing from her trance-slumber, and realizing

her position, her bitter loss again tore her heart-strings and she screamed in anguish. But the words of the Savior came to her and she determined to obey the impression or vision. After acquainting her friends with her strange experience, she proceeded to act accordingly in spite of their protests and assertions that she had lost her reason. She bared the arm of her child and made the incision, and lo! blood flowed from the wound. Immediately the undertaker and the physician were summoned as the child began to show signs of returning life. The girl, robed in her funeral dress, was lifted from her coffin and is to-day a bright, talented young lady of promise.

Upon such a signal blessing being bestowed upon her by the Savior, the mother promised to love and serve Him. At the meeting she fulfilled her promise and became His devoted follower. Through her obedience to the promise made at the resurrection of her darling God's blessings fell in multiplied number at her feet and she poured out her soul's affections before Him in heart-felt adoration.

#### **Press Comment on Truro.**

(Special to the News.)

"Truro, March 23. — Evangelist King, claiming to be a converted Catholic, who has created a sensation in other places, is now holding services here, in the D. A. T. A. hall, and is drawing large crowds. An admission fee of ten cents is charged every

night, and tickets are given bearing the rather startling words: 'No Nunneries.' \* \* \*

"He handles his subject with ungloved hands and plainly tells his hearers that if his words displease them the means of exit is free to all. Two lectures to be given this week bear the novel title: 'Rome in Politics' and 'Purgatory: Where it is, How to get in, How to get out.' Mr. King speaks in terrible denunciation of the Roman Catholics, and challenges anyone to prove his words to be false. He has offered a reward of one hundred dollars for proof from the Bible that some of the institutions of the Church are right. He told, recently, of a vision he had some nine years ago and by which he was ordered to take up his present work. His chief desire seems to be to enlighten what he calls his 'dear Catholic friends.' Mr. King does not try to hide the fact that he has received ill treatment at the hands of Rome in other towns, but pointed out that some of those who had attacked him had already had justice meted out to them. He does not hesitate to say startling things from the platform, but rather intimates to do so will set people to thinking."

### **An Eye Opener.**

While engaged in this meeting the following letter was put into the evangelist's hand. If this will not arouse the sleeping Protestant to the dupery of Rome then are we far into the realm of inactivity, unbelief or blindness.



"Truro, N. S., March 21, 1904.

"Mr. King.

"Dear Sir: Last Thursday evening I attended your lecture in the Jubilee Hall. Oh, how I longed to tell my story! but no — even had I obtained your permission to do so, I could not stand up before such an audience and relate the story of my sister's disgrace — shamed, ruined and disgraced by one of these 'saintly fathers,' a Roman Catholic priest. To you I shall endeavor to give an outline of my story which you may read before your audience Tuesday evening. It is a true story — a story of a girl's ruination, a father's untimely death and a sister's broken heart.

"My parents were born and reared in Boston. My mother died a few days after my sister and I were born. After that my father's health gradually failed. When my sister grew up she was my father's pride and joy — a pretty, light-hearted, merry girl — whilst I was quite uncomely and of a retiring disposition. Although we were both of the same age, yet I was the 'house keeper' and seemed several years older than May.

"At the age of seventeen she went to live with an aunt who was a devout Roman Catholic. A few months after going to live with her my sister became a Catholic. Father raved and swore he would never forgive her, I pleaded with him in vain. Several months later my aunt died. Then my father relented and brought my sister home. But oh! how changed she was. Her face had lost the radi-

ant bloom. No more her laugh resounded through the house. Before many days there was a scene such as I never hope to witness again. With tears streaming down her cheeks she told her story of her great faith in the Catholic creed. How blindly and devoutly she had believed in it. And how little by little she was led astray and realized her position too late to save herself.

"But I must not go any further into the details of how successfully she had been duped. My father seemed stricken by the terrible blow. That night my sister fled. Whither no one knew, without a parting word. After that father never rose from his bed. The shock was too much for him and he only lived two weeks.

"About a week after his burial I received a letter from my sister. She was in Montreal. I went to her and told her of father's death. 'My God!' she exclaimed, 'I have murdered my father!' When I had finished my story she arose and went into an adjoining room. In a few minutes I was startled by a pistol shot. I rushed into the room and there lay my sister upon the floor. She had shot herself through the temple.

"Within a month I had buried my broken-hearted father and ruined sister—two deaths for which that priest will have to answer on the Judgment Day. Since that time I have wandered from one place to another all over Canada. This is a true story, and I pray God to bless you in the work you are carrying on. In all the cities and towns numer-

ous girls are led astray by sly, crafty, wicked priests and you may save some before it is too late.

"I must bring this to a close. When you kneel this evening, pray for me.

.....  
A Broken Hearted Woman."

### **The Black Nunnery.**

Since we have no room for a special chapter on the Black Nunnery, we will close this chapter with some allusion to it. The wretched depravity of the Romish priesthood comes to light through this broken hearted woman's letter, but this is only a little of the surface work that has come to daylight. Behind the thick walls of the Black Nunnery tragedies are enacted that fairly makes one reel in astonishment and horror.

When a young woman takes the black veil she bids farewell forever to the world, her loved ones and all she once held dear. She dies in her cloistered prison with no loved one's hand upon her death-dewed brow. No song of Jesus and Heaven strikes on her ear as she nears the Other Shore. God pity the poor girl! The life and death of a black-veiled nun is the saddest thing this side of the gates of Damnation. Protestants and the Catholic laity do not understand it at all. Perhaps a few pages from Dr. Fulton's book will help the reader:

"Maria Monk entered the Black Nunnery, so-called from the color of the dresses worn by the

nuns. After having been in the convent as a novice for the proper time, she took the veil. Before doing so she was ornamented for the ceremony, and was clothed in a rich dress, belonging to the convent, which was used on such occasions, and placed not far from the altar in the chapel, in the view of a number of spectators who had assembled, in number about forty. 'Being well prepared with a long training and frequent rehearsals for what I was to perform, I stood waiting in my long flowing dress for the appearance of the bishop. He soon presented himself, entering by a door behind the altar. I then threw myself at his feet, and asked him to confer upon me the veil. He expressed his consent. I then, turning to the superior, threw myself prostrate at her feet, according to my instructions, repeating what I had done at rehearsals, and made a movement as if to kiss her feet. I then kneeled before the holy sacrament, a large round wafer held by the bishop between his forefinger and thumb, and made my vows." (These three vows are: Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. Poverty — she owns absolutely nothing in this world but her shroud and coffin. Chastity — a misnomer. Obedience — she must yield absolute obedience to the priest.)

" 'This wafer I had been taught to regard with the utmost veneration as the real body of Jesus Christ, the presence of which made the vows uttered before it binding in the most solemn manner.

" "After taking the vows, I proceeded to a small apartment behind the altar, accompanied by four

nuns, where was a coffin prepared with my nun name upon it,—*Saint Eustace*. My companions lifted it by four handles attached to it, while I threw off my dress and put on that of a nun, and then we all returned to the chapel. I proceeded first, and was followed by the four nuns, the bishop naming a number of worldly pleasures in rapid succession, in reply to which I as rapidly repeated, 'I renounce, I renounce.' The coffin was then placed in front of the altar, and I advanced to place myself in it. This coffin was to be deposited, after the ceremony, in an out-house, to be preserved until my death, when it was to receive my corpse. I stepped in, extended myself, and lay still. A pillow had been placed at the head of the coffin to support my head in a comfortable position. A large, thick, black cloth was then spread over me, and the chanting of Latin hymns immediately commenced. My thoughts were not the most pleasing during the time I lay in that situation. The pall (or *Drap Mortel*, as the cloth is called) had a strong smell of incense, which proved to be almost suffocating. I recollected of hearing of a nun thus placed, who, on the removal of the covering, was found dead. When I was uncovered, I rose, stepped out of my coffin, and kneeled. Other ceremonies then followed. These over, I proceeded from the chapel, and returned to the superior's room followed by the other nuns, who walked two by two in their customary manner, with their hands folded on their breasts and their eyes cast down upon the







floor. The nun who was to be my companion in future then walked at the end of the procession. On reaching the superior's door they all left me, and I entered alone, and found with her the bishop and two priests.

“The superior now informed me, that, having taken the black veil, it only remained that I should swear the three oaths customary on becoming a nun, and that some explanation would be necessary from her. I was now, she told me, to have access to every part of the edifice, even to the cellar where two of the sisters were imprisoned, for causes which she did not mention; I must be informed that one of my great duties was to obey the priests in all things, and this I soon learned, to my utter astonishment and horror, was to live *in the practice of criminal intercourse with them*. I expressed some of the feelings this announcement excited in me, which came upon me like a flash of lightning; but the only effect was to set her to arguing with me in favor of the crime, representing it as virtue, acceptable to God and honorable to me.’

“*The reason for carnal indulgence with priests* is thus set forth:

“‘The priests,’ she said, ‘were not situated like other men, being forbidden to marry; while they lived secluded, laborious, and self-denying lives for our salvation. They might indeed be considered our saviors, as without their services we could *not obtain pardon of sin, and must go to Hell*. Now it was our solemn duty, on withdrawing from

this world, to consecrate our lives to religion, to practice every species of self-denial. We could not become too humble, nor mortify our feelings too far; this was to be done by opposing them; and what she proposed was therefore pleasing in the sight of God. I now felt how foolish I had been to place myself in the power of such persons as were around me.

“From what she said, I could draw no other conclusion, but that I was required to act like the most abandoned of beings, and that all my future associations were to be habitually guilty of the most heinous and detestable of crimes. When I repeated my expressions of surprise and horror, she told me that such feelings were very common at first, and that many other nuns had expressed themselves as I did, who had long since changed their minds. She had even said, that on her entrance into the nunnery she had felt like me. Priests, she insisted, could not sin. It was a thing impossible; everything they did and wished was of course right. She hoped I would see the reasonableness and duty of the oaths I was to take, and be faithful to them.

#### How Infants Were Murdered.

“She gave me another piece of information which excited other feelings in me, scarcely less dreadful. Infants were sometimes born in the convent; but they were baptized, *and immediately* strangled. This secured their everlasting happiness; for the

baptism purified them from all sinfulness, and being sent out of the world before they had time to do anything wrong, they were at once admitted into Heaven. "How happy," she exclaimed, "are those who secure immortal happiness to such little beings! Their little souls would thank those who kill their bodies if they had it in their power."

"This book was printed in 1836. It was pronounced untrue in fact and in detail. It was in the air to denounce anything that uncovered popery to the eye of the people in all its enormities. The Mount Benedict Convent, in Charlestown, had been burned down, because of enormities practiced within its curtained walls. Before the convent was carried to Charlestown, not a little scandal had fallen upon it, in public estimation, by the reported conduct of a priest and nun, who, it was understood, had carried into practice St. Liguori's convenient doctrine of the Church concerning angelic intercourse. The book is unfit to be translated anywhere this side of pandemonium; but the substance of the doctrine, as far as it can possibly be set forth, is that demons are able to assume the forms of men (of priests, for instance) from air, and to detach to other elements the similitude of flesh and palpableness, and a kind of heat of the human body, and in this shape indulge desires; that a natural birth may be the result, in which the child will resemble the man whose form the demon assumed to affect his purpose, although the man, so represented, was entirely *innocent and in 'a quiet sleep'*

*when it happened.* - It is related that as late as 1781 a nun was publicly burnt to death, in the Inquisition at Seville, in Spain, for having had this pretended connection. It was in Boston in 1830 this doctrine was welcomed, and under its cover liberties were enjoyed in a convent built to educate Protestants. At this time Boston bowed the knee to Rome to an extent little understood at the present, and the revelations of Maria Monk were rejected with scorn as being unworthy of credence. After that, in 1845, came the exposures of William Hogan, a lawyer of eminence, a man who had been chaplain of the House of Representatives in the Legislature at Albany, and a priest of one of the most popular Roman Catholic churches in Philadelphia; and he told how 'the mother abbess took the nostrils of the infant between her consecrated' thumb and fingers, and in the name of the infallible Church consigned it to the care of the Almighty, 'claiming that the *strangling and putting to death of infants* is a common every-day crime in popish nunneries.' The fact is, Maria Monk only averages up to the revelations of horrible iniquities practiced in Europe and in America.

"*The way infants were murdered* in the Black Nunnery is thus described by Maria Monk: 'The priest first puts oil upon the heads of the infants, as is the custom before baptism. When he had baptized the children, they were taken one after another, by one of the old nuns, in the presence of all; she pressed her hand upon the mouth and nose



THE BLACK NUNNERY





of the first so tight that it could not breathe, and in a few minutes when the hand was removed it was dead. She then took another, and treated it in the same manner. No sound was heard, and both the children were corpses. The greatest indifference was shown by all present, during this operation; for all, as I well knew, were accustomed to such scenes. The little bodies were then taken into the cellar, thrown into the pit, and covered with a quantity of lime.' Afterwards she saw, without doubt, her own child treated in the same manner. 'No attempt was made to keep any of the inmates in ignorance of the murder of children.' — *Why Priests Should Wed*, pp. 158-163.

This gives the reader a good insight into Black Nunnery life. The public never sees a cloistered or Black Nun. She dies inside her walled prison, robbed of virtue, with no one near to whom she can turn for one word of comfort or help in the hour of dissolution. Should she become old, as she will — too old for service — she is oftentimes dispatched — oslerized — and the emptied cell is filled with one younger, healthy and beautiful "for the priests not situated like other men." Great God, wake up our sleeping Protestant to see this crime in our fair land gaining such a foothold under the name and tolerance of religion. Our heart aches for poor, lost humanity, be it Catholic or Protestant. Our prayer still is that God may teach us wisdom to win them.

The following original lines, drawn from the



above and other facts at hand, give a grasp of the Black Nunnery situation in America and elsewhere:

Original.

### THE BLACK NUNNERY.

Catholicism! thou proud and haughty *Beast!*  
How long wilt thou on bleeding victims feast?

Thy blackened trail of midnight years  
Is crimson-soaked with blood and tears.  
The priest—thy tool—with purple stole,  
Enchains the sense and damns the soul.  
Great God! when will the Protestant awake  
To kill this crawling, cursed Roman snake?

Thy Hell-born creed has long the Christ withstood,  
Thy lust-cut robes are dyed in martyrs' blood.

Before thy gates are piles of bones,  
Within are sighs and muffled groans.  
Both priest and nun—thy fallen tools—  
Make victims in thy cursed schools.  
Thy *system*, void of conscience, truth and heart,  
Is unexcelled in depths of cunning art.

Within thy cloistered walls are living tombs  
Where Virtue's lovely flower scarce ever blooms.

*She*—humbled—in sublime disgrace,  
Yields to the Roman priest's embrace.  
The priest—christ and the virgin nun,  
Complete the sin the Church begun.  
The scapular, the crucifix and stole,  
The dark confessional—all damn the soul.

That dark "hole in the wall," what sin is there!  
Where Rome's black hand has deftly laid the snare.

The vow, the veil—the afterpart—  
The stifled sob—the bleeding heart.  
The longing for some bosom friend—  
A few short years—and then the end.  
The girl, once pure and sweet, and passing fair,  
Must die, of virtue robbed, in this dark lair.

*Seclusion* hides thy heinous crimes and sin.  
*Behind thy cloistered walls*, what woes within!

The priest—christ and the virgin nun  
Let here their passions hot course run—

And then the *illegitimate*,  
Born but to meet thy crowning hate.  
The finger tips on infant's nostril pressed  
Forever stills the heart-throb in its breast.

Thy coils round legislative halls are wrapped.  
With threat and gold the statesman is entrapped.  
Thy sword is sheathed, but votes are bought,  
And truckling men by thee are sought  
To thus work out the Pope's demand  
In homeland here and foreign strand.  
Foul monster thou, with cunning deep and strong,  
Thy reign has run its cruel course too long.

O Protestant, wake up! this Roman *Beast*  
Must be disturbed in this her vaunting feast!  
Our battle-cry — Break down her walls!  
Let loose her slaves! 'Tis Justice calls!  
Unfrock the priest, unrobe the nun!  
This war on Rome must yet be won!  
The monast'ries and nunneries must go!  
*The walls around these hells must be laid low!*







EVANGELIST LOUIS J. KING, WIFE AND WILLO

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ARREST AND VICTORY AT WESTVILLE, N. S.

In every battle with Rome Mrs. King stood nobly by the reformer. When he was being mobbed she did not hesitate to rush into the thickest of the fight single handed and bade defiance to Rome's murderers. Her courage often held the mob at bay until help from other quarters came. Few women are called upon to fill the peculiar place she holds, and few have any desire to fill such a place. Her undaunted courage and patient self-sacrifice is marked and the Protestant public listening to the reformer's startling and convincing arraignment of Rome is much indebted to her for this truth. Only those who have had a more intimate acquaintance with the method of work can know and understand the courageous part she plays in the fight against the wrinkled old Hag on the Tiber. While God's people are praying for the reformer's success let them not forget her who perhaps has not played so conspicuous a part, but whose work is nevertheless of highest value, and her wifely devotion and help of rare merit.

Westville is a mining town with a large Roman Catholic church and about nine thousand inhabitants. The evangelist left Truro September 1st in 1904 and arranged for a meeting at Westville, N. S. This proved to be one of the hottest fights, but one of the greatest victories in the Canada campaign. As usual, the house was packed from pulpit to door and as the Heaven-backed truth fell upon listening ears the "carnal mind" in both Protestant and Catholic was stirred.

At one time the evangelist was attacked by a burly "holy" Roman Catholic Irishman. He pulled off his coat and was going to strike the reformer, but the bold attitude of the latter awed him. But he continued his pugilistic advances until the neighborhood had been aroused, when he ran away. A charge was entered against him, but before it could be executed he had packed his grip and left for parts unknown.

### Rome and Rum Raging.

The Presbyterian minister's son, a lawyer who always took cases for the rum element, was engaged by Rome to silence King. Cummings, the faded legal light of the opposing forces, nervously thumbed his law books for some pretext which he might use to gain his end. Like the poor dupe of the Pharisees who was at last found to swear to a trumped-up charge against Christ, so now Rome and Rum had found a tool for their nefarious art.



### **The First Defeat.**

It was asserted that the evangelist was selling books without a license. Upon this he was enjoined to appear in court to answer to the charge. On the day appointed the evangelist appeared with his attorney, ex-Mayor Robinson, and hundreds of Protestant friends. As he entered the court room he devoutly knelt in prayer, much to the chagrin of Lawyer Cummings and his allies. The ex-mayor, Mr. Robinson, dealt his blows with such unerring precision that Cummings, Catholicism and carnality were entirely upset and offered such lame arguments that the case was dismissed for want of sufficient evidence to sustain the charge. Amidst shouts of victory the ex-Romanist and his friends filed from the court room vindicated, while his foes left with a weight of crushing defeat.

### **The Second Defeat.**

But this was not enough. This "babbler" must be silenced somehow. Accordingly he was arrested the second time, this time for "holding a show without a license." The "show" consisted of showing the folly of mumbling prayers on a rosary, exposing the idolatrous practices of Rome's communicants in bowing to and worshiping pictures, the exhibition of scapulars, holy water and the foolishness of attributing to them interposing virtues in time of calamity, and other of Rome's chain of

trumperies, with black board illustrations. This time they thought they had the clamps of the law on the fearless preacher, and anticipated an easy victory.

But the evangelist insisted that he had as good a right to "show" the clap trap of Rome as did a drunken and licentious priest. And then the ex-mayor, Robinson, poured such a train of argument against the reformer's opponents that it resulted in another complete vindication.

### The Third Defeat.

However, his enemies were not satisfied with two defeats, hence he was arrested the third time for "selling obscene literature." This shot was mainly aimed at Dr. Fulton's Book, "*Why Priests Should Wed.*" Rome and rum hoped to spirit the evangelist away to Pictou, thirteen miles from Westville, so that his friends might not be aware of this last move. But "the best laid plans of mice and men oft gang alee," and so it proved in this instance. Providentially Mr. Robinson learned of the arrest, and with other friends, furnished the necessary bail before Judge Cullins for Evangelist King so that the work of the Lord went on uninterruptedly, much to the discomfiture of his enemies. Special trains were run from Westville to Pictou to carry the crowds when the day of trial came. The trial lasted four days and interest was intense.

### The Trial.

The day for the preliminary trial dawned. The community was aroused far and wide. *This* time Rome and rum were to have a witness, furnished by David Porter, an ignorant fellow of the baser sort. Porter made strenuous efforts to transport thirteen other witnesses to the Pictou battle. He hoped, under the tips of Judge Russel, a tool of Rome, to influence the jury and thus silence the Heretic. But in this he was most woefully disappointed.

The evangelist's attorney now took a witness in hand. He took up Dr. Fulton's book, "Why Priests Should Wed," and began to leaf through it. Then the following dialogue took place, in substance:

Attorney. "Do you know this book for which Mr. King is under arrest?"

Witness. "Yes, sir!"

Atty. "Know it when you see it?"

Wit. "Yes, sir!"

Atty. "Does this look like it?" asked the lawyer, holding it up.

Wit. "Yes, sir!"

Atty. "Have you read it?"

Wit. "Most of it, yes, sir!"

Atty. "Would you recognize it if I read some to you?"

Wit. "Yes, sir!"

Atty. "Very well, I will read." He then leafed

through the book and quoted the first Psalm. "Does that sound like it?" asked the attorney.

Wit. "Yes, sir!" Unfortunately the first Psalm was not in the book.

The lawyer stopped a moment impressively and then turning to the judge, said, "Your Honor will please take note of this!" This went hard with the Catholic judge, but there was no help for it. Certainly, "Some one had blundered," and it was painfully evident that this some one was none other than David Porter's star witness, who had perhaps for the first time in his life heard the first Psalm quoted.

In spite of the judge's Catholic sentiments, the jury rendered a verdict in favor of Evangelist King. At this Porter, Rome and rum turned pale, sneaked from the court room and were never heard from again. Soon after this Porter's mouth was closed by a cancer and once more the Scriptures proved true in their admonition to evil doers: "Touch not mine anointed."

#### **God Answers Prevailing Prayer.**

While out on bail and preaching at the city of New Glasgow the Methodists at the town of Trenton, N. S., one mile from the city of New Glasgow, the night before the Supreme Court trial came off prayed all night that the enemies of the cross might be defeated and truth vindicated. We have seen that these prayers were not in vain.

We will now introduce an article copied from "*The American Citizen*" of Boston, July 13th, 1905, which throws added light upon the situation from another's view point.

**"Evangelist King's Triumph.**

"Editor of the Citizen:

"I have just received a letter from L. J. King, the converted Roman Catholic evangelist, now doing a great work in Nova Scotia. In last week's *Citizen* you briefly mentioned the fact that Mr. King, who was under two thousand dollars' bail for daring to sell Dr. Fulton's book, 'Why Priests Should Wed,' had been discharged, and the case thrown out of court. Believing that a more extended account of this matter will be of interest to the readers of *The Citizen*, as it shows how Romanism is the same old Protestant-hating system to-day as she was when she wielded the sword of Inquisition, and burned the witnesses of Jesus at the stake, I send you this.

"It was my privilege to labor in Pictou County, Nova Scotia, last April and May, in company with Brother King, who had labored there previously with marked success.

"During his meeting last December in Westville he was arrested for selling books at his religious meetings without a permit. He was discharged the next day and the followers of the Pope were sorely disappointed. However, they determined to drive out this obnoxious Protestant Heretic, and two days

after the above incident, he was again arrested, this time charged with holding a 'show' without a license. The show consisted of exposing the rosary, scapulars and pictures of saints, and other Romish rags and trumpery. Again he was hailed into court and stood trial. Again he was discharged and returned to his meetings accompanied by immense crowds of loyal Orange Protestants, who were now thoroughly aroused at Rome's cowardly methods, and were determined to see that Mr. King must have fair play and be protected in his rights as a free Canadian. At the second trial he was defended by Lawyer Robinson, ex-mayor of Westville. It seems that the Romanists did not learn a lesson from their two previous defeats, but persisted in persecuting our brave friend.

Again, the third time he was placed under arrest, this time under a very serious charge — the crime of selling obscene books. He was arrested by the sheriff of Pictou County and taken to the jail at Pictou. The sheriff came to Westville to arrest Mr. King and evidently tried to get him out of town to Pictou jail without being seen by any of the friends of Mr. King. In this the sheriff was not successful. He was seen with Mr. King by several of the Westville Orangemen, and word flew like electric sparks of King's arrest. On the same train that conveyed the sheriff and his prisoner to jail, several Orangemen were passengers, and on Mr. King being brought before Judge Cullins were ready to give any amount of bail for the prisoner's



future appearance. The judge evidently did not care to get into the Romish mess and passed sentence that King's case must go to the grand jury and a higher court.

"Mr. King was then placed under a two thousand dollar bail to appear for trial on June 13 at the court in Pictou. Evidently the Romanists were seeking to drive King out of the country. His testimony against the 'howly' Church was too hot. The truth was being told by one whom the Papists feared, hence their desire to get rid of the 'obnoxious fellow.' An illiterate fellow by the name of David Porter was the victim of the plot to silence Brother King. He was induced by his Romish bosses to enter the charge on which King was arrested. He was formerly an ignorant so-called Protestant, who married a Romanist and turned his coat to wed. He cannot read or write, but as above stated was 'fooled' into the matter, not really knowing what he was doing. Like all fools who have money, he and some of his money were soon parted, and no doubt Mr. Porter's lawyers — three of them — were secretly thanking Brother King for the chance afforded them to turn an honest dollar from the Pope's treasury into their own depleted bank accounts.

"On June 13, the trial was held before Judge Russel, from Halifax, a jury of eleven Protestants and one Romanist was to hear the evidence. Judge Russel evidently favored popery in his presentation of the case to the jury. He made King's position



as unfavorable as possible. He was very pronounced against the book, 'Why Priests Should Wed,' yet was unable to produce one witness who could prove one statement in the book false. The judge went on in the usual blind Protestant style of defending popery against herself. He said he would not have such a book in his home; or permit boys and girls to read it. Yet he will allow Roman Catholic boys and girls to be polluted by the priests of popery who are responsible for the terrible facts in 'Why Priests Should Wed.' The judge in his address to the jury said he had not read the book through, but before he finished he gave the jury to understand that he had done so. This mistake had its effect on the jury in favor of Brother King.

"The jury retired to deliberate and after two hours studying 'Why Priests Should Wed,' the case was decided in favor of Mr. King, and Dr. Fulton's great book was vindicated in spite of Romish powers and deviltry. Brother King has all he can attend to now filling orders for the book.

"In the face of all opposition Mr. King has stood his ground, and evidently is made in the true reformer's mould, and is not afraid to stand up and be counted on the side of true Protestantism. He is now holding forth at New Glasgow and Trenton, N. S. It was my privilege to speak on the public square in New Glasgow and despite the jeers and howls of a Romish mob who had assembled, the truth of God was proclaimed. I hope Brother

King's experience will prove a lesson to Rome to not meddle with those whom the Lord has called to fight the old Harlot of Revelation.

Evangelist Leyden."

Dr. Leyden studied for the priesthood, was converted from Roman Catholicism and is better known in the New England states as "The Luther of the Great Anti-Catholic Reform in Boston." We will let Dr. Fulton describe his much hated, yet timely book in his own words:

"*Why Priests Should Wed,*' the book so praised and cursed, so fought by Rome, and so prayed for by the good and true, is an outgrowth. It came itself. It came in good time, and at the right time. A strange Providence sent a priest who had recently married to my house. His story was startling and appalling. 'Why Priests Should Wed' became a thought. It grew into a lecture, which, delivered before a company of ministers, surprised and amazed them. They said, if the half of this is true, the people should know it. This with other facts and influences, brought the purpose to tell the truth to the people. The work began. To prosecute it I resigned the charge of my church, gave up my home, crossed the continent, returned, and saw Romanism with its clutch upon the throat of the nation, dominating the press, taking charge of our postal facilities, occupying seats upon our benches of justice, controlling our largest cities, having charge of the army, ruling the President,

the Cabinet and Congress, and so influencing politics, that to speak the truth required a sacrifice of friendship and prosperity difficult to imagine and terrible to endure. Our fathers were alarmed when it was prophesied that such a state of things as now exists was among the possibilities. Their children seem dead to the peril now that it is upon them.

"Into Boston I went, on the second Sabbath of August, 1887, and called attention to the fact that the women and girls in the Roman Catholic Church were exposed to peril, because of the character of priests who ministered in the confessional, and who illustrated in their lives the creed that fills the church with pollution, and the countries where it is supreme with poverty, ignorance and shame. Facts multiplied; they were brought by women and by men who knew whereof they affirmed. They who have read the book like it. As pure and as noble women as live heard the lectures, and demanded that the book be printed to save women and girls from being asked questions which pollute and degrade. The book reveals the abominations of the *wicked one*. 'It is awful, not because of what is in it,' for there is not a line that is impure or obscene in it, 'but because of what is left out of it.' No one need fear to read it, or to have their children do the same. It has been well described by a gifted woman and mother who said, '*I began it with trepidation, and I ended it with thanksgiving, and commend it to all.*' An eminent minister uses this language: 'I have read the book and have

reason to believe every word of it is truth. While it contains appalling revelations, uncovering, as it does, the existence of abominable practices and horrid iniquities, yet the manner of presenting them is so skillful and Christian, and the form of expression so eminently chaste, that no offense is given the most fastidious reader; the only feelings aroused being those of loathing for the evils, and a desire to move at once for their correction and suppression.' It has saved multitudes already. It is believed that it will deliver from a degrading superstition millions more. It is my faith that God gave this world to His Son and that Romanists will be saved whenever they hear the truth, because the truth shall make them free. Father Chiniquy declares the book to be *'one of the most deadly blows ever given to Romanism on this continent.'* Friends of all classes who believe in the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, are invited to join us in helping the book to become an increasing blessing to the world.

Justin D. Fulton."

"This is the book Evangelist King was arrested for selling in Pictou, N. S., last December, and sentenced to appear in the Supreme Court at Pictou to defend himself against the charge of selling obscene literature. This book has been declared O. K. by no less a person than Anthony Comstock, and passed by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, where all such works are examined. Last month the case was submitted to the grand jury

and they reported 'no bill.' This in spite of the fact that the judge tried to have the evangelist tried."—*The Converted Catholic Evangelist*.

### Dr. Fulton Murdered by Rome.

Dr. Fulton lost his life as a result of his lectures against Rome, and book, "Why Priests Should Wed," in the following manner: While delivering a course of lectures in a Baptist church at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Canada, after one of his lectures, accompanied by the Baptist minister with lantern in hand, he was struck in the face with a large chunk of hard coal thrown by one of Rome's "holy" (?) Irish Catholics. He was carried into a physician's office and his wounds dressed. Next day being Sunday he was assisted into the pulpit and delivered an address while sitting in a chair. The papers commented on his humble and Christlike attitude, and said, "If you could only have heard him pray for his enemies," and that "his face shone with the light of Heaven."

Ah yes! the spirit of the Master always is to "pray for your enemies," and he who has His Spirit does so. The doctor went to his home in Boston and shortly afterward died as a result of the blow. Thus another martyr was added to the long list already against the Scarlet Hag on the Tiber. But Dr. Fulton still lives. Through his death others have been nerved to undertake his seemingly unfinished task. The flag never touched soil, but as he

fell other hands grasped the swaying standard and the cry continues, "Down with Rome!"

The Scarlet Hag wants none of her lewd practices laid bare. Behind the mask of her forced smile sits the Evil One from the Pit and the three-pronged javelin of hate is poised to impale Protestantism. Shall we fold our arms and let her throttle our liberties? Is this "the land of the free and the home of the brave?" or have our liberties been shackled by the intrigues of Romish priestcraft? Where is our boasted "free speech" when Rome dares kill her accusers and those who lay bare her hypocrisies? Where?





## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE NEW GLASGOW (N. S.) MOB AND VICTORY.

From Westville the evangelist went next to New Glasgow, N. S. After having delivered an address at the postoffice, while on his way to his boarding house he was mobbed by a gang of Roman Catholics. He was knocked down and kicked into unconsciousness. The tumult attracted others to the scene and he was rescued while the guilty parties ran away.

The crowd was so great that the street cars could not run. They were still thirsting for the reformer's blood and waited for him to come out of the drug store into which he had been taken, to renew the attack. But a leading citizen of the town with rare presence of mind drove around to the back door in his buggy and rushed the evangelist from the danger zone, placed him on a street car and saw him safely started for Westville. Thus the mob was again foiled in its murderous design.

**Enemies Confounded.**

The Roman Catholics were so strong at New Glasgow that it was impossible to rent a hall, hence the Orange hall at Trenton, one mile away, was secured. One of the mob who had assaulted the reformer on the street was later arrested and brought up for trial. The mother came weeping and said it was her only son and asked for mercy. The judge read the miscreant a lesson, and, according to the reformer's desire, forgave him. The evangelist then gave the poor woman money while in the court room and told her he did not want to prosecute her boy, but simply wanted to be left alone to preach Jesus. By this tactful kindness he nearly broke her heart. The grateful look through her tears proved her appreciation of the generous act.

**The Irate Merchant.**

Every Sunday afternoon the reformer preached in New Glasgow to thousands of Protestants and Catholics on the public square. While thus engaged one Sabbath afternoon the leading merchant of the town, who had taken sides with Rome, without notice started to drive his horse through the crowd. He acted as though he wanted to drive on the scales upon which the evangelist was standing, but in reality intended to break up the meeting. This he attempted to do twice, simply to

please the Catholics and thus secure their patronage at his store. But he was now promptly stopped by the Orangemen. On account of this action the Protestants withdrew their patronage and shortly his doors were closed by the sheriff and he went out a bankrupt. In this we see God's hand overturning Rome's designs and His truth marching on.

At Trenton a two months' revival made great inroads upon Catholicism and sin. It was one of the greatest revival victories of his life. Over two hundred bowed at the altar and many definite cases of conversion and sanctification were here evident. All glory to the God of power! He knows how to take off the enemy's chariot wheels so that destruction marks his track. He knows how to convict for sin and for uncleanness. He knows how to write His pardon on human hearts so that the evidence of the new birth is clear and witnessing. He knows how to cleanse the soul from the carnal mind and make it holy. Hallelujah! Abraham's God is still in the business of making men and women perfect in love.

We here insert some precious gathered promises which have been printed and scattered among Protestants and Catholics by the reformer, with his own comments:

#### Salvation for Roman Catholics.

“‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy,

and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' (Is. 55:1.)

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' (Is. 55:2.)

"Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live.' (Is. 55:3.)

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near.' (Is. 55:6.)

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' (Is. 55:7.)

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' (Is. 1:18.)

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?' (Ezk. 33:11.)

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' (Rom. 6:23.)

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him

should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (Jno. 3:16.)

"When the Bible says 'believeth in him' there is no room to believe in the Virgin Mary, nor in any other dead saint, for the dead know not anything.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' (Acts 4:12.)

"It is not in the power of the priest to forgive sins, for he cannot do that. The Bible says, 'Who can forgive sins but God only.' (Mk. 2:7.) And 'if we confess our sins, he (Jesus) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness' (Jno. 1:9), without the flames of Purgatory, and money for masses.

"We are not 'redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold,' but 'with the precious blood of Christ.' (I Pet. 1:18, 19.) We are bought with a price, and that price was the precious blood of the Son of God, spilt upon Calvary to atone for the sins of the world, to cleanse the human heart from all depravity, to make it pure and holy for the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to dwell in, to make us fit to be translated into the immediate presence of God at any moment.

"Dear Roman Catholics, the sacrifice for sin has been offered up once for all, the debt we owed to God has been paid, the work is completed, finished, and Divine Justice is satisfied, and Heaven is opened to all mankind. Jesus has been resurrected by the power of God, and is now at the right hand

of God to intercede for us. One priest, 'one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all.' (I Tim. 2:5.) All things are now ready, and the invitation from the lips of the blessed Savior comes down to us all in this Nineteenth Century, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. 11:28.) 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' (Jno. 14:6.) Therefore it is useless to go to the priest and Mary. For Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' (Jno. 6:37.)

"'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' (Rev. 22:17.) 'But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.' (Jno. 4:14.)

#### Talking from Experience.

"Being born and brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, and surrounded by strong Catholic influences, like you, I trusted implicitly for salvation in the Church of Rome and her sacraments. In the confessional I looked upon the priest as the representative of Jesus Christ, with full power to absolve me from all sin. But they were never for-

given until I attended a Protestant meeting where I heard the Word of God preached free from the traditions of men, and Christ was lifted up as the only Priest and Mediator between God and the soul. The Holy Spirit, whose office it is to convict the world of sin by the preaching of the Gospel, brought conviction to my heart. I was made to see my lost condition, and my need of a Savior. In my distress I cried to God, and He heard me. I came to the cross and cast my burden upon Jesus, and there, by faith, the blood was applied to my heart and my sins were all washed away. I was made a new creature in Christ Jesus, was born again. Now I know by a personal experience that my sins are forgiven, that I have passed from death unto life, and have the Spirit of God witnessing with my spirit that I am His child.

“In conclusion I respectfully entreat you all to ‘search the Scriptures’ as Christ has commanded us, ‘for in them ye think ye have eternal life.’ (Jno. 5:39.) The Gospel of Christ is ‘the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.’ (Rom. 1:16.)

“Praying our Heavenly Father to bless and lead all who may read these promises into the light and ‘liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, I am, your humble servant in the Gospel of Christ,

L. J. King.”





## CHAPTER XV.

### A NINE MONTHS' VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN.

In the center of a thickly populated community lies the little country village of River John. Here one Methodist, one Campbellite, one Episcopalian and two Presbyterian church spires point heavenward, but in all of these churches old time religion had long since been relegated to the cellar of fog-ism.

In answer to the prayer of one who had attended the New Glasgow meeting the ex-Romanist came from that place to River John, N. S., January 1st, 1906. The Town Hall had previously been secured and everything arranged for the meeting, but when he came to the place, a "stranger, and yet well known," he succeeded in procuring a room for himself only after ten homes had been solicited. More than this, he was soon to learn that through the machinations of the compromising Methodist preacher and his allies, the hall had been closed against him.

**Truth Stirs and "Reaches the Masses."**

Upon this McKenzie Hall was rented and the hated evangelist and reformer spoke one night. This so inspired and aroused the true followers of Christ and the better class of citizens that the large Town Hall was again secured and the meetings continued with the usual fervor and stir. Satan's plans had signally failed at the very beginning of the campaign.

Through mud and slush the crowds came and packed the hall night after night, and one of the greatest revivals of his life was shortly in full blast, which continued for a period of nine months. Strong men cried like children as conviction pulled at their heartstrings and fell to the floor under the truth preached. It was no uncommon sight to see fifty or more kneeling at the altar nightly while the power of God was deeply manifest.

**Pentecostal Credentials.**

While some are disposed to ask for the ex-Romanist's "credentials," it is to be hoped that God's seal on his work may count for something — in fact, everything. While he is able to furnish documentary evidence signed by preachers of various denominations, yet, so far as adding prestige to his labors, he counts them of the very least importance. The hundreds who have been and may yet be saved from the errors of Rome, and the thousands who

have already swept into that "Fountain opened long ago," attest to his right to the Christian pulpit more forcefully than do the ecclesiastically formulated instruments of prelates and bishops. In another part of this narrative will be found what men in whose pulpits he labored thought of him and his work. His full houses, lined altars, happy converts and lasting results need be the only credentials to any one in these days of religious dearth and inactivity.

### **Baptism by Immersion.**

No further trouble ensued until thirty-two of the new converts were baptized by immersion. Since all these converts had formerly been Presbyterians or Episcopalians, the fight was on in earnest. The preachers joined tactics and forces and gathered together all the little children possible and proceeded to pour and sprinkle them, vainly hoping in this way to hold their dissatisfied people. But this substitution for vital truth did not accomplish the end.

On this particular Sabbath afternoon on February the 16th a large crowd had gathered to witness the baptismal service. Perfect order obtained while the Elder Z. B. Grass, of Moncton, N. B., immersed these thirty-two through a hole in the ice. A little girl, whose father was away in the lumber regions, desired to be baptized, but her uncle, a Campbellite magistrate, had come to the evangelist's room sev-

eral days previous to the occasion and had forbidden him to baptize her; that he would take the girl away from him and have him arrested should he attempt to do so. However, she came bravely forward with the others and was duly immersed without any disturbance.

On February the 19th the hall was locked, whereupon the Campbellites kindly opened their church building, and, though this was far too small to accommodate the crowds, the revival continued at River John until over four hundred had bowed at the mercy seat.

#### **Conversion of Eva McArthur.**

In the postoffice was a proud young lady — a telegraph operator — who attended the meetings. Deep conviction seized her, and one night after she had come home she took a Bible, knelt before it and prayed for the salvation of her soul. At twelve o'clock victory crowned her faith and she arose a ransomed soul, and gave bright evidence of her acceptance with God. Her father, a proud Presbyterian, having heard of his daughter's conversion, hurried home in order to oppose her baptism. So determined was he in his opposition that he took her away from the place and from her position, but she stood true to every trial and test. Soon after this she was offered another position in Fort Fairfield, Maine, which she accepted. At this place the evangelist had held a meeting a number of years

before, hence she found congenial companionship among the holiness people there, and the "all things" that had seemed so unpropitious at River John "worked together for her good" at Fort Fairfield, where she was baptized and united with the Holiness Church.

Since pride is one of the most deep-rooted sins in the human heart and the blood of Jesus the only cure we give this young lady's letter to show what may be done when the truth is uncompromisingly declared.

#### A Grateful Letter.

"River John, N. S., Feb. 2, 1906.

"Dear Brother King:

"I want to write and tell you what you have done for me. There is a song in my heart all the time and I have perfect peace and joy. I had been loving and trying to serve God for over a year, but I felt there was something lacking. . . . I thought I could be a Christian without going up and kneeling at the penitent bench, but I found it was my biggest sin — pride — that was keeping me from going forward.

"Wednesday night I read part of Paul's Epistle to Timothy, then got down on my knees and prayed and prayed. At last, glory to God, the Holy Ghost came, and my pride, that awful sin, all rolled away. I jumped up and wanted to sing and shout, but it was about twelve o'clock and I did not want to

wake everybody in the house. I had just to thank God in my heart.

"I expect to be laughed at, called a fool, etc., but I am happy to be a fool in the eyes of the world, or anything else for Christ' sake. . . . Praise the Lord, my eyes are open now.

"I thank God for sending Brother Huggard and you to River John and hope and pray He will bless your work there. By the way, my 'gold plated' watch is out of sight. Glory to God!

Yours in Christ,  
Eva McArthur."

### Restitution Pressed Home.

Under old-time preaching one man paid two dollars he felt he must, another took back a hammer, carriage robe, etc. A woman who had not spoken to her neighbor for six years came forward to the altar, then went back into the audience to the other one, spoke to her, and she, too, came to the penitent bench. Both were gloriously saved. Strong men fell to the floor and cried, "O God, save me! save me!" Men could not sleep until restitution had been made. That same revival is still in progress at this writing as a result of the great smash-up of Satan's strongholds in 1906. Hallelujah!

Before leaving the subject of restitution we will here mention the case of a man who was powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. He knew he ought to yield, but a certain slender sapling in the neighbor's timber barred the way. As the screws



of conviction tightened the waving sapling seemed to point accusing fingers at him and the sighing of the wind through its branches chased the ghosts of fears through the subterranean hallways of his awakened conscience. He looked at the penitent form, but the sapling had preceded him there and seemed to say, "Take me back home!" He went forward. It was no use. The tall sapling sighed as the winds of conviction fanned by and he knew that it must be settled before he could obtain peace with God. Arising from his knees he confessed to the evangelist that years ago he had stolen a sapling from his neighbor's timber for a sled tongue, and what should he do? "Restore!" said the preacher. "Will you go with me?" asked the man. "Certainly," and next day the drive of four miles resulted in a complete settlement of the theft and God spoke peace to the troubled heart. How important that restitution is preached to-day. Sad to say, few of our modern churchmen touch this necessary subject and many have lost the word from their vocabulary.

During these nine months' revival services the evangelist held meetings at different places. There was now no trouble to procure homes, and pressing invitations from "Macedonia" came from every quarter. At the close of the nine months' campaign they made the evangelist a handsome donation and gave him a recommendation signed by the pastor and his entire official board, which we insert in another chapter.

### The "Pope of Tatamagouche."

While in this vicinity he was invited to Brule, one of the outlying stations six miles distant by one of the official members there. He arrived there Sunday afternoon, April the 29th, but an old stickler against revivals, Sedgwick, known as "The Pope of Tatamagouche," by his influence had caused the church to be locked. This name originated as follows: A white man and an Indian were out hunting. Both shot at a wild goose simultaneously and both ran to claim it, whereupon the Indian said, "Tat ma goose!" (that's my goose!), hence the name.

Arriving at the church this "pope" had an unconverted fledgling in the pulpit. The ex-Romanist was to follow immediately after he should close. The house was crowded with anticipating listeners. When the "hireling" had closed his nervous "discourse," one of his official men requested him to announce Evangelist King. This he refused to do, but took his Bible and read as follows: "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them." (Rom. 16:17.) And so the conflict raged. But right and truth triumphed as extracts from the following letter show. All opposition was overcome and later God's hand was seen in justice where mercy had been refused:

**A Letter from Brule, N. S.**

"Brule, N. S., December 31, 1907.

"Dear Brother King and Family:

"I received your kind letter on Christmas evening. We were all more than pleased to hear from you again and all sat down at once to hear it read. I was moved by the Spirit more and more. I am pleased to hear you escaped so well. You are surely protected by a Higher Power. . . .

"Your enemies are more than catching it. You remember R—— M—— the day you were at Brule church—one of the kickers? He has buried three brothers, one sister, one son and one daughter—all six inside of a year. You said that day at the church that he would lose a good many nights of sleep. How true it was. How could he expect prosperity? Surely, this will be a warning? It seems to me as though he knows. . . .

"The 'Pope of Tatamagouche' preached the funerals. The services were weak—all 'peace and safety'—all for saints, no conviction for the sinner—no preparation needed. . . .

"We are all looking forward to the time when you will come back. I am longing to see you. May God bless you and your family. . . .

Yours truly,

A. F. Douglass."

**Report of River John Revival.**

We close the chapter with a report of the work written from the field at the time. This will give the reader a good insight of the kind of work accomplished:

*"River John, Nova Scotia*—This is the seventh week at this place. Interest very high. Over four hundred have bowed at the mercy seat and many have found pardon and sanctification. The converts are nearly all from the Presbyterian Church or Church of England. All the people seem to have here is a form of religion. Last Saturday we buried thirty-two in baptism. Wonderful sight, and indeed God was present. Conviction was upon the people. Twenty more have come out to follow Jesus in baptism, and others are coming. The town hall where we held our meeting has just been locked against us; but a church has opened to continue the work. More later. Victory through the Blood. Pray for us in this dark province of Nova Scotia. — Evangelists L. J. King and Huggard."

## **CHAPTER XVI.**

### **THE FLOWERED BUSH AND THE SUICIDE.**

While holding meetings at Middleton, N. S., in March, 1906, the evangelist came in contact with an old man about eighty years old. Mr. Steel had once known prosperity, but reverses had come and he had lost all. Then his family had left him, he was struck by palsy, his one-time friends forsook him, and God he had never known.

#### **Self Destruction Averted.**

Despairing of life he repaired to the barn to hang himself, but could not make the rope fast. He next sought death by drowning, but the stone slipped out of the rope and the effort failed. Looking about for a better stone he saw a strange bush. It had beautiful flowers and was hung with little berries. This being April no leaves had as yet appeared anywhere in this northern climate, hence he thought it strange to see these tokens of Spring so peculiarly manifest in the shrub. He picked a few of the berries and ate them, and decided not to take

his life just yet, and then tore the shrub up by the roots and planted it in his yard. But the bush so peculiarly used of God to prevent the old man from committing suicide, died.

During the meeting Mr. Steel stayed at the same house where the evangelist was entertained. One day the preacher went to the old man's room, prayed with him, and it is believed he was saved. As they parted he pressed a dollar into the evangelist's hand and left every evidence that he had passed from death unto life.

#### **The Advocate Harbour Mob.**

While at River John an invitation came from Dr. Fillimore to hold a meeting at Advocate Harbour, N. S. The evangelist and his singer, N. L. Huggard, were entertained at the doctor's home for one month. The meetings were held in the Free Baptist church. Dr. Fillimore had a large practice and was the leader of the holiness movement in that country.

The persecutions began by the backslidden Protestant churches uniting against the meeting. The crisis came when a mob, composed of degenerate Protestants, attacked the meeting house. The mob was backed by wire-pulling politicians known as Liberals and who always lean toward rum and Rome. The noise became so great that the doctor went outside to see if quiet might not be restored, but they threw stones at him, hence the meeting had to be closed for that night.

A magistrate in town, instead of standing for law and order, incited the mob. Dr. Fillimore was sent to Amherst to secure protection. This was promised, even to sending the militia, and the meetings continued.

A Baptist preacher, Fisher, did all he could to incite the mob element. He misrepresented Evangelist King to the Orangemen, and while the mob was gathering he passed by and sneeringly said, "Well, boys, has the show commenced?" But nearly all his members at New Salem church walked in the light and went with the holiness people, and he was defeated. The backslidden churches who opposed the meeting have since closed their doors and their buildings have fallen into the hands of the holiness people. Even as late as the Twentieth Century it does not pay to fight holiness. It is equivalent to fighting God.

#### Report of Advocate Harbour, N. S.

The following is a report written at the time of the meeting. It is fresh from the scene of action:

*"Advocate Harbour, N. S.* — This is the fourth week at the village. A mighty wave of salvation is sweeping over this country. Hell united her forces to put us out of town. About fifty men, most of them drunk, came one night and stoned the building and broke up the meeting. We had to appeal to the authorities for protection and got it, and



went on with the meetings. The fire fell, and we had twenty-five or more clear conversions. The backslidden churches united to stop holiness from being preached, but glory to Jesus, the truth got in and is marching on. The saints stood by us through the tumult, and are taking steps to buy the Baptist meeting house (which has been closed for some years) for the preaching of holiness. Hallelujah to Jesus!

"Our next meeting will be at Collingwood, then Pictou, after which we expect to go to St. Louis, Mo., for the winter. — King and Huggard, Evangelists."

The meetings continued at various places, a number of which have been recorded to show the hand of the Lord throughout the years of conflict. Throughout the *Trials and Travels* of the reformer many of the most interesting events have been preserved and are herein given to the public. As a rule, most anti-Catholic reformers engage against Rome with unsanctified hearts, hence their book-matter is of necessity rather dry and statistical. In this work every noteworthy event points forward to or bears the unmistakable imprint of "holiness unto the Lord."

Throughout the years of persecution, which are hard to understand from a human standpoint, the reformer never lost sight of the fact that he would "understand it better by and by." Hence we insert the following song written by Dr. W. L. Taylor:

**WE'LL UNDERSTAND IT BETTER BYE AND BYE.**

We are tossed and driven on the restless sea of Time.  
Sombre skies and howling tempests oft' succeed a bright  
sunshine;

In that land of perfect day, when the mists have rolled away,  
We will understand it better bye and bye.

Chorus.

Bye and bye, when Morning comes,  
All the saints of God are gathering home;  
We'll tell the story how we've overcome  
For we'll understand it better bye and bye.

We are often destitute of the things that life demands,  
Want of shelter and of food, thirsty hills and barren lands;  
We are trusting in the Lord and according to His Word,  
We will understand it better bye and bye.

Trials dark on every hand, and we cannot understand  
All the ways that God would lead us to that blessed prom-  
ised land;

But He guides us with His eye, and we'll follow till we die,  
For we'll understand it better bye and bye.

Temptation, hidden snares, often take us unawares,  
And our hearts are made to bleed for a thoughtless word  
or deed;

And we wonder why the test, when we try to do our best,  
But we'll understand it better bye and bye.







WILLO VENNETTA KING

## CHAPTER XVII.

### FROM CANADA TO THE STATES.

At two years of age the little daughter had fallen out of a hammock and sustained serious injury, which developed in curvature of the spine. The leading physicians of St. John and Nova Scotia failed to give relief. Enquiry was begun for a hospital where such troubles were given special attention. The McLean Sanitarium of St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A., was chosen. Montreal and Buffalo had been recommended, but it seemed the Lord would have it St. Louis.

Some of the favorable results of this choice have already been seen, and others are yet to follow this step. Little Willo played an important part, in fact, was indirectly one of the providences that led to the exposing of popery in St. Louis and other places in the States. While still in Canada the reformer had thought of gathering his *Trials and Travels* in book form there, but as the stay in the States lengthened out it became apparent that the book was to be written and published in the United States. A multiplicity of calls and marked provi-

dences plainly indicated that the return to Canada must be deferred for some time to come.

At this writing about one thousand books have already been ordered in the States, and that many will go at once to Canada the moment the book is off the press. Three hundred and fifty orders were received in a small place. Fifty orders were received in one night. It is confidently believed that over ten thousand will be sold in the near future.

#### **New Scenes in New Fields.**

On October the 2nd, 1906, the evangelist left River John for Fredericton, the old home, where he tarried till November the 8th. He held a few meetings and lectures there, and, on that date, left Fredericton with little Willo, and arrived in St. Louis November the 10th. November the 18th he began a meeting in that city in Progress Hall, but this proved to be too small to accommodate the crowds, hence he rented Beer Garden Hall on Ewing Ave., and held forth there for five months.

He had a large attendance at his twice-a-week lectures and many souls were saved and sanctified in the gospel services. One of these lectures was attended by a young girl and her *fiance*. The latter repeatedly interrupted the speaker, crying, "Blasphemy," etc. That night, instead of leaving the car at her home he passed by. Search was instituted and after a few days she was found and mercifully saved from Romish hate.



Educated in a convent was Mrs. Goodrich, but through her marriage she came under Protestant influences. Her mother-in-law was a sanctified woman. Mrs. Goodrich got hold of one of the reformer's anti-Catholic lecture cards and through curiosity came to the hall at Ewing Ave. to hear for herself. The night she sat in the hall the reformer's topic was, "A Trip Through Purgatory and Back Again." This struck her humorous nature and she thought she was about to see a kind of moving picture scene depicting scenes in Purgatory.

As the lecturer came in her eyes followed him, but she saw no canvass nor moving picture paraphernalia. As he began she thought he was a circus actor because of jumping so, etc. The reformer now explained the folly of Purgatory from a scriptural standpoint, and she saw that he had been a Catholic, had been saved, and what he was doing. She now grew angry and said to her husband, "Come, let us go home!" But the husband sat still until the close of the lecture.

As the evangelist closed the service he spoke well of the Catholics, although he had scathingly denounced their false system of religion. He said he would like to see all Catholics saved, and would be pleased to have all come forward and shake hands with him. This struck her as so strange. How could he love the Roman Catholic after such a denunciation of their Purgatory? She thought surely he must hate the Catholics.

The husband said, "Let us go up and shake hands

with him." But she said, "No, I'm afraid!" However, she went in fear and trembling. The mother-in-law introduced her to the lecturer as a Roman Catholic. He shook hands with her and said, "The Lord bless you! You'll never be a Catholic after to-night. The Lord wants to save you."

She went home convicted. After a night or two she came again to the meetings and conviction deepened, until one day she fell to the kitchen floor, screamed and frothed at the mouth. Some of the family thought she was dying, but the mother-in-law understood the case. She was soon converted and became one of the brightest lights the reformer had ever known. She grew in grace rapidly and later lectured twice on Catholicism in the hall.

Through the lectures and gospel services of the last fifteen years the reformer has seen fifty Roman Catholics converted in Canada and fourteen in the city of St. Louis, Mo., besides thousands of Protestants. Surely God is on the giving hand.

### **The Neidringhause Episode.**

While at Ewing Ave. a Methodist preacher came to hear the sermons and lectures and had the presiding elder, Dr. Crolis, examine the evangelist's credentials, after which he was invited to the Neidringhause Memorial church and preached and lectured there for nine weeks. The building was owned by the Neidringhause brothers, a company of business men. One of these men was running

for senator. When these anti-Catholic lectures fell on the ears of the rum-voting and Roman Catholic element from whom he hoped to reap votes, this would-be senator pulled his wires with the result that the pastor of the church was asked to have the reformer vacate the pulpit. But the pastor used his good common sense and purposed to stand by the truth. A conference was then called composed of the leading officials of the Conference to force the pastor to insist on the evangelist's withdrawal, and not to give the lecture on the Black Nunnery. But the plucky pastor said if the reformer were put out, he would go too.

The time for the lecture had arrived. The pastor opened the door and the crowd began to pour in. Presently an automobile coughed up to the door containing Neidringhause, his attorney, two officers and Dr. Crolis, the presiding elder. They at once closed the doors, but the house was already half full.

### **The Iron Five.**

"There will be no lecture to-night!" came the command from the iron five.

### **Diamond Cut Diamond.**

"Whatever the pastor says I will abide by," answered the evangelist. A consultation in the study resulted in the pastor standing immovable and the plan was on the verge of defeat.

The attorney now asked Mr. King to leave the

house. He refused. The lawyer said he had orders to close the doors. The reformer replied that he had orders from the Lord and expected to lecture. The law-vested man now took a chew of tobacco and said, "I represent Neidringhause, and have orders to close the doors!" "And I represent the Lord," answered King. The pastor now ordered the evangelist to give his lecture. Upon this the lawyer ordered the lights out. The reformer ordered the people to sit still and hold steady.

Dr. Crolis now tried his hand. He had backed water and upon his suave reasonings the evangelist asked him to get upon his knees and get salvation. When Crolis could do nothing the reformer said, "You will have to pay me fifty dollars which I lose if this lecture does not come off!" This frightened the dignitary and — the lecture scintillated with truth and light. The automobile coughed, the doctor cleared his throat, the would-be senator sneezed, the attorney figured his defeat and the officers smiled as they sped away from the field of contest, while the audience listened to the expose of Rome's black sink of iniquity — the Black Nunnery.

The next night the door was locked, and any one inclined to go for a pleasure walk that way soon after would have seen a card on the building with the following words: FOR SALE. The subject of our review finds comfort in the words of Jesus in St. John 16:2: "They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

### **New Hall on Cass and Garrison.**

A hall was now rented on the corner of Cass and Garrison Ave. Here the work continued with unabated interest until November 1st, 1907. In this place fourteen Roman Catholics were truly converted.

One night after a lecture on the Black Nunnery a man was heard to say to his daughter, "Thank God, I've got my eyes open and you need not go to a nunnery!" Among those converted and sanctified were a number of nuns who were thus saved from unvirtuous lives, and one young man was saved from entering the priesthood.

### **A Visit to a Convent.**

On January 21st, 1907, Evangelist King, Mrs. Reardon, a converted Catholic evangelist, and three others visited Cass Ave. Convent. Here seventy-five sisters are incarcerated by the Pope's nefarious system of celibacy. This is a fine structure. They were taken through the beautiful chapel and while there all knelt to pray. The Sister also knelt, thinking her visitors were Roman Catholics. Sister Reardon now began to pray out loud and as they arose the nun was as white as a ghost and started for the door. Here she was told of Maria Monk, Edith O'Gorman and Father Chiniquy, but she had never heard of them. The reformer then told her of his experience and gave her a card for the lecture. As they left the poor nun said she was perfectly satis-

fied, but her pallid, expressionless face belied her words.

En route to other scenes the party called at a Catholic church. They saw two priests on their knees praying on their beads to the holy Virgin Mary and to dead saints. They were given tickets for the lecture and told of the new birth and the things pertaining to real salvation. It had perhaps been the first time in their lives they had ever heard anything like it. It is to be hoped that the seed there sown may yet bring forth a glorious yield.

#### **The Carmelite Buried-Alives.**

The next week, Monday, Evangelists King and Goodrich, with others in the party, visited the Carmelite Nunnery. This Order was established on Mount Carmel, Syria, in the twelfth century, and known as the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The reader will note how Rome loves to roll out "great, swelling words." She puts the insignia of sacred sounding titles on all her religious chattels in order to catch shallow-souled mortals, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away. For of this sort are they which creep into houses (nunneries), and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." (II. Tim. 3:5-7.) Here is a true description of the Black Nunnery. Let him who reads understand.



The habit of the Carmelite nun is brown. Their vows are *said to be* very binding (let the uninformed take note). As the party arrived they soon learned that all the Orders had been warned of the Achans abroad, hence, as they knocked for admittance the Asst. Mother Superior pulled back the little slide in the panel and enquired their business.

"We wish to visit the nunnery," was the answer.

"All busily engaged. We are about to retire to the chapel for vespers. I think you will not be able to get in to-day," was the subterfuge.

"This is a pretty cold day. May we come into the reception room to warm our feet?" was the next resort, and the Scripture, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile," was put to use.

"Will see."

The nun withdrew from the door to consult the Mother Superior, who soon returned and let them into the reception room. Everything was silent as the grave. The inmates were out of sight and they were left alone. Bare floors seemed to be the order and the holes in the doors were closed. Presently a door opened through which came a white-faced nun attired in the habit of the Order. She was loaded down with the gods of Rome — beads, scapulars, crucifix, medals, etc. As she entered the room with averted look she said, "Since your feet are warm you may now retire, as we are going to chapel to vespers."

"Madam, may not we go with you to vespers?"



"It is only for us Sisters, hence you cannot go," said she.

"Will you take us through your nunnery?" next fell like a thunderbolt on her ear.

"No! this is an impossibility! Neither can you go to the chapel. There is no need for further talk; you must get out!" said the nun with considerable animation.

"And you positively refuse to let us go through your nunnery?" said the evangelist. "No further talk, but retire at once," curtly answered the nun and motioned them toward the door.

#### **Holy Water, Quality and Quantity.**

Seeing they could not go through (which they already knew before), the evangelist said to the now angry nun: "The Lord bless you, before we go we will kneel here and have prayers."

"You shall not kneel here to pray," cried the nun, while Mrs. Goodrich was by this time talking to another nun who had come into the room. The reformer dropped on his knees and began to pray. Doors now opened everywhere and nuns came in to lend assistance.

As the Mother Superior saw that he prayed in spite of her refusal to let him do so, she cried, "My God, my God! these people are praying in this holy place!"

But the prayer rose on the wings of fervor and a crisis was near. "Give them the holy water! give them the holy water!" next cried the Mother Supe-

rior, and sought to work a miracle by throwing holy water over the praying Heretic, cross form. But like the Baal worshipers, her god had either gone to sleep or gone on a journey and the miracle failed to materialize. After the dish of holy water had been emptied and there still seemed no sign of the Heretic's prayer coming to a close, she emptied a bucketful over him, hoping to secure by quantity what she had failed to accomplish by quality. But like the barrels of water poured over Elijah's altar seemed to feed the fire that soon fell from Heaven, so this bucket of holy water seemed to lend power and unction to the prayer. God said through Zechariah (4:6) that it is "not by might, nor by power (nor by holy water), but by my Spirit."

Rome must get something stronger than holy water to stop a praying saint. She has tried the stake, the thumbscrew, the rack, boiling oil and a thousand cruel inventions (and is preparing to do it again as soon as she gets sufficient political power), but she has failed (and she will fail again).

All devices having failed she called for the janitor, but he did not come. She then sprang to the telephone and called for an officer, but by this time the prayer had been closed and the party was ready to go. As they went they offered to shake hands with the disturbed nuns, but were refused. They then left some tracts. As the door slammed to behind them, the bolt snapped viciously and the tracts were thrown out of the window. They were

followed to the Court entrance, and, lest they should return, these gates, too, were bolted. Hatred was evidenced in every action of the holy (?) nuns. Thank God when the day shall dawn when every nunnery wall shall be leveled with the street. These walls but prove the scripture that "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Rome may place "holy" on all her religion, but all this will not avail when God says, "It is enough!" The following original lines pertinently describe her contemptuous "holy" juggling:

Original.

#### ROME'S LIST OF HOLY HOLILIES.

- Holy days and holy candles, holy this and holy that,  
 A holy Mother Mary and a holy "Pete" and "Pat."  
 A holy nun and holy priest, a holy Orphanage (?)  
 Where all the holy orphans (!) stay of ev'ry holy age.
- A font of holy water and a sprig of holy palm,  
 A holy Hail-a-Mary and a holy vesper Psalm:  
 A holy burning taper and a scapular of wool  
 In their mystic secret hold a strange and holy pull.
- A holy "Blessed Creature" and a holy safe "retreat"  
 Where all the holy cloistered nuns the holy Fathers meet.  
 A holy jug of Bourbon and a holy jubilee—  
 A holy set of drunken priests complete the holy spree.
- A holy cloud of incense swung in censers to and fro,  
 A holy priest-blest wafer from a holy piece of dough.  
 A holy crucifix and robe, a magic holy stole,  
 A holy string of wooden beads — *but not a holy soul.*
- A holy Latin service and a holy Latin choir,  
 A holy dark confession box where flames unholy fire.  
 A holy Father's whisper and a holy virgin's cry—  
 A thousand holy scandals where Rome's holy shadows lie.

A holy nun and holy priest — what holy creatures, these?  
A high-walled holy nunnery, where holy passions please.  
A holy ban for Heretics who would her haunts invade —  
*At night nuns dig her grave inside the walls with holy spade.*

Her holy oil, and ashes, too, and stacks of holy bones,  
Make up this list of Holilies, to which add holy groans.  
A holy bit of "real cross," a holy "relic," old —  
By this her holy priest is bought, her holy fool is sold.

The holy absolution and the holy Eucharist  
This holy mill of Rome grinds out as real holy grist.  
And Extreme Unction, holy too, when wanes the pulsing  
breath,  
Falls to give holy comfort in the solemn hour of death.

A holy rack and thumbscrew, and a holy crucifix,  
A holy Inquisition and a holy Host and Pyx,  
A million holy murders in the name of holy Rome  
*Has called a million martyrs to their long Eternal Home.*

The fire that gleamed on Smithfield then against old Eng-  
land's sky  
Has been recorded in God's Book for reck'ning bye and bye.  
The martyrs who have lost their lives by Rome's unholy hate  
Shall be avenged when time is full — the hour is growing late.

Rome, swing your holy censers now, and drink your holy wine!

Extol your holy wafer-god before your holy shrine!  
The holy wail of holy Shades in holy medley swell—  
Hail, holy Purgatory! Hail! — *and hail a holy Hell!*



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EXPERIENCE IN ST. LOUIS NUNNERIES.

One week after the visit to the Carmelite Nunnery, on Monday the reformer and a party of four visited the Black Nunnery on Broadway, St. Louis. Of the twenty nunneries in the city, this is the largest. It is four stories high and how far it runs under ground cannot be ascertained until the government insists on regular inspection by appointed officers. Then will be revealed some of the dastardly deeds that are perpetrated in the name of religion in the under ground cloisters of the Black Nunnery.

In connection with this gate-way to Hell is an Academy, a school for girls, and across the street a school for children. Judging by its dimensions about four hundred nuns must be incarcerated here. The chapel and altar are built of solid marble, and the interior is arranged after a most magnificent order. A mellow light filters through the stained glass windows, the statuary is imposing and garlanded with wreaths and jewels, and the hush of silence lends impressiveness to the place. All this Rome has

studied for centuries and knows full well that the unwary are caught by this seductive sacredness.

### **The Entrance.**

As the party ascended the stairway leading to the entrance strange feelings took possession of them. They rang the bell and the door keeper drew back the slide and asked what was wanted, where they were from, etc. She was told they wished to see the Mother Superior. They were left standing until the Asst. Mother Superior reported. When the Mother Superior arrived they were ushered into the reception room. This room was large, but gloomy and dark. On the wall hung a painting of the Crucifixion. In the center of the room stood a table upon which lay a book. The reformer looked at it and found its pages directed against Protestantism. Chairs stood, straight-backed and sober, against the wall as though fully convinced that this was the proper thing to do. The very air seemed pregnant with the gloom and despair that lurked in the cloistered cells below.

The Asst. Mother Superior was absent about fifteen minutes, ostensibly to lend prestige to her office, but in reality to get out of the way everything that might arouse suspicion in the visitors' eyes.

### **The Mother Superior's Dilemma.**

Presently a large door opened and a little, leathery-skinned, lynx-eyed nun stepped into the room.



With an eye trained for perhaps seventy years in the secret arts of Rome she swept the party with lightning rapidity. She wore a habit of deep black over which was thrown the heathen toggery of Rome — a rosary, scapular, medals, etc. Surveying the party from the lofty dignity of her position, she said: "Well, what is your business here?"

"We wish to go through your nunnery," said one.

"Who are you?" wheezed the leathery-faced little woman, whereupon one of the party said, "This is Sister Mathews!"

"Sister Mathews?" said the little Mother, "we do not understand your terms!"

"Sister in Christ," continued Sister Reardon. Miss Mathews then took the little Mother's hand and said, "The same Blood that bought me, bought you," but she pulled her hand away as though she had been touched by a viper.

Having been refused admittance to the cloistered nuns, they were told they might go through the chapel, which they now prepared to do. Turning to the reformer, she asked, "And who are you?"

"This is our minister," explained one of the party.

"Yes, but who are you? Are you the man lecturing here?" persisted the nun.

"Yes, Madam," said he; "my name is King."

"And are you the man who lectured last Monday night against the Carmelite Nunnery in the City Hall?" answered she.

"No. I lectured, but not at the City Hall," returned the reformer.

"Well, you can't go through this nunnery," now came the decision.

"But why not? Suppose we want to join the thing?" was asked.

"There are books from which you may learn all you need to know," replied the Mother Superior.

"But this looks bad to refuse my party admittance," persisted he.

"I want no further talk. You can't go through," was the rejoinder.

#### **The Mother Superior's Fright.**

"But," said the evangelist, "I want to tell you the day is coming when we will go through and your slaves down below will be set at liberty. We have been sent to this city by the Lord God to set the ball to rolling, and as sure as you live the day will come when your doors will be unlocked and we shall see what kind of work you do behind your cloistered walls!"

The old nun's face turned a sickly yellow and her knees knocked together in the agonies of passion and fright. They were by this time en route to the chapel and as they walked along the hallways doors on both sides were silently closing and through each half-closed door swished a black habit. The excitement was intense. As a nun crossed the hall a little in advance of the party the Mother Superior called, "Assistant Mother Superior! Assistant Mother Superior! Come here!" She was

afraid and did not know what the consequences of the strange visit might mean. A possible house cleaning was not a pleasant prospect, and no telling what this black-haired Heretic with the dark eyes and positive voice might do.

They had now reached the chapel, guarded by the Mother Superior and her Assistant. They walked slowly around examining the costly trappings — the marble room, altars, rich statuary, burning tapers, shrines, etc., whispering their comments and explanations.

The Asst. Mother Superior had knelt in prayer in the fore part of the chapel. With one eye on her adorable saint and the other on the unwelcome Heretic she mumbled her beads in the throes of suspense and ill-concealed emotion. The old Mother Superior stood in the door-way, for once at a loss for resources to carry out her purpose.

When the party had seen enough the reformer once more asked to see the cloistered nuns, but the request was useless. The attending nuns refused to shake hands with their visitors, and as they left the doors closed behind them with a vicious click, which signified: "Once you have been inside our sacred enclosure, but never again shall your hateful presence darken our holy halls."

### **The Academy Scene.**

Emerging from the reception room they saw that the girls from the adjoining Academy had just been dismissed and came crowding out. To these the

party now distributed tracts such as "No Purgatory," etc. As soon as this was discovered by the Sisters they tried to check this work, but they were too late. The mischief had already been done, the seed sown. Eternity will reveal the good resulting from these tracts. These Academy girls thought the reformer was a priest. Several bowed and "Fathered" him most reverently.

### "God Died."

Across the street from the Academy was the children's school, which was by this time out for the day. Thither the party immediately repaired and began to sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Jesus Paid it All," etc. As the children gathered around to listen the workers at once began to tell them the sweet story of Jesus. One little girl approached the reformer and said in her innocent ignorance, "God died, and the priest took His place!" "No, no!" said he, "Jesus is our Priest. He only can forgive sins!" But she sadly shook her head as she went away, "No, God died, and the priest took His place!" And so Rome's dupes go on through life, saying, "God died, and the priest took His place!"

But a good day's work had been done for Jesus. Seed had been sown in places new and in fields seldom touched by real gospel truth. The increase is sure to come although the sowers must wait till Eternity's gates are lifted before they see the "hundredfold."

## East St. Louis Mob.

In July (1907) the reformer was invited to preach in the open air in East St. Louis, Ill. He secured an order from Mayor Cook to hold these open air meetings, although Catholic priests have upon several occasions circulated printed denials. The order was duly executed and is in the hands of the evangelist to-day. A letter of significance is here inserted to show the warning hand of God in the approaching crisis:

"East St. Louis, Ill., Aug. 27, 1907.

"Rev. L. J. King,  
"St. Louis, Mo.

"Dear Friend:

"I have been watching the growth of a preconcerted scheme to do you harm on next Saturday night at your meeting.

"You will please recall the man who stood off to your right and who wore the sailor straw hat and who asked you so many questions; now this is the man who is the leader of a mob of insane Irish Catholics who, after you had gone away, talked for a long time with others of his class and they prearranged to come to the meeting on next Saturday and cause trouble.

"Dear friend, this is not written to intimidate you, but may God strike me dead if it is not the truth; so you can come to East St. Louis fully apprised of the feeling against you.

"They are going to appeal to the mayor, and ask

him to stop your meeting, and as a lever to effect their desire, they are using the election of the near future.

"This is from a friend of no religion. Although I have and profess no kind of religion, I have no other idea than to place you on your lookout for harm.

"You may come to East St. Louis, Ill., and hold your meeting as usual and may God protect you are my best wishes.

A Friend."

On the Saturday referred to in the letter of warning the reformer repaired as usual to East St. Louis to hold the open air meeting, accompanied by twenty followers. Miss Mathews gave the message to a dense crowd on this particular night, and the reformer dismissed the service. While the service was going on it was observed the circle grew smaller and smaller as the crowd closed in. At the evangelist's side stood a Protestant policeman and a Catholic sergeant. Just as the crowd was dismissed a man struck the reformer with a pair of brass knuckles, cutting a gash three inches long on his temple. He was knocked down and the mob was at it.

#### **The Onslaught and Rescue.**

The Protestant officer fought well, but the Catholic sergeant assisted the mob by his inactivity.

Some one of the enraged mob shouted, "Kill him! kill him!" But a woman, full of faith in the living Christ, cried, "God will not let them kill the man!" and thus the battle raged.

Some one had turned in a "riot call," and soon a squad of police and plain clothes men were on the field. The evangelist had crawled into a furniture store while the mob kicked and struck, and was rescued by the detectives and headed toward the car. But seeing the intent of the mob was to demolish the car the motorman turned on current and sped away from the dangerous vicinity.

At the point of their revolvers the detectives took the battered and bruised reformer to jail, where he was guarded from the infuriated Catholics, and the doctor called to dress his wounds. As he was placed in jail a Catholic police officer was heard to say, "Now, we've got him where we want him!"

The next day he was dismissed and escorted over the Eads bridge by two plain clothes men, and thus once more escaped from the murderous hands of Rome. But by such trials and hard work a class of people was gathered together who stood solid against Rome, and the Catholics were defeated on every hand. Many have stood bravely by the reformer in his fight against Rome in the city of St. Louis, Mo., principal among whom are Mr. and Mrs. F. Grimm and their three daughters, Anna, Nellie and Elsie.

Before leaving the East St. Louis incident we insert a comment from *The East St. Louis Advocate*



of September 21, 1907. The language is so well chosen and the theme so ably handled that it deserves preservation. We feel like saying, God bless the pen that wrote it:

### A Hot Rival.

"Belleville now has a hot rival in East St. Louis. Years ago Belleville arrested and imprisoned the Salvation Army for preaching the Gospel on her streets. The Gospel seemed to be a new, strange thing for the Belleville streets, the people shied at it; it looked like something dangerous, so the cautious authorities cast the Salvation Army into prison to avoid danger. And now comes the brave, courageous East St. Louis police and find a mob stoning two holiness preachers who are preaching on our streets. The police pass the mob by and pounce upon the two holiness preachers and cast them into prison. That reads like Paul and Barnabas among heathens.

"The *Globe* states that the holiness preachers were finally released on bond to appear before Justice Ed. P. Williams for trial. We suppose that the said Justice will now proceed to tell us 'according to the law and evidence' whether holiness is adapted to the lower end of Collinsville avenue or not.

"The Justice will also be expected to give his verdict as to which is the safer place for holiness preachers in East St. Louis, in jail or on the streets.

He will also pass upon the legal right of preachers to disturb the peace of a mob. The right of the mob to disturb public worship will probably not be up in court as the mob is not now on trial, but the preachers. The paper states that the preachers 'were taken to the East St. Louis police station to prevent them from being beaten by an angry crowd' and they were then released under bond to appear in court and answer the charge of disturbing the peace of the mob. That makes fine reading; it sounds like East St. Louis. If they were put in prison for protection, what were they let out under bond for? Were they put under bond to keep them from eating up the mob when they get out?

"What are they going to be tried for?"

"They say they were talking against churches. Suppose they were. Is that a crime in East St. Louis? We are told that one of these men said very hard things about the Methodist Church. Did we mob or imprison them? No. This is a land of free speech. The Methodist Church never debases herself enough to mob or imprison those who talk about her; if she did she would soon thin out the dirtiest class of politicians and officials in East St. Louis. It may be that holiness does not fit East St. Louis any better than the lid did. We are not approving the holiness preachers nor condemning any church but say freely that whenever any town becomes so debased as to mob and imprison ministers, there is danger of Hell closing her mortgage on the place and taking it.

"Mobbing and arresting preachers is a fine advertisement for our city and its administration. Last year a minister was assaulted on the street and later in broad daylight beaten up in his own office, and now two holiness preachers are mobbed and cast in prison. That is a heathen record that would fit the dark ages. The laws of this country guarantee protection to her citizens and in the carrying out of the laws the lawless are usually put in prison and the citizens in general run at large, but here in East St. Louis we put men in prison to protect them and let the law breakers run at large. We are a great city — we are!"

It might be of interest to the reader to know that the leader of the East St. Louis mob passed the identical spot where the reformer had been beaten a number of days later, slipped, fell back on his head and died as a result of the fall. "When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, *they stumbled and fell*" (Ps. 27:2) was again strikingly evidenced here.

We close the year's work at St. Louis with a glowing record. Fifty-five lectures against Catholicism had been delivered to large and attentive audiences. Fourteen Roman Catholics were saved from a life of sin, a number from the nunnery, and one young man from the priesthood. Hundreds of Protestants had been saved and sanctified wholly without recourse to the cleansing flames of a trumped-up, after-death Purgatory. We close the chapter

with this record here, and will let God open the other chapter when the time of rewards shall have come. To God be all the glory, both now and for ever.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### IN BATTLE AT MARCELINE, MO.

In the month of November the evangelist left St. Louis for Marceline, Missouri. A goodly sized church building, abandoned by the M. E. Church, South, had been secured and the battle began. As soon as the gospel plow was turned in all manner of unrighteousness was unearthed. Anti-necktie-ists and anti-porkists antied their opponents vigorously, but sin flourished. The one-work doctrine, generated by a sheet called *The Stumblestone* (a suggestive appellation, for many are caused to stumble over its unscriptural doctrines), was represented by misguided but influential men in the community. Campbelliteism barked, as usual, about the "commission in Mark." Methodism had gone to seed. The preacher, an able man from a literary standpoint, antagonized the work by his absence or by second hand depreciatory flings. The "sanctified" folks found they needed to be sanctified, and, all in all, the pure gospel was sadly needed.

**Rome's Hand Exposed.**

Soon after the meetings had begun the reformer was attacked on the street while on his way to the service by two of Rome's dupes. He was struck over the head, but upon his cry and his wife's scream, who was a little in advance, the villains took flight. As they left they fired several shots, but no serious harm resulted. This served to arouse the Protestant element, and ever afterward he was guarded to and from the services.

**Owls and Bats Surprised.**

The old church building, so long empty, was soon crowded to the doors. Men who had not darkened a church door for seventeen years came, hardened sinners as they were, and the clasp of their horny hand told more forcefully than words that "the chords that were broken could vibrate once more." Men who had smiled at the evangelist when asked to enlarge the seating capacity, now hurried chairs into empty spaces. The owls and bats so long roosting where shouts of victory should have cleft the air flapped their wings in exit and the heresies so deeply rooted in the morals of the community began to ruffle for a fray as the sins of this railroad and mining town came into view.

**A Methodist in Good Standing.**

In the earlier part of the meeting the evangelist hung up a notice of the campaign in the postoffice.



The postmaster — a Methodist in good standing — with beard stained with a too free use of the weed, a cob pipe between his teeth strong enough to walk home if let loose, and one eye cocked up at the notice, said sarcastically, "And no one can get to Heaven but the sanctified?" "No, no one," answered the evangelist. May the good Lord deliver us from such representatives of Jesus Christ. They are not within a thousand leagues of grace. The preacher who will wink at such members can always be depended upon to oppose, both secretly and openly, a pure gospel.

### Jewels of Grace.

An excellent old gentleman, Mr. Kennedy, highly cultured and for many years a popular educator in that section of country, attended the services and lectures. Like so many in the South, he was addicted to the use of tobacco. But his respectful attention to the message bore fruit. One day he came feebly tramping up the stairs to his room and, with a beaming face, told us that he had given up his tobacco. It was worth the whole campaign to see the victorious smile play over that intelligent face and to hear the glad ring of that noble old gentleman's confession. Jesus had been there, and the walking in the light had been rewarded by one of His magic touches.

Only a few months later a friend was with him in his room when he complained of a sudden faint-

ness and requested to be helped to the sofa. No sooner had he been laid down when he quickly, quietly and peacefully passed to his reward. We shall never forget the dear, lonely old man. The tremulous tones of his cultured expressions and the gentlemanly traits and noble qualities of this southern gentleman have left a vivid impression. We expect to meet him among the nobility of Heaven.

### **The Power of the Gospel.**

But the truth was locating lives. The altar was lined with anxious seekers. No one knew how to pray through, and for several nights the Devil held mouths shut. But one night, suddenly, a woman kneeling at a chair broke out in victorious prayer and praise. Her stentorian notes of praise brought the audience to its feet—and the ice was broken. Souls were now saved or sanctified “in the good old fashioned way.”

A dear little mother knelt for nights at the altar for a clean heart. Her pitiful pleadings could not long be unrewarded, and one glorious night she felt the holy flame and Mother Birch entered in. The heavenly light on her brow made every wrinkle appear beautiful. The embrace of her husband there seemed strange to the audience unused to such things, but the Lord blest it and conviction for “the old time religion” was the result. Tears flowed freely over cheeks long dry, and hearts long dormant under the influence of years of sin thrilled with new hopes and better resolves.

A Campbellite lady came to the altar for salvation. This at once inspired her pastor to make a call, and the law was read in no mistaken terms. "Are not you a Christian? Have not you given your pastor your hand, and have not you been baptized?" and like queries followed in anxious succession. "But I do not have the witness to my acceptance with God!" said the woman. Here the water religionist was nonplussed, for neither had he. For him heartfelt religion held no charms; it was a hard headed belief with him, and water; nothing more. But with the injunction not to repeat her folly, he left her.

A few nights she sat still in her pew, but the hungry look in her eyes betrayed the struggle in her soul. On a memorable Sabbath night after the altar work had closed and the audience dismissed, some one plead with her to yield to the Voice even then. She felt it was then or never. The fight was close, the evangelist's message had been searching, but the final issue was near. The singer stood behind her as she sat in her pew undecided still, but yearning for deliverance from the burden of guilt and tormenting uncertainties, and sang,

"There is power, power, wonder-working power  
In the blood of the Lamb;  
There is power, power wonder-working power  
In the precious blood of the Lamb."

Instantly her repentant soul leaped over the barriers of water creeds and her faith grasped the import of the song. Springing to her feet she at once

became "a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." "Yes, there is power in the blood, and it saves me now! I received a warning telephone message from my pastor to-day stating that if I went to the altar again my name should be dropped from the membership roll of the Campbellite Church. But I'm out! I'm out!" exclaimed she as she shouted over the room in her new-found joy. The fact was, that, while she was "out" of the Campbellite Church she was "in" the Church of Christ.

Thus does the old fashioned truth cut every popish band and set at liberty every captive soul. Here was a living witness that it was not water that gives peace to an awakened soul, but the blood. O, give us less of human dogma and more of the blood! "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" here and now.

#### **Needed Their Doctrine Doctored.**

Others who had looked saintly at the beginning of the meeting soon showed symptoms of acute heart trouble. They carried the load as long as human nature could hold up under the tremendous weight, but finally acknowledged their backslidings and stepped from inside the altar rail to the outside and prayed through. They had had plenty of doctrine, but they sadly needed it doctored. When they acknowledged their disease the Great Physician applied the remedy. The glad shouts, the

glorified tears and the undertone of victory in the testimony told that they had seen the King.

### Summary.

The seven weeks of meeting resulted in Rome being thoroughly exposed, and many souls were saved. A lecture against Catholicism was delivered twice a week and the remaining nights devoted to full gospel services. A lecture was also delivered one night at Westville, eight miles away. The work at Marceline was thorough and aroused tremendous interest. Wagon loads drove in from fifteen miles away. They will never forget the stirring sermons and lectures. The difference between the popular way of "reaching the masses" and the Lord's way has been so marked there that the hireling will have difficulty in satisfying his hearers with sermonettes. The work for God at Marceline, Mo., will tell when all the principal actors have crossed over to the Other Side.



## CHAPTER XX.

### THE MOB AND VICTORY AT CLARENCE, MO.

While at Marceline the evangelist received a call to Clarence Mo., from the Church of God, which was accepted. The first service was held on Sabbath afternoon, January 5th, 1908. On Tuesday night, after the lecture on Purgatory, the principal of the college, Brother Jas. T. Kimbrough, the evangelist and the singer, F. M. Lehman, were attacked by a mob of about twenty-five or more Roman Catholics near their boarding place. A report of the disgraceful incident written at the time will briefly and best tell of the attack and signal deliverance:

#### "In Perils Oft."

"'The fight is on.' In the lecture against Catholicism of January 7th (1908), after the audience had retired, Brother Jas. T. Kimbrough, the Principal of the college here (Clarence, Mo.), the evangelist, L. J. King, ex-Romanist and reformer, and the singer, F. M. Lehman, were attacked by a



Roman Catholic mob of twenty-five men or more armed with pistols, knives, brick-bats, bars of iron, clubs, heavy pieces of rubber hose, etc.

"Brother Kimbrough had pressed to his temple a pistol barrel, and only in the timely discovery that he was the Principal instead of the ex-Romanist, was his life spared. One rod from this averted tragedy lay the prostrate form of the reformer over which bent the angry dupes of the unchangeable decrees of the Beast in Scarlet.

"The cry of alarm had brought Sister King from the house near by, and her clarion scream soon brought others to the scene. Standing over the form of her husband she beat back the murder-bent mob single handed. While so doing one of the band placed his pistol in her mouth and hissed: 'Stand back, or you'll get this!'

"While the mob was thus somewhat disconcerted Brother King crept out from under their hands and escaped to the house. A physician was hastily summoned who, after examination, found numerous bruises on different parts of the body, a bludgeon mark on the right wrist, face and head, and the left-hand index finger disjointed. But the life Rome had once more sought to take was again spared by the intervention of our God.

"The singer was taken one-half mile from the village by the other half of the mob, beaten over the head repeatedly with the heavy rubber hose, clubbed, and stripped of his clothing preparatory to the application of a coat of tar or an immersion

in the near by pond, or both, or worse. But their poorly laid plans went "aglee." Frightened by the rapidly approaching posse of aroused and well armed Protestants from the village resulted in his release, and all three had been delivered from the murderous hands of Rome. Yes,

'He answers prayer to-day  
In the same old fashioned way!'

"Last night they did not attend the services in the college chapel. More than a score of men, armed with repeaters, shot guns, etc., guarded the house while they slept. The most appropriate prayer they could think of while retiring was

'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
This I pray for Jesus' sake.'

"And this is 'the land of the free and the home of the brave!' Is it? Are the Protestants so blind as not to see that Rome has them by the throat while they go on in inactivity? If our easy going, unawakened Protestants who say 'O, I don't think it is so bad!' were to have an experience with a Roman Catholic mob the scenes would shift. But no! they will sleep on, until from the slumbering ashes of Smithfield the fire of Romish persecution will throw its ghastly glare against *our* fair skies.

"O that God would put it upon the heart of every preacher to thunder against this Octopus on the

Tiber whose slimy feelers are sucking the life of liberty from the heart of this nation! But remember! If an unctionized message and well directed logic is employed against the Pope and his system of dupery the messengers will encounter his mob at every turn of the road. Rome is better entrenched in the United States of free (?) America than is supposed. Although her methods have of necessity changed, her purpose is the same. The Protestant must die in order that the Harlot on the Tiber may rule both Church and State. Are we men or are we dotards? Are we so wrapt about by the weeds of ecclesiasticism that we let Rome steal a march on us, the stroke falls, and Bartholomew Night is repeated in America? We shall see.

A Protestant."

#### A Flight for Life.

On Thursday night the enemy had boldly declared they would "get them" that night. The Protestants were not yet sufficiently aroused to see the danger, hence it was thought best to take to flight and return later. Accordingly carriages were in waiting at dusk, each with armed guards, and the party drove in a south-westerly direction toward Excello on the Wabash R. R., about twenty miles distant, where they boarded a train for St. Louis. It is asserted that the enemy anticipated such a move and were scouting in pursuit, but fortunately for them, went in the wrong direction.

### A Prophetic Dream.

Some time before the evangelist came to the village of Clarence an aged couple there had a very remarkable dream. Both dreamed the same thing on the same night, and its remarkable fulfillment so nearly like the dream gives it a worthy place in the history of this campaign. Perhaps it is best told in their own language.

### The Dream.

"About three weeks before you came to our village I dreamed that a crowd of men came to my house, broke in, threw me down and choked me. In my dream I saw the men who had me. They were armed with clubs and revolvers. That same night my wife dreamed that she saw the same crew of men. So by our dreams being the same, it set us somewhat to thinking, and when the mob really came it was almost as we had dreamed. In our dream we made our escape. I was choked and hurt, but my wife made her escape by climbing into an old well. Later, after she had come out, she drew up a bucket of fish. They were all very fine, *with the exception of one; it was red and all swollen.* K—— and G—— R——."

### The Dream Interpreted.

We will now proceed to interpret the dream. The mob incident served to arouse the whole com-

munity. Repeatedly the call for a return to the field of action was sent to the evangelist. Finally, under promise of protection and under the escort of an armed guard (in "the land of the free and the home of the brave"), he returned to renew the battle. The result was an overflowing house at gospel service and lecture. God, through the prayers and faith of faithful souls, put His power under the situation and most gratifying results followed.

Catholicism again began to squirm. Priests called mass and agitated the removal of the reformer from the village. They waited on the mayor and insisted on his removal, "Or," said the sleek holy (?) Father, "if you will not remove him, we will!" Hereupon the mayor, who knew the feeling of the public, said, "I would advise you to stay away from there or they (the guard) will fill you full of bullets!" The priest evidently thought "discretion the better part of valor" and took the mayor's advice.

They then secured the services of an able Roman Catholic attorney to sit in the reformer's lectures, and for four nights he did so, hoping to "catch him in his speech." But the plan failed. He saw the futility of this and advised the adversaries to desist. "You can do nothing with that man!" was the basis of his conclusion.

The meetings went on with usual interest until many were saved and sanctified wholly. The tide of battle had turned and Rome's defeat and retreat was most crushing. The mob had come, true to the prophetic dream of the aged couple. The on-

slaught had been made on God's people. For a time they were compelled to seek safety in the "well" God had provided for the occasion (flight). But after the evangelist had again come out of the "well" and God's people rallied to the standard upon his return to Clarence, by casting their net on "the right side of the ship" they drew up "bucketfuls of fish." All were fine, *except one*. This one, *red and swollen, must signify Roman Catholicism, for her color is scarlet; and who is more "swollen" or inflated with self-importance than the Scarlet Hag on the Tiber?*





## CHAPTER XXI.

### A FEW PAGES FROM ROME'S DIARY.

"Rome's heart is false and foul, and Rome's array,  
Purple and scarlet! Tear the mask away!  
The pearls, the silk, the mitres, the display,  
Strip from her form unsightly; lift each fold,  
And show her as she is, misshapen, old,  
Wrinkled and withered, covered with the grime,  
Layer upon layer, of centuries of crime!  
Her arms, her hands, her fingers crusted red,  
With all the blood of martyrs that she shed!"

### A Plea to Protestants.

We now devote our attention to some things that ought to wake up every sleeping Protestant to his danger. We have shown by Rome's own testimony that the Protestant need not expect mercy from the Scarlet Beast on the Tiber. The bloody history of the Inquisition will repeat itself as sure as Rome gains the ascendancy. Shall Protestantism lie idly by and await its doom? Shall we fear to utter our protest against the most bloody and iniquitous religious system ever spawned in Hell? Shall we wilt and cower and cringe *already* before her threats and go down to our doom like dotards? No! we

will expose her deeds of crime and protest against her vaunted authority till Jesus comes.

We will take the reader through a few pages of history, reaching from the Twentieth Century back to the Inquisition. If the reader can not see that Protestantism is hastening toward the Inquisition gradually being brought about by the political manipulations of Jesuit Rome in every nation, and especially in our own, then must he sleep on until he finds himself or his children in the hands of Rome's butchers. As sure as Protestantism allows Rome in its politics so sure will she finally dictate to it in religion. Rome does not change. The world is *not* "getting better." We are headed for the Tribulation in which Rome will no doubt play a very important part. Let us now study some of the beautiful (!) traits of Rome's "beautiful religion."

#### The Visit in the Church.

After the subject of our narrative had launched out more fully into soul-saving work he was about to pass a Roman Catholic church one day when he resolved to go in to see if he could not speak a word for Jesus to some benighted soul. A "mission" (Protestants call it revival) was in progress and a number of priests were there to look after the interests of the work. He seated himself near the altar to observe and, if possible, drop a word for Jesus, especially to a priest.

Soon after he had been seated Father Corbett came towards him and whispered from inside the sanctuary (inside altar rail), "Are you waiting to confess?"

During "mission" time priests are on the alert for those who might desire to confess. Catholic priests are just as anxious to "string fish" as are the Protestant hirelings. At such times weak-kneed Protestants are trapped and caught by their sermons on the "One Church," "Peter and the Keys," "Infallibility of the Pope," "Apostolic Succession," "Sacrament of Confession," quoting to corroborate the latter delusion John 20:23: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Strange to say, this bait is often swallowed by Christless Protestants.

#### The Conversation.

Upon Father Corbett's query the reformer smiled (out of order in a Catholic church), shook his head and said, "O no!" The priest then went about his duties. The confession boxes were full and Priest Corbett seemed to be on the Look-out Committee. He kept his eye on this strange looking visitor and presently came to his side and whispered, "Were you thinking about confession?" "O no!" said he. "Jesus has forgiven my sins. I do not believe in Mary-worship or Transubstantiation, the wafer-god, nor the burning light (which hangs before every altar, denoting that God is still in the

tabernacle of the altar). The Scripture saith: 'Howbeit the most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' (Acts 7:48.) 'And then if any man shall say, Lo, here is Christ; or, lo, he is there; believe him not: for false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect.' (Mark 13:21, 22.) 'Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, *he is in the secret chambers*; believe it not.' (Matt. 24:26.)"

This was too much for Father Corbett. The evangelist then told him that he had been a Roman Catholic for twenty-five years, but that Jesus had saved him. At this Corbett changed complexion. The reformer continued: "You are one-half drunk now, and how can you forgive sins?" The priest showed plainly that he had partaken too freely of Old Bourbon, and, seeing that the Heretic was too much for him, said, "Wait, I'll get Father P—— to talk to you!" Fearing that foul play might result should the aroused priests gather about him, and since he was alone, he left the church, but felt the talk with the priest had not been in vain.

#### Father Corbett's Death.

Soon after this Father Corbett returned to his regular appointment at the Cathedral at St. John under the late Bishop Sweeney, now in Purgatory, and took up his duties. Not long after the "mis-

sion" incident rumor had it that Priest Corbett was about to embrace the Protestant faith. He was a very bright, talented priest, very popular with the people and in close connection with the authorities of the Church. Should such a man turn against Catholicism Rome would be made to squirm. They were afraid of him, and the sequel, around which hung deep shadows of suspicion, gave credence to the tales of rumor then current.

#### Rome's Version.

On the Saturday before Easter he had been busy all day hearing confessions. At this time "good Catholics" make their annual confession. They were very busy at the Cathedral. Extra priests had been summoned to accommodate the many communicants. Father Corbett had been "working very hard" and had "retired to his room in an exhausted condition." On account of having labored "so incessantly he could not sleep" and had left his bed to "open a window for fresh air." He had "*undoubtedly* put his head too far out of the window," and "*being in his stocking feet, must have slipped*" and thus fallen to the pavement below. They found him there with a broken neck.

This was Rome's version of the case. No investigation was instituted, but in the words of Madam Shepard, the ex-nun, "Protestants believed there had been foul play. Some one drugged and helped him out of the window, fearing he would become a Protestant." She asks, pertinently, "Why was

there no investigation?" And the echoes of a thousand other atrocious deeds ask, "Why?"

This young priest lay on the pavement from the time of his fall, with a crowd of priests in the palace, besides a retinue of servants, and yet was not discovered until the worshipers came to the morning mass. It was near the street, hence there should have been a discovery and alarm. Priests in adjoining rooms were passing and repassing all night long. But strange are the explanations of Rome. The Judgment will reveal every foul deed committed by the Hag in Purple and Scarlet.

Cardinal Gibbons, "the Roman Catholic Pope of America," seeks by his subtle pen, dipped in the soothing sophistries of Rome, to palliate the crimes of the "Only true Church" and her abettors. In turning to page 296 in his *"Faith of Our Fathers,"* we read regarding the Inquisition the summing up of his sugar-coated arguments as follows:

"To sum up: I have endeavored to show that the Church disavows all responsibility for the excesses of the Spanish Inquisition, because oppression forms no part of her creed (!!); that these atrocities have been grossly exaggerated; that the Inquisition was a political tribunal; that Catholic Prelates were amenable to its sentence as well as Moors and Jews, and that the Popes denounced and labored hard to abolish its sanguinary features." (!!!)

"And yet Rome has to bear all the odium of the Inquisition."

**Cardinal Gibbons' Sugar-Coated Pills.**

We know that the "Church" always "disavows *all*" responsibility for any and *all* "excesses," whether perpetrated by the holy Inquisition or by some other wing of her tyrannical system. He asserts the Inquisition was instituted by King Ferdinand, "less from motives of religious zeal than from those of human policy." He would, like Pilate of old, wash his hands or have the "Church" wash her blood-red hands of the unholy record. But not so fast. Let us remove some of this sugar from the pill and see where the truth lies. In turning to Webster's Dictionary we find that the Inquisition is "in the Roman Catholic Church a court or tribunal for the examination and punishment of Hereties. *It was fully established in 1235 by Pope Gregory IX.*"

**Kings Tools of Popes.**

Thus we have it. The child belongs to Rome without any doubt. To the Inquisition is laid the murder of one hundred fifty thousand souls. But suppose it were strictly true, without juggling history and language to deceive the uninformed, that Ferdinand instead of Pope Gregory IX erected the Inquisition, the king was hopelessly under the thumb of the Pope, and must do his bidding. *Loyalty* to a government never enters the head of the Catholic when he sees that Rome has the ascendancy. *The reason the American flag is up is because Rome dares not tear it down.*



Wait until we get a Roman Catholic President with a Roman Catholic cabinet and Roman Catholic laws. It is then the Protestant American people will see the blear-eyed old Harlot on the Tiber put forth her bony, blood-crusted fingers, and, with a scowl of fiendish triumph on her sensual, crime-marred visage, pull the waving emblem of liberty from its trembling staff and trample it under her unholy feet. When the bonny old flag—the red, white and blue—has given place to the Scarlet and Purple of the Hag on the Tiber the sword of Bartholomew Night is at our throats. Laugh on, doubt on, sleeping Protestant! *While you laugh Rome is laying her wires for just such a catastrophe.*

The Inquisition was loyal, yes; to Ferdinand? Well, yes; if Cardinal Gibbons is right. *But to whom was Ferdinand loyal?* Cardinal Gibbons, be honest and confess that *it was to the Pope.*

So the difference the Cardinal makes is only hair-splitting after all. His dupes do not, dare not look beyond his suave arguments, for be it remembered the "Church" does their thinking for them. May God let scales fall from blinded eyes!

#### **The Bartholomew Massacre.**

We continue. Regarding the Bartholomew Massacre he writes (page 296) with an impatient push of his pen to give it credence: "I have no words strong enough to express my detestation of that inhuman slaughter. It is true that the number of

its victims has been grossly exaggerated by partisan writers, but that is no extenuation for the crime itself. *I most emphatically assert that the Church had no act or part in this atrocious butchery, except to deplore the event and weep over its unhappy victims.*" (Italics ours.)

Pilate, Pilate! could you make room for one who has outmastered you? *Your* crime is acknowledged by all the world and no one expects to take you by the hand in the world of happy spirits. But here in the Twentieth Century is one who has so well succeeded in juggling argument that thousands who read his sugar-coated extenuation of that unparalleled crime will believe it and wake up in Hell as a consequence! He continues:

#### **Seditious Huguenots.**

"In the reign of Charles IX of France, the Huguenots were a formidable power (save the mark!) and a seditious element in that country (from Rome's standpoint, of course). They were under the leadership of Admiral Coligny, who was plotting the overthrow of the ruling monarch. (Please note, reader, that the "ruling monarch" was a Pope-crowned monarch.) The French king, instigated by his mother, Catherine de Medicis (we are curious to know who her confessor was and what his instructions to her were?), and fearing the influence of Coligny, whom he regarded as an aspirant to the throne, compassed his assassination, as well as that of his followers in Paris August 24th, 1572.

This deed of violence was followed by an indiscriminate massacre in the French capital, and other cities of France, by an incendiary populace, who are easily aroused but not easily appeased.

*"Religion had nothing to do with the massacre. Coligny and his fellow Huguenots were slain not on account of their creed, but exclusively (?) on account of their alleged treasonable designs."* p. 297, *Faith of Our Fathers*. (Italics and parentheses ours.)

#### Rome Discovered Virtuous.

What a beautiful presentation here of the virtues of the old Hag on the Tiber. What laurels of reward must be awaiting her in Heaven for the persecutions she so patiently endures. If we did not know that the kings of France were under the Harlot's thumb we might listen to this apostle of a false religion; but knowing that the Pope's word was law and that he augured the nations' destiny at that time (and would like to do it again) we at once brand his silver plated arguments as rank deceptions and his juggled historical proofs as falsehoods.

The Cardinal *knows* that the Pope ruled Church and State then, hence his only recourse is to *ignore* this fact (policy, one of the crowning attributes of Rome) now in order to blind the eyes of the reader. He knows, too, that the less thoughtful would not think of this fact, hence his device. He would have us believe that the monarchs acted independently

of the Pope. He knows better. The Pope's word was law; it would be now but for God Almighty, Luther, and the Flag of Freedom. Let us see whether the Pope recognizes loyalty to a government adverse to the Catholic religion:

**Rome not Loyal to Government.**

"I say with Dr. Browson that if the Head of the Catholic Church should declare that the Constitution of the United States and every institution of this or any country should be extinguished, it is a solemn audience of God himself and every Catholic would be bound, under the terrible penalty of the punishment promised against disobedience, to obey."—*The Baltimore Clipper*.

"The Romish Church has the right to exercise authority without any limit set to it by the civil power; the Pope and the priests ought to have dominion over civil affairs. The Romish Church has a right to immunity from civil law."—*Pope's Encyclical*.

"The late Leo XIII in his encyclical of 1890 declares that the law of the Almighty invested in the Supreme Pontiff, the Pope, is superior to any state. And Vicar Preston, expounding the same august subject, declares. 'Every word that Leo speaks from his high chair is the voice of the Holy Ghost and must be obeyed. You must not think as you choose, you must think as Catholics.'

"The Pope is of such dignity and highness that he is not simply a man, but as it were God. He

is of such great dignity and power that he occupies one and the same tribunal with Christ; so that whatsoever the Pope does seems to proceed from the mouth of God. He is, as it were, God on earth."—*Ferreris Ecclesiastical Dictionary*.

"None except like God is like the Pope either in Heaven or upon the earth."—*St. Bernard*.

"The Pope holds the place of the true God." — *Pope Innocent III*.

"The Pope can do nearly all that God can do." — *Jacobatius*.

"Decius rejects the word 'nearly' as unnecessary, thereby affirming that the Pope can do all that God can do." "Durand asserts that none dare say to the Pope any more than to God, 'Lord, what doest thou?'"

Will Cardinal Gibbons tell us what power the monarchs, upon whose shoulders he seeks to shift the blame of the Inquisition, Bartholomew Massacre, and kindred crimes, had *when the Pope was God?* They feared to disobey the dictum of the Pope (and he knows it) "lest perhaps they be found even to fight against God" — *when the Pope was God*.

We have drawn the Cardinal up to the post of stubborn facts by the halter of truth, and by it he will hang himself. How foolish to push the monarchs into the arena when behind them stood the Pope (God) whose every word and wish they must obey. Does he think the Protestant does not understand that while his flimsy arguments may have in

them a semblance of truth, that in reality the king or queen of any Catholic nation was and is only a *tool* in the hands of the Pope?

If the Pope is God, look at the following and know that the Pope is only a poor, dying sinner terribly in need of the sweet grace of God. What a slaughter of Gods we have here. Can Rome extricate herself from her silly position?

### Record of the Popes.

"Of the 294 Popes, thirty-one have been considered to be anti-popes, or as usurpers of the pontifical throne; twenty-nine met with violent deaths; eighteen were poisoned; viz., John XI, Clement II, Domaso II, Stephen IX, Pascual II, Gelasius II, John XXIII, Benedict XI, Alexander V, Pius III, Alexander VI, Adrian VI, Marcel II, Urban VIII, Clement XIV, Leo IX, and Leo X. Four Popes have been assassinated, John VIII, Leo VI, Leo VII, and John XII. Thirteen Popes came to a more or less tragic end, Stephen VI was strangled with a cord; Clement V was burned in his bed; Boniface VIII committed suicide; Urban VI died in consequence of a fall from his horse; Paul II died from the blows inflicted upon him with his diadem. Twenty-six Popes have been dispossessed, expelled, or dethroned. Some Popes have figured as Heretics; i. e., they have not believed in one or the other of the dogmas approved by the Romish Apostasy. Some of the Popes were accused of homi-

cide, and some called strangers to help them to sustain their detestable power in Italy, and these ought to be called traitors to their country. We may truly ask, what dynasty or what institution has been able to register a similar history?"—*Protestant Observer*.

Remember, since the Pope is God (Decius) 294 Gods went to Purgatory or Hell (most likely the latter place). Who but the ignorant dupes of Rome and Cardinal Gibbons would believe such nonsense?



## CHAPTER XXII.

### A FEW PAGES FROM ROME'S DIARY

#### (CONTINUED.)

St. Peter's Church, Rome, is said to be the climax of human art. It is 330 feet wide, 835 feet long and 447 feet high. It is built of solid marble from foundation to pinnacle and will never decay, so says Rome. It is warm in winter and cool in summer. No fire is ever built in it. It was two hundred years in building and cost the round sum of two hundred million (\$200,000,000.00) dollars. The face of every nation was ground in order to raise this sum, which was raised mainly through the selling of indulgences. The Purgatory hoax was the main puller. Rome claims this church is built over St. Peter's tomb, and around this traditional spot her candles shed a perpetual gleam.

St. Paul's Church, Rome, is said to occupy the very spot where the Apostle Paul was beheaded, and to contain his tomb. The structure is 300 feet wide and 600 feet long, built of the finest marble transported from Africa. The outside is finished in

white marble, the inside of finest alabaster in most beautiful colors. It is said to be the grandest exhibition of fine arts on the face of the earth.

Hard by St. Peter's Church is the Papal palace — the Vatican — where the Pope with his cardinals, magnates, priests, nuns, and retinue of servants live, in number about two thousand. This is the head of the Papal Machine. From this center has gone forth edict after edict against the religion of Jesus Christ. Here Rome lays her secret wires to every nation and when the Pope touches the button, that nation feels the impact of her power. This old Octopus on the Tiber has its long, slimy feelers extended over every nation and her suckers are drawing the life and liberty from all and slowly, slowly, yet surely, she is drawing them into her subtle power, and — the end is not yet.

### **Rome's Gory Catalogue of Crime.**

We therefore proceed to our arraignment of this false Church. That the Pope is God is a farce. She is guilty of murder. Pagan Rome put to death three million Christians five hundred years after Christ's death. Papal Rome during her 1260 years of Romish rule put to death fifty million Christians. The Inquisition boasts its one hundred thousand. The Duke of Alva killed in the Netherlands by one execution thirty-six thousand. In France, after the organization of the Jesuits, in less than thirty years

they put to death by most cruel torture nine hundred thousand Heretics. In Paris (1534) she burned twenty-one persons for printing and circulating the Word of God. Rome said printing was of the Devil, and burned the printers. At one time four hundred women and children were murdered in a church where they had sought refuge. Yes, by your leave or not, Cardinal Gibbons, the Jesuits, in the name of the Roman Catholic Church, were responsible for the Bartholomew Massacre.

"On August 23rd, 1572, the great bell of the palace gave the signal for the butchery. Every bell in Paris then began to ring, calling for Protestant blood. The butchery began on Sunday and lasted until Tuesday. Six thousand were murdered in Paris alone. About one hundred thousand perished in this horrible slaughter. The news of the Massacre was received in Rome with great rejoicing. Bells rang out from every steeple. A medal was struck in commemoration of the Massacre. King Charles was recognized as an avenging angel from Heaven, and received from Rome the highest rank of Papal power. It seemed the Pit was open, and all Hell turned loose on the saints of God."

Cardinal Gibbons says "the Church disavows all responsibility of *the excesses of the Inquisition*." It seems he has no fault to find with the Inquisition itself, but condemns (?) only its *excesses*. Let us refresh his memory regarding the atrocious deeds of this ignoble body:

## The Iron Virgin.

"In 1809 Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed at Madrid. While in that city Colonel L. used to speak freely among the people what he thought of the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree was not executed. Months had passed away and the prisons of the Inquisitions had not been opened. One night about ten or eleven o'clock, as Col. L. was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from the alley. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defense, and while struggling with them he saw at a distance the light of the French patrols — mounted soldiers, who carried lanterns. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels, and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guard of the Inquisition.

"He went immediately to Marshal Soult, the Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress the Inquisition. Marshall Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments, the 117th and another, he would undertake the work. The 117th regiment

was under the command of Colonel de Lile, who, like Colonel L., became a minister of the Gospel and pastor of an Evangelical Church in Marseilles. The troops required were granted; and Colonel L. proceeded to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When he arrived at the walls, he addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of Colonel L.'s men. The Colonel then ordered his troops to fire upon those that appeared on the walls.

"It was soon obvious, says Colonel L., that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office. There was also a breastwork upon the wall, from behind which they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as batter-

ing rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

"Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor-General and the Father Confessors, in their robes, came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defense, and had just learned what was going on. They addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, *'Why do you fight our friends, the French?'*

"Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defense was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room: found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with



altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidence of iniquity being practiced there — nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings and a rich and extensive library. *Here* was beauty and splendor of the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order.

“There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste. Where then were those horrid *Instruments of Torture* of which we had been told? and where were those *Dungeons* in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy Fathers assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

“But Colonel de Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, ‘Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so must it be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others.’ I replied to him, ‘Do as you please, Colonel,’ and ordered water to be brought. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished.



When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisition, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Colonel de Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery. Officers with their swords and soldiers with their bayonets sought to clear out the seams and pry up the slab: others, with the butts of their muskets, struck the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house! While thus engaged a soldier struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the Inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar when the handwriting appeared on the wall. They trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a staircase. I stepped to the altar and took one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure look, said, 'My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands; they are holy.' 'Well,' I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large square room — the Hall of Judgment. In

the centre of it was a large block and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat — the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor-General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

“From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice. Here saddening sights presented themselves.

“These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of Inquisitorial hate were confined year after year till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies remained until they were entirely decayed, and their rooms had become fit for others to occupy. Flues or tubes extending to the open air, carried off the effluvia. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

“In other cells we found living sufferers, of both sexes and of every age, from three-score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years, all naked as when born into the world, and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle-aged and the young man, and the maiden of four-

teen years old! The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Colonel L., aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

"We then proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the *Instruments of Torture* of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent.

"The *First* was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body were broken or drawn one after another, until the victim died.

"The *Second* was a box in which the head and neck of the victim was confined, by a screw, that he could not move any way. Over the box was a vessel from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim. Every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place soon suspended circulation, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony.

"The *Third* was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound. The machine was then placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed that, by turning the

machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs in small pieces.

"The *Fourth* surpassed the other in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, a large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arm clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

"Colonel L. said that the sight of these infernal engines of cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every Inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Colonel L. did not oppose them. They might have turned their arms against him if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the Inquisitor, put to death by the dropping of water on his dead, was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor-General was brought before the infernal engine, called 'The Virgin.' He begged to be excused. 'No!' said they, 'you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it.' They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these they pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped

him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Colonel L. said he witnessed the torture of four of them; his heart sickened at the awful scene, and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmates of that prison-house of Hell. In the meantime, it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken up, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And, oh! what a meeting was there — it was like a resurrection! About a hundred, who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who had found their long-lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

“When the multitude had retired, Colonel L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed; and having sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All had withdrawn at a distance, and in a few moments there was joyful sight for thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins.

“Thus was the Inquisition suppressed in Spain by the French in 1812. But through the unfaithfulness of British Statesmen, the *Pope* was restored

in 1814, and with him the *Jesuits*, and with them the *Inquisition*. We had educated Jesuit priests in Maynooth in the worst principles of the Papacy in its worst days. These were made to bind themselves by solemn oath, before their Bishops, to become 'Ministers of the Holy Inquisition as well as of the Holy Gospel.' By them the simple hospitable people of Ireland have been converted into maddened assassins. And yet this 'Holy Inquisition' is acknowledged by Great Britain as a chief factor in Government!!! (see *Monthly Record*, June, 1888). Thus, as Pierce Connelly says, British subjects 'may any day be put an end to, or much worse, with less risk of vengeance here in England than in Italy or Spain.'

"Dr. Wylie in his *History of Protestantism*, thus describes 'Our Lady' and her apartments at Nuremberg:

"'Here there is a vaulted chamber entirely dug out of the living rock, except the roof, which is formed of hewn stone. It contains an iron image of the Virgin; and on the opposite wall, suspended by an iron hook, is a lamp which when lighted shows the goodly proportions of "Our Lady." On the instant of touching a spring the image flings open its arms, which resemble doors of a cupboard, and which are seen to be stuck full on the inside with poignards, each about a foot in length. Some of these knives are so placed as to enter the eyes of those whom the image enfolds in its embrace, others are set so as to penetrate the ears and brain,



others to pierce the breast, and others again to gore the abdomen.

“The person who had passed through the terrible ordeal of the Question-chamber, but had made no recantation, would be led along the tortuous passage by which he had come, and ushered into this vault, where the first object that would greet his eye, the pale light of the lamp falling upon it, would be the Iron Virgin. He would be bidden to stand right in front of the image. The spring would be touched by the executioner — the Virgin would fling open her arms, and the wretched victim would straightway be forced within them. Another spring was then touched — the Virgin closed upon her victim: a strong wooden beam, fastened at one end to the wall by a moveable joint, the other placed against the doors of the iron image, was worked by a screw, and as the beam was pushed out, the spiky arms of the Virgin slowly but irresistibly closed upon the man and did their work.

“When the dreadful business was ended, it needed not that the executioner should put himself to the trouble of making the Virgin unclasp the mangled carcass of her victim; provision had been made for its quick and secret disposal. At the touching of a third spring, the floor of the image would slide aside, and the body of the victim drop down the mouth of a perpendicular shaft in the rock. Down this pit, at a great depth, could be discerned the shimmer of water. A canal had been





THE IRON VIRGIN



made to flow underneath the vault where stood the Iron Virgin, and when she had done her work upon those who were delivered over to her tender mercies, she let them fall, with quick descent and sullen plunge, into the canal underneath, where they were floated to the Pegnitz, and from the Pegnitz to the Rhine, and by the Rhine to the ocean, there to sleep beside the dust of Huss and Jerome.'

"Dear readers. — This fearful institution of the Papacy is at work in our midst. The Papists, whom we raised to power in 1829, now audaciously tell us that they 'are prepared to maintain that it is no more morally wrong to put a man to death for heresy than for murder; that in many cases persecution for religious opinions is not only permissible, but highly advisable and necessary.'"—*Rambler*, Vol. IV., p. 126.

Here comes a wail from England, and proof positive that the Inquisition is a Roman Catholic institution. Will Cardinal Gibbons still juggle language and history and deny the child its rightful parentage? Why this denial when unmistakable evidence abounds? He *may* "fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time; but he can not fool all the people all the time!" There will come an end to this juggling, this pen-twisting, no matter how apparently successful Rome may be. The Pit is enlarging its borders for the reception of this child of Rome; viz., the Inquisition — and Catholicism, root and branch, itself.

**Soft, Sugared Sophisms.**

There is one noble expression by Cardinal Gibbons on page 296 in his *"Faith of Our Fathers"* that deserves mention: *"I heartily pray that religious intolerance may never take root in our favored land. May the only king to force our conscience be the King of kings; may the only prison erected among us for the sin of unbelief or mischief be the prison of a troubled conscience; and may our only motive for embracing truth be not the fear of man, but the love of truth and of God."*

If this sentiment were intended to be carried out by Catholicism we need not fear results. But we feel toward this paragraph much like the little boy who was promised sugar if he would take a dose of Castor Oil. *We don't care for the sugar. We know the taste of the Oil.*

On the first page of the Cardinal's book we read the following: *"The Faith of Our Fathers: Being a plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church Founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ."*—By James Cardinal Gibbons. The reader will note that God never founded the Roman Catholic Church, nor does He say anywhere in His Word that He did; James Cardinal Gibbons says so. The Church of Jesus Christ is not a Church with a train of licentious Popes and priests. She is not a Church who has to her record the murder of millions of souls who would not believe her tenets. Nowhere between the lids of the Holy Bible can we find the policy pursued by Rome in the Church of Jesus

Christ. We turn to Revelation for the identity of this murderous system called a Church: "And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH." (Rev. 17:5.) "And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth." (Rev. 18:24.)



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MARY'S PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

"No man can serve two masters." (Matt. 6:24.)

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (I Tim. 2:5.)

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12.)

In Canada where Catholicism has a stronger foothold than in the States Palm Sunday is a prominent day. On this day High Mass is said. Palm branches (spruce branches are substituted because the palm is obtainable only at great expense) are blest (?) by the priest at the church and the people take home such quantities as they deem needful for use throughout the year. These branches are hung in the room, sprigs placed in the mattresses and straw ticks, trunks and traveling bags to keep away the evil spirits that seem to constantly attend the devout Roman Catholic.

The branches left in the church at the end of each year are burned. The ashes, said to typify death, are preserved and mixed with olive oil, a type of



life, and each communicant receives the Sign of the Cross (the mark of the Beast) on his forehead on Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent. This rite is observed wherever the deluded devotees of the Scarlet Hag fumble their beads and mumble their litanies. O Superstition! what a grip hast thou on the heart of the poor Catholic! God alone can break the clanking chains with which Rome's subjects are bound.

### **Mary-worship.**

In this chapter the errors of Mary-worship are set forth at length. In following the bead-prayer every good Catholic places Mary more than Christ on the mediatorial throne. "Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Each of the fifty-three small beads of the rosary stand for this prayer, while only six large beads stand for the Lord's Prayer, prefaced as follows: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Alleluia."

### **Mary, the Mother of God.**

In her "Manual of the Blessed Virgin" the Roman Catholic Church boldly proclaims Mary the advocate for sinners. On page 20 we read: "O, Holy

Virgin. Mother of God, my Advocate and Patroness, pray for thy poor servant." Again. "Thou (Mary) art the advocate of those sinners who are more miserable and abandoned than the rest, and who have recourse to thee." (p. 375.) Thus we have established the fact that Mary, and not Christ, is their advocate.

### **Who was God's Great-Grandmother?**

A little applied logic may not come amiss here. If Mary is the Mother of God, who was God's grandmother? "St. Anne," says the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed! If St. Anne was His grandmother, who was His great-grandmother? But the swinging of censers and tinkling of bells and glimmer of candles and a thousand and one ceremonial rites is the only answer to our query.

But let us form a better acquaintance with God's grandmother. Since Scripture is silent as to such an exalted identity we must go to Rome to learn somewhat of this wonderful lady. In Quebec, Canada, is a magnificent cathedral in which is found the shrine of St. Anne. The "Wrist Bone of St. Anne" reposes in this shrine, so says Rome, and, with the exception of "The Seamless Coat of Christ," has netted her more shekels than any other humbug she manipulates. The massive hollow pillars are said to be filled with crutches, braces, trusses, etc., as evidence of miraculous healings (?) performed under the influence of this magic bone.

### Old Bones.

This bogus bone is taken from place to place in a golden casket, set on a richly draped table between two robed priests and the poor Catholic dupes pass by for hours, kneel, and kiss the glass over the decaying bit of bone, at the same time dropping their money into a box placed near for that purpose. In a small Catholic chapel in New York \$22,000.00 were realized in two weeks from this monster deception. Surely, this bone from the wrist of God's grandmother is a puller. Father O'Connor, the converted priest of New York, took his place in the line of deluded communicants, and as his turn came at the golden casket, he examined the bone most carefully through a glass, and declares it is nothing more than a chicken bone. Rome has reached the acme of deception, and in the words of Holy Writ she stands condemned: "Whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders." (II Thes. 2:9.)

### The Holy (?) See's Senseless Tenet.

Again. If St. Anne was God's grandmother, what will we do with this scripture? "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." (Ps. 90:2.) The Bible clearly shows the impossibility of God having a mother, a grandmother or a great-grand-

mother. We cannot accept the holy (?) See's senseless tenet.

God has no great-grandmother, no grandmother, hence no mother. We have only one Mediator, Christ Jesus, and "Mary, the Mother of God" is a fraud. "Therefore," says Evangelist King, our subject, "by the exercise of the God-given right of liberty of conscience and an open Bible before us, the only infallible authority which is above Pope and Council, and the Holy Ghost with us, and in us, who leads and guides into all truth; we are prepared to investigate this matter thoroughly, and settle it. May error be consumed as chaff in this furnace of investigation, and the truth come out clearer and brighter than ever before.

"Since my conversion from the Church of Rome to the Church of Christ, the question might be asked, 'Why do I not accept Mary as my advocate?' It is impossible to accept Mary as my advocate, because this teaching of the Church of Rome is directly opposed to the Word of God. The Bible presents Jesus as our only Advocate and Intercessor. So Christ is the Only One who has a right to plead for us and is the propitiation for our sins. 'Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.' (Rom. 8:34.) 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' " (I Jno. 2:1.) Who is the advocate? Jesus or Mary? The Pope says, Mary! But the Bible,

which he refuses to let his subjects read and interpret for themselves, says Jesus! Whom will you believe, the Pope or the Bible?

If Mary is an intercessor for "those sinners who are more miserable and abandoned than the rest," intimating by this teaching that the love and intercessory power of Mary reaches even lower and higher than that of Jesus, then let us search diligently for proof to corroborate the assertion. But we search the Scriptures in vain. Seeing, then, that no proof can be found *affirming* this doctrine, let us see whether there be any scripture *denying* Mary the right of intercessorship.

#### Mary as Intercessor. Case One.

Returning home from the feast of Jerusalem the parents discovered that Jesus had been left behind. Anxiously retracing their steps they found Him in the temple confounding the learned doctors of divinity by His wisdom. Approaching Him, Mary said, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (St. Luke 2:48, 49.)

That Mary failed here in her first effort as an "intercessor" is so plainly evident that we are astonished at Rome's ignorance of Scripture on this point. While Jesus rendered exemplary obedience to His parents as touching the humanity side, yet when Mary sought, unconsciously so, to intercede

in things pertaining to the realm of grace she was instantly set aside as a mediator. Rome's monstrous sham was foreseen by God and the proofs ignoring Mary as an intercessor recorded in unmistakable language.

#### Mary as Intercessor. Case Two.

At the marriage of Cana Mary approached Jesus and said, "They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee?" (St. Jno. 2:4.) Accepting His reproof and immediately taking her proper place, not as one who *intercedes*, but as one who *obeys*, she said, "Whatsoever he (not I) *saith unto you* (Roman Catholics), *do it.*" (St. Jno. 2:5. Italics and parentheses ours.) Here we have Mary's second failure as an intercessor. How convincingly clear is the proof. Rome can produce nothing in her accepted version of Holy Writ that hints at Mary being a mediator. But we will give yet another proof.

#### Mary as Intercessor. Case Three.

While talking to the gathered throng one day, "his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my

mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." (Matt. 12:46-50.)

Had Jesus yielded to His mother's desire the Roman Catholic Church might have had some grounds for proclaiming Mary as intercessor; but the attitude of Jesus toward her forever sweeps away this monstrous farce.

### The Immaculate Conception.

To bring in "The Immaculate Conception" here to prove her right to mediate is to add fallacy to farce. We read in Romans 3:23 that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." This "all" includes Mary, and she herself acknowledges it in the following forceful terms: "And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God *my Saviour*." (St. Luke 1:46, 47.) Here she acknowledges in one breath that she is *under the Curse and needs a Savior*, and places herself in the same catalogue with every other son and daughter of Adam's fallen race.

In the words of the ex-Romanist we continue: "Mary cannot be our advocate because she failed every time she tried to plead with Christ on earth. Here are her three failures, and these three failures are not calculated to give us confidence in her ability as an advocate. Therefore no case should be placed in her hands.



"Mary cannot be our advocate because the Roman Catholic Church appointed her to that office about 609 years after Christ. Who," he pertinently asks, "pleaded in behalf of sinners *before this new appointment?* Was it not Christ himself? Was He not successful? Why should we need a change? 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.'" (Heb. 13:8.)

### The Image of Mary.

In every chapel and cathedral is an image of Mary holding in her arms the Infant, Christ, before which Rome's 280,000,000 prostrate themselves, kiss the floor and implore this dead woman's favors. The month of May is called "Mary's Month." At this time her image is decked with jewels and garlanded with May flowers. Hundreds of slender tapers shed their twinkling gleam on jewel and flower. The worshiper, kneeling there in the soft cathedral twilight, feels his senses weighted down by the false sacredness all this glamour and glow lends to the occasion, and the delusive charms of Rome weave their strands of death closer around the soul. But the glow of candles, the scent of roses and incense, the chant of litanies and droning prayers of the priest give no surcease to the world-weary heart. Not until the aching head is pillowed on the breast of the world's Redeemer does the troubled heart find rest. There the throb of pain is soothed away by the gentle touch of His hand and the soul finds rest, sweet rest.

**Most Holy and Immaculate Virgin.**

To prove that this monstrous farce of Mary-worship is taught and believed by the Catholic Church we will give verbatim the prayer set by one of her greatest authorities. On page 285 in the *New Raceolta*, published by order of Pope Leo XIII, we find the following impious prayer to Mary:

“Most Holy and Immaculate Virgin, O, My Mother, thou who art the Queen of the World. The Advocate, hope and refuge of sinners. I, the most wretched among them, come to thee. I WORSHIP THEE, great Queen, and thank thee for the many favors thou hast bestowed on me. Most of all do I thank thee for having saved me from Hell, which I had so often deserved. I love thee, most worthy of all love, and by the love which I bear for thee, I promise in the future to serve thee. In thee put I all my trust, all my hope of salvation. O my Mother I worship thee.

Alphonsus Liguori.”

But they go still further. To prove that Mary was sinless and has therefore the right to intercede in behalf of sinners, the “Immaculate Conception” was declared an article of faith in 1854. To corroborate this monstrous deception they quote Proverbs 8:22-35:

**Rome Perverts Scripture.**

“‘The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his ways, before he made anything from the begin-

ning. I was set up from eternity, and of old before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived; neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out; the mountains with their huge bulk had not as yet been established; before the hills I was brought forth; he had not yet made the earth nor the rivers nor the poles of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was present; when with a certain law and compass he enclosed the depths; when he established the sky above and poised the fountains of waters; when he compassed the sea with his bounds, and set a law to the waters, that they should not pass their limits; when he balanced the foundations of the earth; I was with him forming all things; and I was delighted every day, playing before him at all times; playing in the world, and my delight was to be with the children of men. Now, therefore, ye children, hear me. Blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, and that watcheth daily at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of my doors. He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord.'"  
—*The Golden Key to Heaven*, pp. 181-183.

Rome bases her proof of "The Immaculate Conception" on the foregoing scripture (Douay Version). (Prov. 8:22-35.) But it is neither Mary, "God's Mother," grandmother nor great-grandmother who is talking in these verses. It is some one else. Let us turn back to the 12th verse of

the same chapter, and read: "I *wisdom* dwell in counsel, and am present in learned thoughts." (Catholic Bible.) "I *wisdom* dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions." (Protestant Bible, Prov. 8:12. Italics ours.) *Wisdom*, then, personified, is in the mind of the Proverbs writer, instead of Mary. Rome, Rome! the Bible, your own Bible, exposes your craftiness! You shamefully pervert the Scriptures in order that your dupes may be held in the toils of your false religion! But *Wisdom* has found you out and exposed your deception and hypocrisy.

### "Names of Blasphemy"

But Rome's crowning act of blasphemy (Rev. 17:3) in deifying Mary is climaxed in ascribing to her the following forty-six titles, taken from "*The Golden Key to Heaven*."

|                         |                             |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| "Holy Mary,             | Mystical rose,              |
| Holy Mother of God,     | Tower of David,             |
| Holy Virgin of Virgins, | Tower of ivory,             |
| Mother of Christ,       | House of gold,              |
| Mother of divine grace, | Ark of the covenant,        |
| Mother most pure,       | Gate of Heaven,             |
| Mother most chaste,     | Morning star,               |
| Mother inviolate,       | Health of the sick,         |
| Mother undefiled,       | Refuge of sinners,          |
| Mother most amiable,    | Comforter of the afflicted, |
| Mother most admirable,  | Help of Christians,         |
| Mother of our Creator,  | Queen of Angels,            |
| Mother of our Savior,   | Queen of Patriarchs,        |
| Virgin most prudent,    | Queen of Prophets,          |
| Virgin most venerable,  | Queen of Apostles,          |

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Virgin most renowned,        | Queen of Martyrs,            |
| Virgin most powerful,        | Queen of confessors,         |
| Virgin most merciful,        | Queen of Virgins,            |
| Virgin most faithful,        | Queen of all saints,         |
| Mirror of justice,           | Queen conceived without sin, |
| Seat of wisdom,              | Queen of the most sacred     |
| Cause of our joy,            | Rosary."                     |
| Spiritual vessel,            | Mary a Sinner Saved by       |
| Vessel of Honor,             | Grace,                       |
| Singular Vessel of Devotion. |                              |

### Mary a Sinner Saved by Grace.

In proof that Mary is not to be worshiped nor prayed to as our intercessor we submit St. Luke 11:27, 28: "And it came to pass, as he spoke these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked." Note the rebuke to Mary-worship. "But he said, Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it." (St. Luke 11:28.)

And what is the word of God concerning a weary sinner? "Come unto *me* (not to Mary), all ye (Roman Catholics) that labour and are heavy laden (with endless rites and ceremonies), and *I* (not Mary) will give you rest. Take *my* yoke (not the Pope's yoke) upon you, and learn of *me* (not of a fallible priest); for *I* (Jesus) am meek and lowly in heart: and you shall find rest unto your souls. For *my* yoke is easy, and *my* burden is light." (Matt. 11:28-30. Italics and parentheses ours.)

How impossible for Mary, a sinner saved by

grace, to listen to the 280,000,000 Roman Catholic supplicants and pour into their aching hearts a soothing balm? How strikingly unscriptural, strangely illogical and utterly absurd to deify this woman who never laid claims to such an exalted position; who was conceived in sin, born of woman, and touched by the Fall alike with every daughter of Adam. If she were our intercessor then would the atoning blood lose its efficacy and the plan of redemption its foundation. She does not, nor did she ever, possess the attributes of God, omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence, hence she could not be a savior.

#### The Husks of Rome.

One hundred million people are starving on this side of the Atlantic. Europe is touched with sympathy and fits out a vessel loaded with foodstuffs and clothing. News of the vessel's coming has reached the starving populace and they eagerly wait on the shore by their watchfires until the ship anchors at the wharf. Do they proceed to eat the sails and masts, the funnels and boilers, and the appurtenances of the vessel? Ah, no! they forget all about the ship and at once unload the precious store of food and clothing and distribute to the needy.

The human family through the Fall came under the Curse—a spiritual famine—and lay helpless and starving, doomed to eternal death. Heaven prepared a vessel to bear the Bread of Life to



earth's famishing millions. News of the coming was flashed along the wires of prophecy to the sons of Adam waiting, watching on the shores of Time by the campfires of hope. "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." (Matt. 1:21.) Mary was the chosen *vessel* honored of God to bring to a fallen world the Bread and Water of Eternal Life. Whom, then, shall we worship? *Mary, the vessel, or Christ, the Bread?* Did not He say, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." (St. Jno. 6:51), and, "If any man thirst, let him come unto *me* (not to Mary, the vessel), and drink." (St. Jno. 7:37. *Italics and parentheses ours.*)

### Mary Never Worshipped.

Again. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, *and fell down and worshiped him* (not Mary): and when they had opened their treasures, *they presented unto him gifts* (not unto Mary); gold, frankincense, and myrrh." (Matt. 2:11. *Italics and parentheses ours.*)

"But," says Rome, "this is taken from the Heretics' Bible!" Then let us take it from the Pope's Bible. "And entering into the house, they found the child with Mary his mother, *and falling down*



*they adored him* (not Mary); and opening their treasures, *they offered him* (not Mary) gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh." (Matt. 2:11. Italics and parentheses ours.)

The Pope's own Bible, the Douay Version, shatters Mary-worship. If he would let his priest-ridden subjects read and interpret it for themselves the shackles of superstition and idolatry would fall from long-bound hearts and the glad free reign of grace ushered in by the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem and sealed by the Lone Man's blood on Calvary's rugged hilltop their now sad hearts would be gloriously gladdened.

But in the face of all these incontrovertible facts Rome to-day seeks to feed her famishing millions on the boiler and smokestacks, the sails, masts and rigging of the vessel — or the vessel itself — and keeps the food hidden from them by a cloud of incense, a thousand ceremonial rites and her unnumbered orders of priests and nuns; in other words, she worships Mary, God's chosen vessel, instead of Christ, the Bread.

The most ignorant devotees of Rome bow in worship — to Mary. The more favored by wealth and culture as blindly kneel and pay homage — to Mary. The great and learned are led to her shrines and, religiously almost as ignorant as a Hottentot, they, too, fall prostrate — before Mary. The cloistered nun, shorn of her locks of virtue by Rome's blood-stained hand, kneels at her coffin side in her narrow prison cell weeping, and prays — to Mary.

The tri-crowned serpent, Rome, has dragged its slimy length across the centuries and left behind a trail of blood and tears. Her children have come into the world with a cry and have gone out with a groan because there was no balm for the aching heart and no hope beyond the tomb. She is carrying on her idolatrous Mary-worship still and thousands will yet be damned before her inglorious career shall close.

The only hope for the poor Roman Catholic is in Christ. He alone is our Mediator. He alone can forgive sins. "He is all I need." Let Rome's poor dupes come to the Fountain and drink of the waters of eternal life. No Purgatory to burn out the inherited sin or depravity, but "if we confess our sins (to Jesus, not to Mary or a priest), he (Jesus) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins (actual transgressions), and to cleanse us (no Purgatorial fires needed) from all unrighteousness" (inbred sin. I Jno. 1:9. Parentheses ours.)

Praise God! no crucifix, no scapular, no holy water, no confessional, no priest, no Mary, no Purgatory; but a living Christ "who forgiveth all thine iniquities."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### AURICULAR CONFESSION.

We now take up secret confession to a bachelor priest. We cannot touch this degrading evil in its most vital part, but we hope to give sufficient fact to establish its unscripturalness, and its demoralizing and damning influences. This degrading practice began in 1215 under Pope Innocent (Guilty) III. If it is necessary to confess deed and thought to a bachelor priest in order to obtain absolution, then all the "good Catholics" before 1215 went to Hell. Will the Pope crack this nut?

#### Willie and the Shilling.

The following little incident shows the folly of the confessional. A little boy was told by his Catholic father to take a shilling and go to confession. The enquiring lad asked the father: "And who does the priest confess to?"

"To the Bishop," answered the father.

"And who does the Bishop confess to?"

"To the Cardinal."

"And who does the Cardinal confess to?"

"The Pope."

"Who does the Pope confess to?"

"To God."

"And how much does he have to pay?" continued the young querist.

"Nothing."

"Well," said the boy, "I'll go straight to God and save my shilling."

The boy was right and the Pope is wrong. The entire system was instituted in Hell and is carrying its thousands there. Some one says, "Nothing can be worse, nothing more corrupting, than the law which forces the female to tell her thoughts, desires, and most secret feelings and actions to an unmarried priest."

"The Romish confessional is debasing, degrading, demoralizing, soul-destroying and God-dishonoring. It is a school of pollution."

"The confessional is no more a necessity in a Roman Catholic than in a Baptist Church. Let it be abolished, for it is not needed. John says, 'If we confess our sins, he (Jesus) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

"In Rome where the Pope and seven thousand priests and nuns live, out of every four thousand children born three thousand are illegitimates. The leading and most numerous institutions of Rome are: A church, a monastery, a nunnery, and a

foundling asylum." And the "foundlings" are largely a result of the confessional.

"Acquaint the law-makers of the land with the polluting and degrading influences imperiling the life of women through the confessional, and they would by the most stringent laws prohibit auricular confession as a crime against society."

It is perhaps best to call forward witnesses who know whereof they affirm by a personal experience. That the practice is as low as Hell we believe, but we will let Rome's own sons and daughters who have tired of the galling yoke, speak. And most convincing testimony shall we have, for they speak with hearts burning with wrongs and iniquities forced upon them by the *Scarlet Mother on the Tiber*.

#### Questions in the Confessional.

The following questions are taken from "*Secret Confession to a Priest*," compiled by the ex-Romanist, Dr. Leyden. This writer was once a Roman Catholic and is well known in Boston. The Roman Catholics will need no introduction to him. They know him to be a man of *truth* and one who strikes frightful blows. Of these questions we give only a few of hundreds:

"In the various Roman Catholic books of devotion, commonly called prayer books, such as the 'Mission Book,' published at New York, 1857, under the direction of the fathers of the congregation of the Holy Redeemer, and bearing the approval of

John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, and the 'Garden of the Soul,' also published at New York, and bearing the autograph approval of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, can be found the following directions to penitents to prepare themselves before going to the priest to confess.

"I had thought first of translating some of these vile questions into Latin; but they are printed in plain English and issued under the auspices of two of the most celebrated Roman Catholic Bishops in America, and to be found in the hands of Roman Catholics, both young and old, male and female, and it is nothing but right that Protestants, and especially those who send their daughters to Roman Catholic seminaries should know the kind of queries that will be proposed by the priest in the secret confessional, to their wives and their daughters in case they should be induced to become Roman Catholics. I am aware that many Roman Catholics deny that such questions are asked by the priest in the confessional; but here is the evidence that such questions are put to every penitent. I have been questioned, time and again, in such a debasing manner, that I have retired from the confessional box depressed and disgusted, yet, obliged to submit to the ordeal, or be eternally lost.

"Every Roman Catholic is strictly enjoined to never reveal what transpires between him and the priest in the secrecy of the confessional. The priest is sworn also to never reveal the secrets he may become possessed of; yet there are many well



known instances and living witnesses, to prove that the so-called sacramental seal of the confessional has been broken by the priest, for the purpose of increasing the finances, and extending the political power of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

"We respectfully challenge any Roman Catholic bishop or priest to prove the following untrue, regarding Auricular or Secret Confession, as taught by and practiced in the Roman Catholic Church.

### **What is Confession?**

"*Confession*, the third essential part of the holy sacrament of penance, is the accusation of all the sins one has committed, made to a priest duly authorized to receive it, in order to obtain from *him* the *absolution or pardon of them*. In order to make this duty of confession more easy, attend to the

### **Following Rules:**

1. Imagine Jesus Christ before you in the person of your confessor.

2. Choose for your confessor a priest who has a great deal of mildness, a prudent zeal and a true charity for sinners. Yet you must not think that, because you have done this, you cannot some times make your confession to some other priest.

### **To Avoid the Danger of Concealing Sin.**

"In order to secure yourself against the danger

of hiding some sin, through false shame, from the priest, call to mind

1. That by concealing your sins you become guilty of another sin.

2. If you conceal it from the priest you cannot hide it from God.

3. Through such concealment you will only increase the trouble of your conscience, and sooner or later you must confess the hidden sin, or else die with it on your soul, and be eternally lost.

4. Such concealment exposes you to the danger of being put to shame in the presence of all creatures, at the day of judgment, and of burning forever in Hell-fire. Ah, if a lost soul should come from Hell, and find a priest, would he be ashamed to confess?

5. Tell me, would you not show to the physician of your body your secret wounds, if you hope to be healed? Much more should you discover the sickness of your soul to your spiritual physician (the priest), if you would not die eternally.

#### What is it Necessary to Confess?

1. Every mortal sin must be confessed. If knowingly you conceal a mortal sin in the holy confession, you will not only obtain no pardon of your other sins, but are guilty besides of sacrilege. . . .

2. You must confess the number of your mortal sins, *as near as you can remember*. If you cannot remember the exact number, then say: It was about so many times, or so many times, more or

less. If you have to make confession for many years back, you should at least say how long the habit continued, about how often in a day, in a week, or a month, you fell into that sin; and if the habit was interrupted for a while, say how long.

### The Manner of Making Confession.

1. When you go to the confessional do not press before others. While you are waiting for your turn do not distract yourself by looking around and talking. . . .

2. When you are about to kneel down before your confessor, arouse yourself once more to a true contrition and sorrow for your sins, and imagine Jesus Christ *actually* before you in the person of the priest. Be very careful during confession to observe the greatest *possible* modesty in your words and manner. Do not speak too loud, so that persons around may hear, and not so low that even your confessor cannot understand you. If you do not understand what the priest is saying, do not let him go on speaking to no purpose, but tell him so at once.

### What is Absolution?

"Absolution is the sentence pronounced by the priest *in the place of God, forgiving the sinner who has confessed his sins*. He does what Jesus Christ would do if he were upon the earth. For the priest is sent by Jesus Christ the Son of God, with the

same power to remit sins with which he himself was sent by His heavenly Father.

### Questions Asked in the Confessional.

"The following are fair samples of the questions put by the priest to every person entering the secret recesses of the confessional box. He is not obliged to confine himself to any particular rules in this respect, but is at liberty to ask any questions he may see fit, and the poor dupe before him is obliged to answer; to refuse means eternal damnation.

"How long ago did you make your last confession? Did you then receive absolution? Did you perform your penance?

"Was that confession a good one or a bad one? Did you willfully conceal any mortal sins? Did you go to holy communion after this bad confession? How many such sacrilegious confessions and communions have you made?

"Have you read Protestant Bibles, tracts, or other books on matters of religion circulated by heretics (Protestants); have you kept them in your house, or sold them, or given them to others to read? How often?

"Have you joined in the singing or worship of heretics (Protestants), either public or private? Have you gone to their churches; have you listened to their preaching? How often?

"Have you exposed your faith to danger by evil associations? Have you united yourself to the

Free Masons, or Odd Fellows, or any similar society forbidden by the Church?

“‘Have you undertaken the study of the holy Scriptures without the consent of your spiritual advisers? Have you studied them from false motives, or interpreted them contrary to the interpretation of the church? How often?

“‘Have you broken the Second Commandment of the Church, by eating meat on Fridays, and other days when meat is not allowed? Have you been the cause of others doing the same? How many times?

“‘Have you been married clandestinely, without the presence of a priest and witnesses? Was it even before a heretic (Protestant) preacher?’

#### A Dispensation Defined.

“[*A Dispensation.* — When some grave reason exists, and the danger of perversion is removed, a dispensation may be obtained (by paying ten dollars, — the price varies according to the wealth and social position of the applicant), which will make such a marriage lawful. No valid dispensation can be given, however, unless upon the following conditions: *First* — It must be mutually agreed upon that the Catholic husband, or wife, shall enjoy perfect liberty in the exercise of the Catholic religion. *Second* — That *all* the children shall be educated in the Catholic faith. *Third* — The Catholic party must promise to seek the conversion of the other to the true Church by good example, and other

prudent means. When a dispensation has been obtained upon these conditions, the marriage may take place without sin; but still it must not be supposed that such unnatural unions are approved by the Church. She only permits them (on payment of ten dollars) reluctantly and mournfully. She forbids them to be celebrated within church-walls, or to receive the solemn benediction of the priest.]

“(The Roman Catholic Church condemns the marriage of a Protestant with a Roman Catholic as debasing and sinful, yet on payment of a certain sum of money and complying with the above demands, will grant an indulgence or dispensation to commit this sin. If you are not able to purchase this privilege, the Church will not consent to the union. Here is evidence that the Church of Rome will sell an indulgence to commit ‘sin’ in 1890 as readily as in the days of Tetzels and Leo X. If necessary, living witnesses can be called, who will vouch for the truthfulness of this statement. It must be borne in mind that the power of the Church in the granting of indulgences is unlimited. Her past history is written in letters of blood,—the blood of Protestant freeman, who dared to protest. She claims the right to grant an indulgence for her adherents to exterminate heretics, as in the days of St. Bartholomew; only one thing is lacking,—the power to protect the criminal from the hand of justice.)

“‘Have you done anything to hinder the generation of the womb? Have you procured, or thought

to procure a miscarriage? By your own act, by your advice, or by your consent? How many times?

“Have you made use of impure language or allusions; or listened to it willingly and with complaisance? Was it sometimes before persons of another sex, and before how many? Were the persons before whom you spoke married or single? For all this you are obliged to confess, by reason of the evil thoughts these things are apt to create in the hearers.

“Have you been guilty of improper and dangerous freedoms with any of the other sex? How far have you carried this sinful conduct? Was the companion of your guilt a single person? How often? A married person? How often? A relation? How often? Was there anything else in the quality of the person, which made your sin more grievous? When a second person is concerned, the same distinctions must be made, whether the sin be one of thought, word, or action.

“Have you been guilty of fornication, or adultery, or incest, or any sin against nature? How many times? Was it with a person of the same sex, or any other creature? Have you designed or attempted any such sin, or sought to induce others to it? How often?

“Have you been guilty of self-pollution? Or of immodest touches of yourself? How often?

“Have you touched others, or permitted yourself to be touched by others immodestly? Or given



or taken wanton kisses or embraces, or any other improper liberties? How many times?

“‘Have you been guilty of seduction, or have you debauched any person that was innocent before? Did you accomplish your evil design by force, or under a false promise of marriage, or any other deceitful promise? Or designed or desired to do so? How many times?

“‘Have you abused the marriage bed by any actions contrary to the order of nature? In what manner, and how many times?

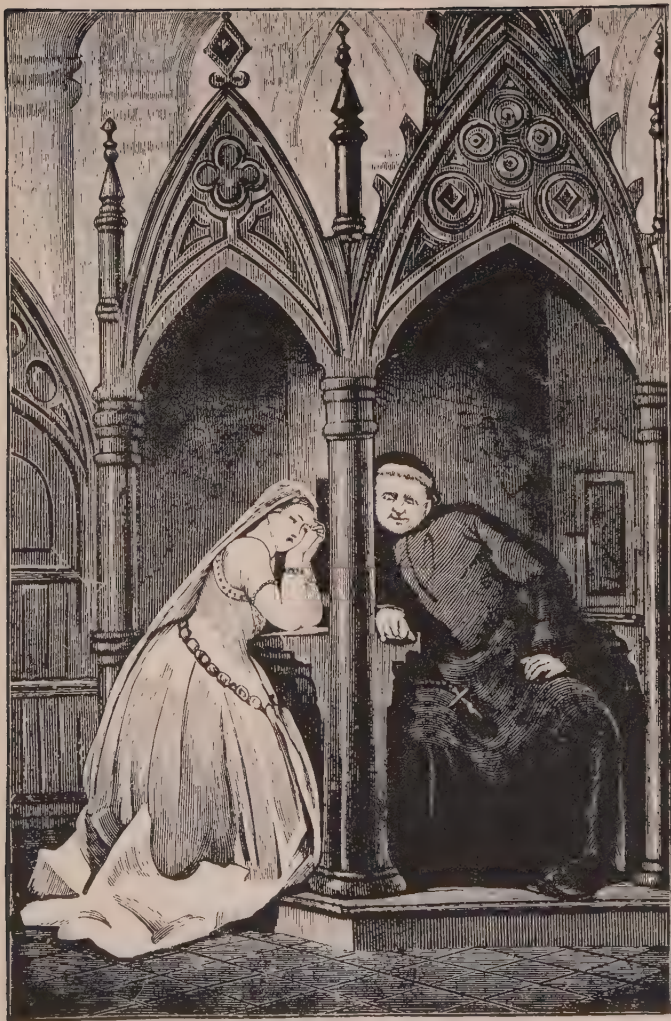
“‘Have you been guilty of any pollutions? Or of any irregularity, in order to hinder your having children? How often?

“‘Have you willingly taken pleasure in unchaste thoughts or imaginations? Or entertained unchaste desires? Were the object of your desires maids or married persons, or kinsfolks; or persons consecrated to God? How often?

“‘Have you taken pleasure in the irregular motions of the flesh? Or not endeavored to resist them? How often?

“‘Have you neglected to get your children well instructed in their own religion? Have you sent them to heretics or godless (Public) schools?

“‘Have you allowed them free intercourse with the other sex; to receive visits alone, and at improper hours; or to be out late at night? Have you permitted them to read romances, or other pernicious books?



The Confession Box.



“‘Have you treated you wife with attention and forbearance in the time of pregnancy? Have you corrupted her mind by your immodesty and wicked conversation? How often?

“‘*As a Wife.* — Have you refused your husband his marriage rights? How often? .

“‘Have you not persuaded him to offend God against the dictates of nature and of conscience? How often?’

“We must bring these vile and debasing questions to a close. Our task is not half accomplished; but we have presented sufficient and conclusive evidence, from Roman Catholic sources, to prove that Auricular Confession, as practiced by the depraved and unholy priesthood of Rome, is not of God. How blasphemous to assert, that the blessed founder of Christianity, the spotless ‘Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,’ was the institutor of this school of iniquity, and cesspool of human depravity.”

#### Questions Too Vile to Print.

The vilest questions put to a female by a bachelor priest of Rome can, of course, not be printed in the English language. A printer is serving a term in the penitentiary because he printed the questions a priest puts to a woman in the confessional box in English. If any one wants these questions in English, let him translate the Latin chapter in Father Chiniquy’s book, “The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional,” or let him take up the foul works of

Peter Dens and Liguori. It would put the blush of shame on a harlot's cheek to hear these questions mentioned in her presence. But we will strengthen our position by drawing from Father Chiniquy's book a few excerpts:

"The second thing that I am bound in conscience to reveal is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true. The number of married and unmarried females he had heard in the confessional was about 1,500, of whom he said he had destroyed or scandalized at least 1,000 by his questioning them on most depraved things, for the simple pleasure of gratifying his own corrupted heart, without letting them know anything of his sinful thoughts and criminal desires toward them. But he confessed that he had destroyed the purity of ninety-five of those penitents, who had consented to sin with him.

"And would to God that this priest had been the only one whom I have known to be lost through the auricular confession. But, alas! how few are those who have escaped the snares of the tempter compared with those who have perished? I have heard the confessions of more than 200 priests, and to say the truth, as God knows it, I must declare that only twenty-one had not to weep over the secret or public sins committed through the irresistibly corrupting influences of auricular confession.

"I am now seventy-seven years old, and in a short time I shall be in my grave. I shall have to give an account of what I now say. Well, it is

in the presence of my great Judge, with my tomb before my eyes, that I declare to the world that vry few—yes, very few—priests escape from falling into the pit of the most terrible moral depravity the world has ever known, through the confession of females.” — *The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional*.

Now follows the recital by Father Chiniquy of a most amazing piece of deviltry committed under just such environments as we have under question; viz., the confessional. It was told him by one who had tired of the life. But think of the brazen impudence in Rome of putting her traducer, in the garb of a Romish priest, at the head of another parish only a short distance removed from the seat of his former crimes, there to ply his trade of immorality until Hell received his guilty soul!

“I was only nine years old when my first confessor began to do very criminal things with me, every time I was at his feet confessing my sins. At first, I was ashamed and much disgusted; but soon after, I became so depraved that I was looking eagerly for every opportunity of meeting him, either in his own house, or in the church, in the vestry, and many times in his own garden, when it was dark at night. That priest did not remain very long; he was removed, to my regret, to another place, where he died. He was succeeded by another one, who seemed at first to be a very holy man. I made to him a general confession, it seemed to me, a sincere desire to give up forever, that sinful life;



but I fear that my confessions became a cause of sin to that good priest; for, not long after my confession was finished, he declared to me, in the confessional, his love, with such passionate words, that he soon brought me down again into my former criminal habits with him. This lasted six years, when my parents removed to this place. I was very glad for it, for I hoped that, being away from him, I should not be any more a cause of sin to him, and that I might begin a better life. But the fourth time that I went to confess to my new confessor, he invited me to go to his room, where we did things so disgusting together, that I do not know how to confess them. It was two days before my marriage, and the only child I have had is the fruit of that sinful hour. After my marriage, I continued in the same criminal life with my confessor. He was the friend of my husband; we had many opportunities of meeting each other, not only when I was going to confess, but when my husband was absent and my child was at school. It was evident to me that several other women were as miserable and criminal as I was myself. This sinful intercourse with my confessor went on, till God almighty stopped it with a real thunderbolt. My dear only daughter had gone to confess, and received the holy communion. As she came back from the church much later than I expected, I enquired the reason which had kept her so long. She then threw herself into my arms, and, with convulsive cries, said, — “Dear mother, do not ask me to go to confess



any more — Oh! if you could only know what my confessor asked me when I was at his feet! and if you could know what he has done with me, and he has forced me to do with him, when he had me alone in his parlor!”

“‘My poor child could not speak any longer; she fainted in my arms.

“‘As soon as she recovered, without losing a minute, I dressed myself, and, full of an inexpressible rage, I directed my steps towards the parsonage. But before leaving my house, I had concealed under my shawl a sharp butcher’s knife, to stab and kill the villain who had destroyed my dearly beloved child. Fortunately for the priest, God changed my mind before I entered his room: my words to him were few and sharp.

““‘You are a monster!’ I said to him. “Not satisfied to have destroyed me, you want to destroy my own dear child, which is yours also! Shame upon you! I had come with this knife, to put an end to your infamies; but so short a punishment would be too mild a one for such a monster. I want you to live, that you may bear upon your head the curse of the too unsuspecting and unguarded friends whom you have so cruelly deceived and betrayed. I want you to live with the consciousness that you are known by me and many others, as one of the most infamous monsters who has ever defiled this world. But know that if you are not away from this place before the end of the week, I will reveal everything to my husband; and

you may be sure that he will not let you live twenty-four hours longer; for he sincerely thinks your daughter is his; he will be the avenger of her honor! I go to denounce you, this very day, to the bishop, that he may take you away from this parish, which you have so shamelessly polluted."

"The priest threw himself at my feet, and, with tears, asked my pardon, imploring me not to denounce him to the bishop, and promising that he would change his life and begin to live as a good priest. But I remained inexorable. I went to the bishop, and warned his lordship of the sad consequences which would follow, if he kept that curate any longer in this place, as he seemed inclined to do. But before the eight days had expired, he was put at the head of another parish, not very far away from here.'

"The reader will, perhaps, like to know what has become of this priest.

"He remained at the head of that most beautiful parish of Beaumont, as curate, where, I know it for a fact, he continued to destroy his penitents, till a few years before he died, with the reputation of a good priest, an amiable man, and a holy confessor!" — *The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional*.

#### Few Priests Chaste.

We see the damning influence of the confessional. Could there be anything invented by the Devil more calculated to lead souls astray than auricular con-

fession? The reformer himself affirms that when but a boy questions of the most disgusting indecency were propounded to him by his parish priest that made his cheeks burn with shame. A girl as pure as an angel is forced to expose her inmost thoughts to a blear-eyed, and often lecherous priest. Few priests are chaste. Father Chiniquy says: "The cause of the supreme — I dare say incredible, though unsuspected — immorality of the priests of Rome is a very evident and logical one. By the diabolical power of the Pope (Pope Gregory VII), the priest is put out of the ways which God has offered to the generality of men to be honest, upright and holy ('To avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.' I Cor. 7:2.) After the Pope has deprived them of the grand, holy, and Divine (in this sense that it comes directly from God) remedy which God has given to man against his own concupiscence — holy marriage, they are placed unprotected and in the most perilous, difficult, and irresistible moral dangers which human ingenuity or depravity can conceive. Those unmarried men are forced, from morning to night, to be in the midst of beautiful girls, and tempting, charming women, who have to tell them things which would melt the hardest steel. How can you expect that they will cease to be men, and become stronger than angels?"

And we do not expect it, when the whole hellish system is wrong and they have no grace of God in the heart. We condemn the system, but pity the

priest who is forced into this business, who would be clean, perhaps, if it were not for his impossible environments. God hasten the death of this Romish iniquity! We deplore it and pray for its abolishment. We take courage, for God has declared it shall come to pass. *The Scarlet Mother on the Tiber* will certainly meet her doom when the time is full.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A CHAPTER ON ROME'S SUPERSTITIONS.

We have held up the follies of Rome in referring to the crucifix, holy water, holy candles, priestly absolution, the wafer-god, beads, scapulars, and other trumpery, until the Protestant is and the Roman Catholic ought to be convinced that the Romish religion is the greatest farce on the stage of time.

She tells her dupes to bury a small crucifix in the field and thus a good crop for the next year is assured. If priest-blest palm branches are placed in trunk, bed-tick or mattress, calamities dire and dreadful are averted. We have shown that "Extreme Unction" is an extreme farce. The Purgatory hoax will be treated in another chapter. The reason Rome wants the public schools abolished is that she may keep her dupes ignorant. An ignorant man or woman will generally believe her inventions, while he who has been enlightened refuses to embrace her silly twaddle. In this chapter we give a few absurd incidents to show how ignorant

a man must be to believe her tales. And yet there are thousands in Rome's toils who believe them.

### **The Virgin's Milk as a Relic.**

"John Calvin tells us that an immense quantity of the Virgin's milk had been preserved as a relic, and that this lacteal product of the Most Holy Virgin is an object of adoration of the faithful in all the great cathedrals of the Roman Church. This would certainly 'enliven our devotions' by exciting pious affections.' The rotten old shell of a bone said to be from the forearm of St. Anne, Mary's mother, which was placed on exhibition in the Church of St. John the Baptist in New York City, certainly had the same wonderful effect, for the offerings of the people who came to adore the relic amounted to over one hundred thousand dollars in a period of two weeks, and the cures wrought by simply looking at this 'bone' are beyond belief. No one can tell whether that bone belonged to the forearm of a woman or the short rib of a rhinoceros, but the cures are just the same, not in proportion to the fact, but in proportion to the blind faith of the devotee." — *My Fight With Rome.*

### **The Bleeding Wafer-god.**

"It is claimed that the wafer will bleed if it is maliciously broken. On this account the faithful Catholic regards this holy wafer with the most profound superstition, for, after the priest has changed

it into the real body of the Son of God, it becomes the god of the faithful Catholic. He therefore eats his god and assimilates it into his physical organization. He is worse than a cannibal. Nothing could be more opposed to the spirit and teachings of the Word of God than this monstrous dogma of the real presence. The Lord's Supper is a memorial service celebrated in memory of the absent Lord. The communion which it illustrates and symbolizes is a spiritual relation, the elements used being simply symbolical and representative. The Christ himself is in Heaven, and this memorial service is to be celebrated till he 'come again.' That the complete body of Jesus Christ is whole and entire in each particle of these emblems to each individual communicant at each and every celebration of this service to the end of time, is such a monstrous absurdity that the enlightened mind recoils from it and rejects it as the offspring of a myth." — *My Fight With Rome*.

### Shoot the Devil With a Double Barreled Shot Gun.

"There is a monastery at St. Mainard, Spencer County, Indiana, which is peculiar from all other institutions in this country. It is the headquarters of the Benedictine monks. But the most peculiar thing about the institution is the way in which they manage the Devil. They keep him locked up. They have a brick structure apart from the other buildings, specially for this purpose. Once a year, on



some important occasion, they drive him in and lock the door, but he gets away and they have to do it again next year. Now, they do this same thing at Scottsburg, Indiana, very differently. They shoot the Devil there with double barreled shot guns. On St. John's day, in the midst of the august ceremonies of that historic day, twelve young men are drawn up in line of battle with double barreled shot guns loaded for — the Devil. And at a given signal they fire two volleys at his satanic majesty in the air, and then the crowd gets drunk on its own account; surely they could not lay it on the devil after they had killed him. Still there are some Protestants who claim that the Catholic is not the superstitious creature he used to be; that modern thought and civilization have wrought a revolution in the Catholic character. The man who makes such a statement simply advertises his ignorance. Superstition and ignorance are the two links in the chain that binds the Catholic in his slavery. Not ignorance of law, or medicine, or science, or pedagogics, for some of the most noted in all these are devout members of the Catholic Church; but, ignorance of religion; ignorance concerning the teachings and practices and theories of the Catholic Church. . . .

#### **Priest and the Devil in the Cellar.**

"It is related on unquestioned authority, that a priest in Anderson, Indiana, one of the politest cities

in the state, and one of the most progressive and intelligent, was called one Sunday afternoon into one of the wealthiest and most intelligent homes of his parish, to dislodge the Devil from the cellar. It is regarded as a dire calamity for the Devil to take up his abode in the cellar, and so, as soon as it was definitely decided by unmistakable symptoms that the Devil was actually in the cellar, a messenger was dispatched in great haste for the priest, for the 'holy father' has a special ceremony for dislodging the Devil from the cellar. After careful outside inspection, conducted with the utmost precision, the priest, with an ominous shake of his head, declared that undoubtedly the Devil was in the cellar. With breathless silence, every member of the family, with all the visitors who happened to be present, formed in procession, each with a club or poker or broomstick or some other weapon of defense, and, the priest in the lead with his open book and holy candles, proceeded with stately tread and deep-voiced imprecations down the stairway into the awful gloom where the Devil had taken refuge. It was an awful moment of suspense and anxiety, for each person was fully conscious of the fact that at last they were going to witness an encounter with this mysterious personage who for some unaccountable reason had taken up his abode in the cellar. Finally, the priest struck the bottom of the cellar and almost instantly the goat struck the priest, and it was the goat that put the Devil out of the cellar." — *My Fight With Rome*.

## Father Carmody's Ghost.

In a Halifax, N. S., letter printed in *The Citizen* we read the following stories of superstition. The Protestant laughs at this senseless drivel, but the Roman Catholic crosses himself devoutly, and says, "the howly Church couldn't lie," when that is about the only commodity she deals in.

"About a year ago there departed this life one Father Carmody, a Roman Catholic priest of some note, who had been fortunate enough to collect sufficient of this world's goods during his time on earth to make it necessary to leave at his death a will to tell what should become of it. Among the other bequests were several amounts to other priests, in payment of their saying masses for the souls of individuals for which this Father Carmody had been paid, but neglected doing.

"Now this part of the story would be nothing uncommon by itself, but about four weeks ago our daily papers contained an item to the effect that one of our city churches had been seen lighted up at very unseemly hours of the night, and no one could explain the mystery. The church was St. Patrick's Roman Catholic.

"The past week has, however, cleared the whole thing up to every one's satisfaction, and the delight of Roman Catholics particularly, for it seems the mysterious lighting was owing to the fact that the priests to whom Father Carmody left the money for the purpose stated, have apparently not been doing their duty, and so the poor old fellow could

stand it no longer, and returned bringing with him two dead altar boys, and in the still, quiet hours of the night has been saying those prayers so long delayed, for the which some poor souls have been kept so much longer in that awful place called Purgatory."

### **Kelly and Murphy's Fight in Purgatory.**

"The above story is being told by good Romanists, and in their ignorance believed by many; and while ridiculous, is not nearly so ridiculous as the story that comes from Summerside of an event said to have occurred there a few weeks ago.

"It seemed that there lived in that city two good Romanists who, for want of better names, we will call Murphy and Kelly, who could never meet, whether in street, in barroom, or any other place, without getting into a fight, until it became so bad that they could not even meet in church without having a friendly bout for old acquaintance sake, until the priest in charge desiring to prevent such a thing, ordered the men in future to go to church by different routes, and to take different places in church.

"Now it so happened that one fine day Murphy did what we all must do—he died, and Mrs. Murphy, poor soul, made the necessary arrangements for getting him through Purgatory with all possible speed. The amount required was to be paid on the installment plan.

"Time went on, and at last Mrs. Murphy had only one more payment of five dollars to make, and she went to her home and duties with a light heart indeed, that she would so soon have completed Murphy's release. But one does not always know what fate has in store, for one fine morning Kelly followed Murphy into the Great Unknown—in other words, he died.

"Mrs. Murphy, of course, thought nothing of Kelly's exit, and so when the day came that the last five dollars needed for Murphy's release was hers, she put on her best dress and hat, and went off to see poor Murphy safely landed all the way over the other side. But alas! the priest had bad news for her, for he told her another ten dollars must needs be paid; for just as Murphy was coming out of Purgatory, who should he be unfortunate enough to meet but Kelly going in, and not being able to resist the temptation, the old feeling getting the better of him, he had hit Kelly 'a smack' in the mouth; hence the need of the extra ten.

"Whether Kelly and Murphy have met again and managed to have kept themselves still there, is not at present known to the writer; but if Murphy doesn't get even with that priest when he meets him, then Purgatory isn't the place we think it is."

Worse and more of it! God and angels weep while demons dance and leer. This is Roman Catholic religion—two sides of it—both the inside and the outside. It is religion, religion, from pew to altar, from communicant to priest, from priest to

Pope, and from Rome to Hell. He who believes not all this silly twaddle is under the Pope's curse. But what does the Pope's curse amount to? Who is afraid of it? Some one has said that

### The Pope's Curse

is a blessing. "Another queer thing is that it looks as if the Popes' blessings were curses, and their curses were blessings. The Pope blest Davis and the Confederate cause, and the Northern cause almost immediately began its ascendancy. The Pope sent his blessing to the King of Naples, and in a few months he lost his crown and kingdom. The Pope sent his blessing to the Emperor of Austria and within a year the Emperor had lost his Venetian dominions. The Pope blest the Empress Eugenie, who declared she had made the war with Germany, and in less than twelve months she had to flee with the Emperor from France, which was ingloriously defeated by Protestant Germany. Mrs. General Sherman was given the Golden Rose by the Pope, and she quickly died. The Pope sent his blessing to Boulanger, and in two weeks he had to flee for his life. The ex-Princess of Brazil asked the interposition of the Pope and his blessing for her unborn child — the child was born deformed. The Pope gave his blessing to Maximilian, and within a few months he was executed. His beautiful wife went to Rome for the Pope's benediction, received it, and shortly became insane. The Empress of Brazil was



blest by the Pope, and in three days after broke her leg.

"On the other hand, the Pope cursed England in the time of Elizabeth, and the nation at once entered upon its remarkable career, which has been uninterrupted for nearly four hundred years. The Pope cursed Germany, and she very shortly became the greatest power on the continent. Pope Pius IX cursed Italy when he excommunicated Victor Emmanuel, and since that date Italy has passed from being a cipher among the nations to a place of power in the family of nations." — *Pope Leo XIII.*

No, no! we do not believe Rome's superstitious recitals. We care naught for the Pope's curse, and his blessings we do not crave. But here is another account of a marvelous (?) thing in her catalogue of mysterious occurrences, although its absurdity is caught at a glance.

#### Pat Turned Into a Rat.

A Roman Catholic Irishman was in the habit of coming home drunk nightly. This meant a beating for his poor wife. God pity the drunkard's wife, be she a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. Finally Biddy had had quite enough of it and laid her complaints before the parish priest. This priest managed to keep sober long enough to repair to Pat's homely domicile one day and waited there until the evening for Pat's return. When he came he was drunk as usual, whereupon the priest took him in hand.



"Pat," said the priest, "you're drunk!"

"Yis, your riverince," answered Pat with a thick tongue, "I'm falein' purty good."

"Well, how long is this going to continue, I'd like to know?" asked the dispenser of Romish justice.

"Jist as long as I kin git a dhrop of the crathur," said Pat. "I can't stop dhrinkin'."

"Now, see here, Pat," said the priest, "I'll tell you what! You'll stop this right here, to-night. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn you into a rat — d'ye mind that? If I don't see ye, I'll know about it just the same whether you get drunk or not, and if you do get drunk, into a rat ye go. Now remember that — there's a good man!"

The priest then went away and for once Biddy did not receive her beating. The priest's threat seemed to have somehow entered the brain of the Irishman which left him in a drunken study. The next night he came home, kicked open the door, and one glance told Biddy that Pat was loaded to the hat. She guaged his load at long range and saw he had sufficient to put him in excellent fighting trim and dodged behind the table on the defensive.

"Don't be afraid, darlin'," said Pat in a subdued key and a guttural gulp as he staggered and dropped into a chair, "I'm not goin' to bate you this noight. I'm not goin' to lay the weight o' me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me to-noight, Biddy darlin', and to remember, if ye kin, the days whin we

were swathearts, and whin I was always kind to ye, and ye loved me. Ye know his riverince was here last noight, and he tould me if I iver got dhrunk again he'd turn me into a rat. I'm dhrunk this minute, darlin'. The praste didn't see me, but he knows I'm dhrunk, and this noight into a rat I go. I want ye to be kind to me, Biddy darlin', and watch me, an' whin ye see me gittin' little, an' the hair growin' out on me, an' me whiskers gittin' long, for God's sake, Biddy darlin', as ye love me, kape your eye on the cat!"

What Pat did when he discovered the "praste" had deceived him we are not told. We see, however, that this kind of deception is being carried on by Rome to intimidate her ignorant subjects. Instead of telling Pat that the blood of Jesus was shed to take away the appetite for rum; that Christ alone has the power to change the life, he is told that he will be turned into a rat.

But why multiply these senseless, silly incidents. We see plainly that "the only true Church" (?) is a deceiver and seeks to hold her dupes by her follies and fables. The following lines give a partial list of Rome's idolatrous paraphernalia. The Protestant reader will need a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and an illustrated catalogue of Romish idols and appendages necessary to her worship in order to get an understanding of what all this "fuss and feathers" has to do with religion. But it must be remembered that the difference in redemption between Catholicism and Protestantism is this:

Rome's communicants are redeemed (?) by "corruptible things," while the Protestant is "not redeemed with corruptible things," "but with the precious blood of Christ." (I Pet. 1:19.)

Original.

### ROME'S IDOLATROUS IMAGERY.

Absolution days and cups can bring no absolution,  
No Agnus Deis soothe the soul in throes of dissolution:

Abstinence from meats and alabaster statuary,  
Nor albed prelate, nor altar beads, nor prayers to Virgin  
Mary.

Her altar, altar cards, or chimes; amice, ambodexter,  
And blessed ashes, oil, or purple cloth of royal texture:  
Pictures beautiful, the breviary, and golden crosses,  
To him who hangs his hopes thereon shall rue his frightful  
losses.

The boat and censer, cruets, cope, crosier, and crucifix,  
Chalice, and chasuble, holy candle, water, stole, and pyx.  
Chrism, communion cards, ciborium, and a holy girdle,  
The consecrated wafer, psalter, help make up the hurdle.  
Holy water pots, fonts, incense, mass, and floating tapers,  
The sanctuary lamp, and sanctus chimes, and perfumed  
vapors.

The cassock, surplice, medal, scapular, and precious stones,  
Pocket statutes, ostensoriums, vestments, relics, and old  
bones.

Censer stands, and statuettes, holy grail, and candle stick,  
Stations of the cross, stick pins, medallions of St. Benedict.  
Votive candles, candelabra, hanging lamps, and vases,  
Surpliced acolytes, mitre, legend, missal, and rich laces.

Stationary of imaginary saints and martyrs—  
In this the Papacy, the Scarlet Hag on Tiber, barbers.

Immaculate Conception medals, low genuflexions,  
The Lenten fasts, and Pontifical High Mass decorations.

Ornamented image, processional cross and torches,  
The Extreme Unction farce, and Purgatorial flame that  
scorches.

Oil stocks, wax tapers, laver, a holy water sprinkler,  
A robed Celestine bowed before a prie dieu, a tinkler.

Children of Mary Sodality medals — sacred hoard,  
All Saints Day, reliquary cases, vespers, St. Joseph's Cord.

Costly candelabrum, The Golden Key to Heaven, introlts,  
Collects, post-communion, sanctuary oils — *but no exploits.*

Reward medals, register of confessionals, the Host,  
Confession, penance, Latin liturgies — *but no Holy Ghost.*

But why prolong this list of imagery idolatrous —  
This Babylonian gamut, this pomp and pride inglorious?

Pagan in worship, Papal in government — Scarlet Beast,  
Utters she "great swelling words of blasphemy" by Pope  
and priest.

In Revelation nineteen two God sounds her funeral knell,  
Verse twenty sounds her final woe — proud Babylon writhes  
in Hell.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### PURGATORY ROME'S KLONDYKE.

We have now to do with one of the most stupendous swindles in the world's religious history; viz., Purgatory. Priests were forbidden to marry in 1073 by Pope Gregory VII. Confession began in 1215. This satanic chain was forged by Rome, interlinked by her Popes and wound around her victims with subtle hand until to-day the colossal fraud stands in grim defiance of God's pending judgment—a judgment sure to fall.

In 1439 the Roman Catholic dogma of Purgatory was invented. What became of all the Romish dupes who died *before* this place of purgation was discovered may be understood (?) by the Catholic prelate, but to the ignorant (?) Protestant it is still and ever will be a query.

#### Purgatory a Romish Fraud.

Purgatory is a fraud. We unhesitatingly brand it as such, as does every Protestant. It is Rome's

Klondyke — her main money getter. It is what the modern business man would call a "puller." A Protestant preacher, in a talk with a priest, put the query: "How is it that you priests can get so much more money out of your people than we can?" The priest replied with a twinkle in his eye, "You ought to borrow our Purgatory!"

Baptism is supposed to do for the Catholic what regeneration does for a Protestant, and Purgatory is supposed to do for the soul of a Roman Catholic *after death* what entire sanctification does for the soul of a Protestant *before death*. It is also said to burn out some of the sins not pardoned in life. But — *there is no Purgatory!* We will let the evangelist here give added proof that it is a Romish fraud:

### No Purgatory.

"'He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' (Prov. 29:1.) No remedy after death. God in His love and mercy is doing His best to save every soul. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should repent. We are lost and undone unless we repent and confess (to God, not to a priest) and believe. We shall all likewise perish unless we accept Christ as our personal Savior. There is no remedy after death. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' (Ps. 9:17.) Lost forever. He who believes

in the Lord Jesus Christ has eternal life. The gift of God is eternal life. If we do not accept the gift, which is in Jesus Christ, we do not have eternal life, but eternal death in Hell, 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

"When the soul leaves the body its destiny is eternally fixed — sealed for all eternity. No priest or Pope, with all their Latin mummeries, incense, holy water, high and low mass, can change the state of a lost soul. We are 'not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ.' (I Pet. 1:18, 19.) Scripture does not offer the slightest hope to the ungodly after death; that soul is lost forever. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Listen to the Savior as He speaks to you by His Holy Spirit. Obey, and turn away from your sins unto God. He loves you. Through Jesus Christ, our High Priest, who shed His blood for us all, you may be redeemed and thus spend an eternity of bliss with God. 'Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts as in the provocation.'

"Purgatory is a cruel delusion, a humbug, a fraud, a downright, naked, barefaced lie of the Devil. It was invented by Devil-inspired Popes whereby to fill their coffers; to deceive mankind and send them to an eternal Hell. Jesus said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' Not by a priest or Pope, but by Jesus Christ. If we follow Jesus we are sure of Heaven."



**Pope Leo's Predicament.**

The late Pope Leo XIII is said to have especially worshipped "the Madonna of Mt. Carmel." This signifies that he believed in the charm known as the "Brown Scapular." This scapular is made of brown cloth with strings sewed on at each top corner and is worn between the shoulders. On page 191 of the "Mission Book" we read: "It is not enough to carry the scapular in the pocket, around the waist, or on the arm. It must be worn about the neck; but it makes no difference whether under or over the dress." This charm is said to have been "revealed to Simon Stock by the Virgin Mary about the year 1251." She assured him, so says the "Mission Book," page 188, "that all who should die invested with it, would be saved from eternal fire." And yet, though he wore and adored it, Pope Leo XIII went to Purgatory.

**What is Purgatory?**

At this time it is best to define Purgatory. "A Treatise on Purgatory," a book published as late as 1893 by the English Romanist publishers, Burns & Oats, London, says: "Now of all the torments which can be suffered, none is so painful as that of fire, and perhaps all the other torments which our world hath can scarce to bitterly torture a poor creature as it would be tortured if it were possible for us to be kept without consuming in the midst

of the merciless flames of a great furnace, the fire of which would soon, as it were, penetrate itself to the very inmost part of the afflicted wretch (Wretch? ! and is the Pope such?); his bones would glow like bars of red hot iron, his marrow would scorch him more fiercely than high seething oil, his teeth, his gristles, his very skull (note Rome's love of particularizing) would be like plates of bright flaming brass (a strange crown, this, for Pope Leo), all of burning fire. (My, my! what a frightful condition for the Holy Father, the infallible Pope Leo XIII, to be in!)

"Good God! How the Great Saints and doctors astonish me when they treat of this fire, and of the pain of sense, as they call it. For they peremptorily pronounce that the fire that purges those souls, both happy and unhappy (we smile to think one could be happy in such a place), surpasses all the torments which are to be found in this miserable life of man, or are possible to be invented; for so far as they go, out of which assertion it clearly follows that the furious fits of the stone, fever, or raging gout, the tormenting colic, with all the horrible convulsions of the worst of diseases, nay, though you join racks, gridirons, boiling oils, wild beasts, and a hundred horses drawing several ways and tearing one limb from another, with all the other devices of the most barbarous and cruel tyrants, all this does not reach to the least part of the mildest pains in Purgatory." (And the Pope is there? Parentheses ours.)

### The Pope in Purgatory.

This, then, is Purgatory into which every good Roman Catholic is thrown when he gives up the ghost? No matter whether a poor communicant or a tiaraed Pope — all must go there. Here all the remaining devilry is fried out of the Holy See. What a humbug!

Dr. Winchester says in the *Uplook Advocate* in an article entitled: "The Pope in Purgatory: Although Pope Leo XIII was regarded by all the members of the Church over which he presided as a man of the highest type and a Christian of incomparable sanctity, as well as an infallible teacher of divine truth, yet all good Romanists are bound to believe that he is in Purgatory, and is likely to remain there for a considerable period of time. It is stated that when he was a young man, being in delicate health, he made his will in which he provided that masses should be offered for the repose of his soul for a period of five years, and asked his relatives to prolong the time. So we have the Pope's own authority for saying that he must stay in Purgatory at least five years. The whole Church of Rome, throughout the world, is praying that that period may not be prolonged. . . . Roman Catholics may understand why so devout a Catholic as the late Pope was, should spend a long period in the most severe and terrible fires of Purgatory, and why so large sums of money must be expended for

the celebration of masses to get him out, and into Paradise; but the Protestant cannot."

*If, then, the Pope and the prelates scarcely be saved, where shall their priests and less fortunate sinners appear?* The evangelist offers a reward of twenty-five dollars to any Catholic Pope, priest or lay member who can find a single passage in the Bible that declares for a Purgatory. Up to date no one has accepted the challenge. Why?

#### Cardinal Gibbons and Machabees.

Cardinal Gibbons makes a seeming point in favor of Purgatory in his "*Faith of Our Fathers*." He quotes II Machabees, 12:43-46 and would have us acknowledge this far fetched proof of a Purgatory conclusive. "And making a gathering he (Judas) sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For, if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. . . . It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

In the first place, he quotes from a Book not canonical. *He* says the "canonicity of the Holy Scriptures rests solely on the authority of the Catholic Church, which proclaimed them inspired." *We* think otherwise. "But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Book of Machabees were

entitled to be ranked among the canonical Books of Holy Scriptures," every one will readily see that this Judas (it is hard to prove anything good by a Judas) was possessed with the same mistaken thought of a future probation or place of preparation as is the Cardinal. And, suppose, as he says, the Machabees were *not* embraced in the canonical Books, it will not do for him to place them as "truthful historical monuments, and as such that they serve to demonstrate that it was a prevailing practice among the Hebrew people to offer up prayers and sacrifices for the dead." If these Hebrews did this, then were they just as wrong, scripturally, as he is, and he proves nothing by his effort, but simply tightens the rope of truth around his neck for the final hanging.

#### A Case in Point.

The writer at one time attended a funeral conducted by the Masonic secret fraternity. He saw them march around the open grave decked in the insignia of their order and heard them chant prayers over the lowered form of their comrade. They threw sprigs of evergreen upon the coffin and prayed that the departed might be forever at peace in the Supreme Lodge above. They unanimously muttered "so mote it be," but the mote in their brother's eye had not been pulled in life because they had beams in their own. The man was dead — had passed the repentance stage — and yet these de-

luded Masons, blasphemers and all, *prayed for the repose of the dead man's soul*. Did this establish the fact that there existed a future place of repentance, or pardon, or cleansing? and that it is right for us to pray for the dead? The Masons claim origin as far back as Solomon, Cardinal Gibbons, but neither their ancient origin nor rites prove them right. The Cardinal will agree with us that the Masons are wrong, and yet he will deny that we are right in our deductions. We have simply taken him on his own ground by a case parallel with his own. If his argument were a ship and our argument a shot we would have blown his whole side in.

#### **A Hard Nut to Crack for Protestants.**

The Cardinal continues. "But did our Lord, at any time, reprove the Jews for their belief in a middle state, or for praying for the dead, a practice which, to His knowledge, prevailed among the people? Never. On the contrary, more than once both He and the Apostles of the Gentiles insinuate the doctrine of Purgatory." He fails to tell us where and when, however. And since the Roman Catholic Church rejoices in the slaughter of the Jews in Russia, and loves them not at all, it is hardly fair for the Cardinal to borrow a bundle of tenets from them with which to bolster up his argument. If the Jews will be lost anyhow, as he thinks they will be, what good will the one forlorn tenet of prayers for the dead do them? Neither



can we see how this helps to establish his position, nor how it can in the least help the Protestant to embrace the dogma of Purgatory? He has gone too far away for his proofs.

He continues. "Our Savior says: 'Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him. But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come.' When our Savior declares that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven in the next life. He *evidently leaves us to infer that there are some sins which will be pardoned in the life to come.*" (Italics ours.)

Notice, he says *evidently*. In Eccl. 11:3 we read: "And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." No future probation, pardon or cleansing here. But, admitting, "for the sake of argument," that there is a place of future probation, pardon or cleansing, let us see where this places Cardinal Gibbons and the entire Roman Catholic hierarchy.

#### **Roman Catholicism Charged With Blasphemy.**

We have repeatedly charged the Roman Catholic Apostasy with blasphemy. Our authority is found in the Book of Revelation. Beast there stands for the Papacy. In the last verse of the thirteenth chapter we have the Head of this Apostasy described. "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the



number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six." That would be 666. This is none other than the Pope of Rome, the head of the Roman Catholic Church — the Head of the Beast. On the Pope's crown is found this jeweled inscription: "*Vicarius Filii Dei*," which means, "A substitute for the Son of God," or, "Vicar of Jesus Christ."

### Vicarius Filii Dei—666.

The Lord says, "Count the number." Since we are dealing with a Roman subject, we must use the Roman notation. "The nations originally employed this method of representing numbers. A certain alphabetical letter stood for a certain numerical value. In the Roman alphabet these letters are I, V, L, C, D, and M. U and V were the same in value, until a very recent date, and were used indiscriminately, one for the other. (See Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Article U and V.) For example, we call V, when single, ve; but when double (W); *double* U, and not V. Hence the numerical value given to these letters are as follows: I=1, V (or U)= 5, X=10, L=50, C=100, D=500, M=1000." The problem is worked out in table form for the reader's easy comprehension. *Vicarius Filii Dei* (the Pope's name), stands for Vicar of Jesus Christ. By letting each letter stand for its numerical value, they exactly totalize the number or "the name of a man," — "Six hundred threescore and six," — as stated in Revelation 13:

18; viz., 666. So there can be no doubt that the Revelator was talking about the Pope of Rome. This established, we are convinced the Revelator has Rome in mind all through the chapter, and especially so when he refers repeatedly to the sin of blasphemy. But to our table:

|         |      |       |                       |
|---------|------|-------|-----------------------|
| V = 5   | F 0  | D 500 | <i>Vicarius</i> = 112 |
| I = 1   | I 1  | E 0   | <i>Filii</i> = 53     |
| C = 100 | L 50 | I 1   | <i>Dei</i> = 501      |
| A = 0   | I 1  | —     | —                     |
| R = 0   | I 1  | 501   | 666                   |
| I = 1   | —    |       |                       |

U = 5                      53 (*Vicarius Filii Dei*, 666, is inscribed  
S = 0                      on the Pope's tripple crown or  
—                      tiara, and signifies, "Vicar of Jesus Christ" or  
112                      "A substitute for the Son of God". What  
                         blasphemy!)

### Blasphemy Against God Proven.

Revelation deals much with the Papacy. Upon the head of the Beast we find "the name of blasphemy." (Rev. 13:1.) "*Vicarius Filii Dei*" — "Vicar of Jesus Christ." "And there was given unto him (the head, the Beast, the Pope) a mouth speaking great things *and blasphemies*; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months." (Rev. 13:5.) Forty-two months would equal 1260 years. "And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, *to blaspheme his name* (calling himself the 'Vicar of Jesus Christ,' etc.), and his tabernacle (Church Militant), and them that dwell in heaven (Church Triumphant.)." (Rev. 13:6.) The

triple crown of the Pope must, then, signify that he is Head of the Church Triumphant, Head of the Church Militant, and Head of all temporal powers? Again we say, what blasphemy!

### Blasphemy, Unpardonable Where?

We now come back to Cardinal Gibbons' seemingly strong point and will requote him in order to get the matter clearly before the reader. He says: "Our Savior says: 'Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him. But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come.' When our Savior declares that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven *in the next life*, He evidently leaves us (us Catholics) to infer *that there are some sins which will be pardoned in the life to come.*" (Italics and parentheses ours.) — *Faith of our Fathers*, pp. 249, 250.

The Cardinal "evidently infers" from wrong premises. Jesus simply and only meant to say, that the sin under question, so heinous, was not pardonable, and "nor in the world to come" simply stresses the fact that under no circumstances could pardon be obtained after such a sin had been committed. Jesus undoubtedly had Rome's false dogma in mind when He spoke, which He later, through the Revelator, tore to shreds. Upon how unscriptural a peg has Rome hung her dogmas!

**Cardinal Gibbons Hangs Himself.**

But, allowing the Cardinal his ground, "for the sake of argument," as he puts it, then this places him in an awkward position. We have conclusively proven that the Roman Apostasy is the Beast—the Roman Catholic Church—and a blasphemous institution. This institution is made up of its head, the Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, etc. The thing reeks with blasphemy. This being scripturally and logically established Cardinal Gibbons and the entire Papal prelacy is guilty of this charge; viz., blasphemy.

Since there is no pardon "in the world to come" for the sin of blasphemy, as he himself admits, where will Cardinal Gibbons and his Papal associates find themselves when they reach "the next life?" What benefit is Purgatory to them, we would like to know? The Cardinal has taken plenty of rope. He has built his own scaffold, tied his own noose, sprung the trap, and hung himself by his own arguments.

With this we leave the subject for the reader's reflection, praying that the Holy Spirit will enlighten and break the chains of error from Rome's deluded followers. To our God who has provided an abundant pardon, besides a full cleansing for the heart *in this life*, to Him be all glory, both now and evermore. We close the chapter with the following touching story which deals with a soul just entering the borders of the "next life."

## Salvation for Roman Catholics.

(A true story translated from the French.)

"Mother," said a dying girl, "it is hard to die and leave this life."

"Yes, my dear, and I would gladly give my life for yours, but you have seen the priest, and you have confessed, and received absolution, and you need not fear.

"'Tis true," said the dying girl, "I confessed all the sins I could think of, and the priest gave me absolution. But with all that, I shall soon be in Purgatory, and you know, dear mother, that you are so very, very poor that you cannot have masses said for my soul."

The unhappy mother felt the truth of her words and said: "Yes, my dear child, I am very poor, but I'll work day and night and earn money to get your soul out of Purgatory. Do you think that your mother could rest until she knew you were delivered from purgatorial pains?"

"Dear mother, I so often think of my cousin Catherine. She was so happy before she died. She never confessed to a priest nor received absolution. She did not believe in Purgatory, yet believed she was going straight to Heaven."

"Catherine was a Heretic, my child; she was not of the true Church. It is better for you to be troubled than to die in error like her."

"I often think of the beautiful words she said when she was dying; they were like this, mother: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Tell me, mother, what did she mean? I have no rod or staff, and oh! I have nothing that comforts me! I can only think of the flames that await me in Purgatory."

"My dear child, do not think about it. Disease is weakening your spirit. Leave all that to the priest. Try and rest, and do not think of your cousin Catherine any more."

"I will try for your sake, dear mother, not to think about it; but I cannot help thinking how much better it would be if we could go straight to Heaven when we die, and not go to Purgatory at all."

"People like us do not go straight to Heaven. We must follow the way the priest has taught us."

"But dear mother, that way is so difficult, and it frightens me to think that suppose I were there and they could not get me out."

"Hush my child, for if the priest heard all you say he surely would ask for so many masses that I never could get money enough to have them all said. But here comes your brother; he will talk to you while I go to my work."

The brother had come some distance to see the dear sister he so much loved. He perceived there was no hope, and sitting down beside her, he said:

"Dear sister, what were mother and you saying about cousin Catherine?"

"Dear brother, I was saying how glad I would be



if I were as happy as she was. She had not confessed to the priest or received absolution. She said it was not necessary, and that she had no fear."

"Dear sister, it was because she loved God, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. She had no reason to fear. Jesus himself spoke to her soul and comforted her by the assurance of His love and forgiveness of her sins. What need had she of a priest to assure her of all this?"

"What, brother! are you also a Heretic?"

"Dear sister, do not alarm yourself. I do not deny the truth. I have read the Word of God for myself, and I found it so full of love for poor sinners that it has become more precious to me than all the world."

"Have you then a Bible? How did you procure it? Did you ask the priest for it? Does he know that you have it?"

"No, no! I assure you I did not ask him for it. I met a Bible reader and I thought I would like one for myself, so I asked for one. The good man gave it to me, and as I read it I saw how sinners could be saved. I have found pardon and I am happy."

"Oh! my brother, why did you not come sooner to tell me this? But tell me, brother, quick, is there anything in the Bible about Purgatory?"

"I have searched from beginning to end of the Book and I could not find one single word about Purgatory. The priest knows it is not there, and that is the reason he will not let us read it. I



assure you, dear sister, there is but one thing that will make you happy as Catherine."

"What is it, my dear brother? I would give all the world to be sure my sins are all forgiven."

"That is it," said the brother, as he drew from his pocket the Bible which had been the means of bringing salvation to his soul. He read John 3:16: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And again he read I Tim. 1:15: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And I Tim. 2:5: 'For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' He also read Isaiah 53:5: 'But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.' Also I John 1:7: 'But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' "

"Those are beautiful words," said the dying girl; "but how can I know they are for me, dear brother?"

"My dearest, you do not believe I would deceive you?"

"Oh! no, dear brother, you have always been kind to me."

"Then will you not have confidence in Jesus, who died for you? Listen to what He says to all

who, like you, are burdened with their sins and need pardon: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. 11:28.) 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' (John 6:23.) Could you think for one moment, dear sister, that Jesus would have suffered half the chastisement, and leave us to suffer the other half? That is the teaching of the priest, but not the Word of God. Death has no terror to those who believe in Jesus. Oh, my dear sister, look to Jesus, 'the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' (John 1:29.) When you leave this world you will go straight to Him."

The brother ceased speaking. But blessed and happy were the moments spent with the dying sister, who but a few minutes before was the victim of ignorance and superstition. But blessed be God, the Holy Spirit flashed the light on the dying girl's soul and helped her to see by faith Christ, the Lamb of God, who died to save her.

"Oh! dearest brother, now I understand it all. I, too, am happy. Jesus has forgiven my sins and given me peace and joy. Glory to His name!" And in that blessed assurance after a few days of suffering she left this world to be forever with the Lord in Heaven."

Dear reader, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Original.

**THE BLOOD, NOT PURGATORY.**

Old Rome declares that all the good must go to Purgatory,  
 But Protestants defy the Hag to prove the senseless story.  
 Since Fourteen hundred thirty-nine we have this sly inven-  
 tion

To coax the dollars from poor dupes by saintly Rome's  
 pretention.

Some Popes have scorched for years and years in flames of  
 this Perdition,

No matter what their deeds of good (?) nor what their late  
 contrition.

The masses have been measured by the dollars in their  
 coffers—

A curse on such a senseless thing that Rome to mankind  
 offers!

If pious (?) Popes must lie for years and scorch and fry  
 and frizzle,

And all the holy (?) Fathers (!) burn, and burn, and burn  
 and sizzle?

What must the poor, less pious dupes endure in lengths of  
 burning

When all the wheels and racks of Woe down there are  
 set to turning?

The lust that Grace could never touch is purged in Pur-  
 gatory (?)—

(For Grace is weak and flame is strong, so we have heard  
 the story.)

Nor venial sin can Grace remove; nor can God's Holy  
 Mother

But Purgatorial froth and fume and smoke and flame—  
 none other (?).

Th' Atonement has been laid aside and counted insufficient:  
 The sacrificial death of Christ has been declared deficient  
 By substitutionary rites and ceremonial juggling,  
 And thus the soul pays part the price in Purgatory strug-  
 gling.

Strange terrors strike the soul at death where Romish rites  
 hold treason,

And surge across the strands of sense against the tides of  
 reason.

Hope, ever weak, now dead at last, Fear sways the ebony  
 sceptre,  
 And grim Despair from out the gloom stalks forth a liv-  
 ing spectre.

No matter who, or rich or poor, in palace fair or hovel,  
 The souls who in Rome's senseless rites and superstition  
 grovel

When face to face with other worlds they find no con-  
 solation,

But sink beneath the tides of woe and waves of desolation.

What Grace has left undone in life is left undone forever;  
 There is no fire beyond the grave sin from the soul can sever.  
 Our only hope is in the blood shed by the Lord of Glory—  
*This only* is our hope and plea and *not* a Purgatory.

The blood, the blood, the precious blood, shed on the rugged  
 tree!

Its power can make the leper clean, it hath availed for me!  
 'Twill save a sinner Protestant, and Catholic as well—  
*We need no kind of Fire Escape Rome plants next door to Hell!*



## CHAPTER XXVII.

Original.

### THE PRIEST AND THE WOMAN.

Where the shadows fall at the vesper call  
Toward the low and dark'ning East  
Sat a low-browed soul in a robe and stole —  
'Twas a trait'rous Romish priest.  
Now adown the aisle with a sad sweet smile  
Came a woman young and fair;  
In her sad distress she would fain confess,  
And relieve her soul in prayer.

"I have sinned," she said, as she dropped her head,  
And the priest's eyes passion glowed.  
"Tell me how," he drooled, in his passion schooled,  
As the lust-tides swiftly flowed.  
"Here each secret thought must be forward brought,"  
Quoth the crafty, sly old fox.  
But she shook her head as she nobly said,  
"Not in this confession box!"

He was old and wise and this lovely prize  
Must not thus elude him here;  
So he told her how by her churchly vow  
She must tell him all, nor fear.  
She must stifle shame and the vile thing name,  
Though it seem at such a cost;  
Lay her scruples by lest she unshrived die,  
And her priceless soul be lost.

"I would rather die," was the woman's cry,  
    "Though I lose my soul to-night!  
Oh, I cannot tell, though I merit Hell!  
    This can surely not be right?  
Through our parents' sins God made coats of skins,  
    And thus veiled their nakedness—  
To a Romish priest I must play the beast,  
    And my shame to him confess!"

Thus the woman wept while the sly priest crept  
    Like a snake, with bating breath,  
Toward the woman there as she knelt in prayer  
    With his sophistries of death.  
"You must tell me all of your fatal fall,  
    Or I cannot shrive your soul!"  
Said the bachelor priest of the Scarlet Beast,  
    While flaunting the purple stole.

With a sob of woe and her head bowed low,  
    And her pale hands o'er her breast  
She would once more speak, though with crimsoned cheek,  
    To avoid the priest's request.  
She could never tell and her hot tears fell,  
    Of the sin God only knew  
To this priest-robed man with the Romish ban—  
    And her weight of anguish grew.

"Father dear," she cried, as she sobbed and sighed,  
    "Ask me not those questions vile!  
I'm a woman still with a woman's will,  
    And would not my soul defile.  
I have sinned, I know; I have fallen low;  
    But would not my sins repeat;  
I would find free grace in a sinner's place  
    At the blessed Master's feet!"

"I have gone astray shrive me now, I pray!  
    But forgive, and all is well!  
See my soul's great need, and absolve, I plead,  
    From the mortal pangs of Hell.  
Grant, O Father dear, while I linger here,  
    This, a woman's last request!  
I am weary worn, I am tossed and torn,  
    And would fain find rest, sweet rest!"



But the priest of Rome, with no wife and home,  
And a heart toward evil set;  
Told the woman fair with her anguish there,  
And her long eye-lashes wet:  
"Tis a useless plea and it cannot be!"  
As he touched the purple stole.  
"You must tell me all of your fatal fall,  
Or I cannot shrive your soul!"

With a low sad cry and a sob and sigh  
She obeyed the Romish priest;  
And in broken tones and in muffled moans,  
Gave way to the Scarlet Beast.—  
With the vesper song and the shadows long  
Adrift on the fading light,  
Fled a woman fair with disheveled hair  
Through the shadows of the night.

Just a few short years with their bitter tears,  
And the unforgiven past;  
Found the woman fair with the dark despair,  
A wand'rer and low outcast.  
Though shriv'n and blest, and her sins confessed  
To a bachelor priest of Rome,  
She had found no rest, still was sin-oppressed,  
And far from the gates of Home.

Through her bitter woe she had learned to know  
That the priest can not forgive;  
The confession box but a sad soul mocks—  
There virtue can never live.  
'Tis a Romish cheat and with woe replete  
For the woman young and fair;  
Virtue here is lost at tremendous cost  
In this subtle Romish snare.

And the woman sighed (for the priest had lied),  
And her soul was still unshriv'n;  
For the bitter tears and the guilty fears,  
Told her she was unforgiv'n.  
'Twas a subtle snare laid for virtue there  
In the dark confession box  
That a sinful soul in the priest's control  
With a phantom blessing mocks.

She had paid the fare with her tears and prayer,  
 And the price of woman's best;  
 And though great the price, sad the sacrifice,  
 Yet her soul was still unblest.  
 'Twas a woman's wall told the thrice sad tale  
 That the priest of Rome had lied —  
 This is Rome to-day with her cruel sway,  
 And her blasphemy and pride!

But the Master heard and His heart was stirred  
 At the woman's cry for rest —  
 (He will always hear, He will bless and cheer,  
 Ev'ry soul by sin oppressed.)  
 And the weary years with their sighs and tears,  
 And the sins of yesterday  
 In a twinkling there through believing prayer  
 Were for ever washed away.

Neither Pope nor priest of the Scarlet Beast,  
 Nor confession box, nor beads;  
 Nor a thousand rites, holy candle lights,  
 Nor a crucifix, nor creeds.  
 Nor a holy (?) stole (used to damn the soul),  
 Nor a wafer-god nor mass:  
 But the precious blood of the Son of God  
 Brought the glorious work to pass.

Like a weary child, fully reconciled,  
 She had found her sins forgiv'n;  
 And her ransomed soul (not by mass or stole)  
 Found a glorious hope of Heav'n.  
 And the angels sang, and the glad bells rang,  
 That the shackled soul was free;  
 And the heav'nly choir with their golden lyre  
 Joined in the glad jubilee.

All the weary years with their hopes and fears  
 Were now in the misty past;  
 And the golden dome of the heav'nly Home  
 Gleamed out on the heights at last. —  
 "Farewell earth, and time! welcome, joys sublime!  
 Farewell to the rites of Rome!  
 Farewell to the priest and the Scarlet Beast!  
 And, welcome my 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

\* \* \* \* \*

On a costly cot lay a beastly sot,  
At his head a crucifix;  
Holy candles burned while his blear eyes turned  
To the holy (?) Host and pyx  
While a brother priest of the Scarlet Beast,  
In his robe and purple stole,  
Held the Eucharist in a palsied fist,  
Soon to shrive the poor priest's soul.

"Would you now begin to confess your sin?"  
Asked the priest with flaunting stole;  
*'You must tell me all of your fatal fall,  
Or I cannot shrive your soul!'*  
Like a scorpion sting did these strange words bring  
A pain from the yester years;  
And the chill of death clutched his bating breath,  
Came a thousand haunting fears.

Yes, the woman fair was still kneeling there  
As if in the yesterday;  
And her pleading tone, and her sad low moan  
On his soul in terror lay.  
Now the vesper song and the shadows long  
Crept out from the misty space;  
And the anguish there as she knelt in prayer  
Still sat on her tear-wet face.

Mem'ry's door swung wide, came a rushing tide  
Of things he could not forget;  
And gray ghosts of doom in the thick-ning gloom  
In shadowy combat met.  
To and fro he tossed and his forehead crossed,  
And the Virgin's help implored;  
But he found no rest for his soul oppressed,  
For he knew not Christ the Lord.

"Holy Virgin bless, in my sore distress!"  
Moaned the now fast dying priest—  
And the candles burned while his blear eyes turned  
To the emblems of the Beast.  
"Will you now begin to confess your sin?"  
Asked the priest in robe and stole;  
*'You must tell me all of your fatal fall,  
Or I cannot shrive your soul!'*

Fatal words that fell like hot coals of Hell,  
On the holy (?) Father's ear;  
And the dagger smart through his guilty heart  
Clutched his soul in nameless fear.  
Then a form most fair, bowed in pleading prayer,  
Passed before his fading sight;  
And the ghosts of fears of the other years  
Swept the shadows of the night.

"Oh, my sins are deep and I cannot weep!"  
Moaned the priest with bating breath;  
*I will tell you all of my fatal fall,*  
For I feel the pangs of death!—  
For the young and fair I have laid a snare  
In the dark confession box;  
And this sin, to-night, in the Judgment light,  
At my soul's door loudly knocks!"

"Like a serpent vile with a smirk and smile  
I have drawn them to my net;  
And that pleading prayer of that woman there  
Rings out in its sadness yet!  
Oh, my sins are deep and I cannot weep!"  
Moaned the priest with falling breath;  
"I have told you all of the fatal fall,  
And I feel the pangs of death!"

Rang a vesper bell over vale and dell,  
And the twilight shadows long  
O'er the valley crept where the mosses slept,  
And the wild birds hushed their song:  
When the priest of Rome, far from God and Home,  
Saw a face and form most fair;  
Burdened and oppressed, seeking peace and rest,  
Kneeling low in suppliant prayer.

But the Latin drone of the priest of Rome  
Broke in on the tides of thought;  
And, though shriv'n and blest, he had found no rest,  
Nor the peace his sad soul sought.  
For "A god of dough can not ease my woe!"  
From the dying priest's lips fell—  
"I am lost!" he said, and the priest was dead,  
And his soul trailed out to Hell.

Demons laughed and leered and in mad flight veered  
O'er the senseless form of clay,  
While the awe-struck soul, now in their control,  
In a dreamlike stupor lay,  
But an ebon wand in a demon hand  
Brushed the webs of Time aside,  
And midst fire and smoke the dead priest awoke  
Where the flames of Torment tide.

Precious soul in sin, *Christ* will take you in,  
Now your sins to *Him* confess;  
*He* has paid the price, *He's* our Sacrifice,  
*He* alone can save and bless.  
*He* has "paid it all," now before *Him* fall,  
For it's "all to *Him* I owe!"  
Let *Him* make you whole, let *Him* wash your soul,  
Whiter than the driven snow.



Original.

### THE HARLOT, ROME.

Midst ceremonies, pomp, and burning taper,  
And swinging censers filled with perfumed vapor  
Rome sits in all her splendour and her scarlet  
On Tiber's bank and saintly plays the harlot.

Robed in their habit, in seclusion hiding,  
None but to Rome's stoled priests their woes confiding,  
Enwalled and barred, closed to the truth forever,  
'Bides here the nun whose ties but death can sever.

The tinkling bell, the wine, the priest-blest wafer;  
The mass, now low, now high, fail to make safer  
The road from life's first infant cry and waking  
But leave the troubled soul in terror quaking.

Her rituals, though clothed in gilded glory,  
Her services, though told in Latin story,  
Her classic chants, though sung in angel voices —  
All leave the soul to grope for holier choices.

When some poor soul shall feel its destitution,  
What priest can give that soul its absolution?  
The Scarlet Hag, enthroned on yonder Tiber,  
Can not make clean in man one sin-seared fiber.

Haul down thy blood-stained rag! nor vengeance foster!  
Thy claims now brand thee as a rank impostor!  
Thy cloistered walls shall some day be laid level,  
For all thy boasted works are of the Devil.





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Original.

### PAT AND THE PRIEST.

Poor Mike had died, so goes the well told story,  
And then his soul trailed out to Purgatory.  
Then Pat, his brother, paid the priest for masses  
As all must do who wear the Pope's black glasses.  
He prayed and paid till he could pay no longer,  
Yet Rome's demand for cash grew daily stronger.  
Poor Pat! what should he do? His faith was shaken,  
Since greedy Rome had all his shekels taken.

Pat scratched his head and sought the holy Father,  
To see what could be done for Mike the rather.  
For Mike, "poor b'y," was in the flames infernal,  
And, but for mass, must suffer time eternal.  
Said Pat in broken brogue and accent tender  
To Rome's old crafty fox, the sly soul-vender:  
"Faith, Father, Mike is still in Purgatory,  
"And I have no more cash to pay, begorra!"

The priest knew well the cow in Patrick's stable,  
And, slyly winking, answered: "Pat, you're able!  
"For shame of you! poor Mike in Purgatory  
"Shall never see the golden gates of Glory  
"If you withhold the cow. Come, Pat! you're able!  
"Go get the well-fed cow tied in your stable,  
"And I'll say mass for Mike in Purgatory,  
"And Mike will soon be out," says Father Corey.

Says Pat: "How shall I know it, Father Corey?  
"That Mike at last is out of Purgatory?"  
Says he to Pat: "The priest can make no blunder,  
"The holy Church declares in tones of thunder:  
"Pat, bring your cow! Poor Mike's in Purgatory!"  
"And I'll say mass and boost him on to Glory!—  
"Come, bring the cow, lest he should roast forever,  
"And you, dear Pat, should see poor Michael never!"

Pat scratched his head once more in meditation  
Befitting one in such a lowly station,  
Then, turning from the waiting priest, he muttered,  
The while a taper in its socket sputtered:  
"How may I know that Mike is out, begorra?  
"What proof have I to clinch the likely story?—  
"Just give me a receipt," cried Pat, "dear Father!  
"I'd have the thing in black and white much rather!"

The priest turned pale with rage, then sickly scarlet,  
When Pat would not believe the smooth old Harlot.  
Then, turning to the doubting Pat, he thundered:  
"Would you presume to say that we have blundered?  
"The Church has power to turn black white! Remember,  
"I, I am Rome's most tried and staunch defender!  
"You bring the cow, and Mike leaves Purgatory!—  
"Just *think* he's out, and out he is," says Corey.

This storm from one he thought so meek and holy  
Struck Pat's dull brain with double force. Then slowly  
A light crept in his eye, and Pat winked slyly,  
Then, as another taper snuffed, said dryly:  
"If, Father, Mike is out of Purgatory  
"By *thinking* so, then Mike is out, begorra!—  
"Just *think* you've got the cow this holy minute,  
"You've had the last red cent from me there's in it!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Selected.

### THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart  
On the changing shore of time;  
The world was singing a giddy song,  
And the Church a hymn sublime,  
"Come give me your hand" said the merry World  
"And then walk with me this way,"  
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,  
And solemnly answered—"Nay."

"I will not give you my hand at all,  
And I will not walk with you.  
Your way is the way of eternal death,  
And your words are all untrue."  
"Nay, walk with me a little space,"  
Said the World with a kindly air,  
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,  
The sun shines always there."

"Your way is narrow and thorny and rough,  
While mine is flowery and smooth;  
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,  
But in rounds of joy I move.  
My way you can see is a broad fair one,  
And my gate is high and wide;  
There is room enough for you and me,  
And we'll travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,  
And gave him her hand of snow;  
And the false World grasped it and walked along;  
And whispered in accents low,  
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,  
I have richer robes to wear,  
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,  
And then at the dazzling World,  
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,  
With a smile contemptuous curled;  
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"  
Said the Church with a smile of grace;  
Then her pure white garments drifted away,  
And the World gave in their place:—

Beautiful satins, and fashionable silks,  
And roses and gems and pearls;  
And over her forehead her bright hair fell  
And waved in a thousand curls.  
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,  
Let us build you one like mine,  
With kitchen for feasting and parlor for play  
And furniture ever so fine."

So he bought her a beautiful, costly house,  
Splendid it was to behold;  
Her sons and her daughters met frequently there,  
Shining in purple and gold.  
And fair and festival-frolics untold,  
Were held in the place of prayer;  
Maidens bewitching as syrens of old,  
With world winning graces rare.

Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all curled,  
Untrammelled by gospel or law.  
To beguile and amuse and win from the world,  
Some help for the righteous cause.  
The angel of mercy rebuked the Church,  
And whispered "I know thy sin;"  
Then the Church looked sad and anxiously longed  
To gather the children in.

But some were away at the midnight ball,  
And others were at the play;  
And some were drinking in gay saloons,  
And the angel went away.  
Then said the World in soothing tones:  
"Your much loved ones mean no harm—  
Merely indulging in innocent sports:"  
So she leaned on his proffered arm.

She smiled and chatted and gathered flowers  
As she walked along with the World;  
While countless millions of precious souls,  
To the horrible Gulf were hurled.  
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"  
Said the gay World with a sneer;  
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales  
Which I do not like to hear.

"They talk of the Judgment, and fire, and pain,  
And the doom of the darkest night,  
They warn of a place that should not be  
Thus spoken to ears polite!  
I will send you some—a better stamp,  
More brilliant and gay and fast.  
Who will show how men may live as they list,  
And go to Heaven at last."

"The Father is merciful, great and good;  
Loving and tender and kind;  
Do you think he'd take one child to Heaven,  
And leave the other behind?"  
So she called for pleasing, and gay divines,  
Deemed gifted and great and learned,  
And the plain old men who had preached the cross,  
Were out of the pulpits turned.

Then mammon came in and supported the Church  
And rented a prominent pew;  
And preaching and singing in floral display,  
Soon proclaimed a gospel new.  
"You give too much to the poor," said the World,  
"Far more than you ought to do;  
Though they need shelter, food and clothes,  
Why thus need it trouble you?"

"Go take your money and buy rich robes,  
And horses and carriages fine;  
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,  
The rarest and costliest wine.  
My children they dote about all such things,  
And if you their love would win,  
You must do as they do, and walk in the way,  
The flowery way they're in."

Then the Church her purse-strings tightly held,  
And gracefully lowered her head,  
And simpered, "I've given too much away,  
I will do, sir, as you have said."  
So the poor were turned from the door in scorn,  
She heard not the orphan's cry;  
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,  
As the widows went weeping by.

They of the Church and they of the World  
Journeyed closely, hand and heart,  
None but the Master who knoweth all,  
Could discern the two apart.  
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,  
"I'm rich and in goods increased;  
I have need of nothing, and naught to do,  
But to laugh and dance and feast."

The sly World heard her and laughed within,  
And mockingly said, aside,  
"The Church has fallen—the beautiful Church,  
Her shame is her boast and pride."  
Her witnessing power, alas, was lost,  
And perilous times came in;  
The time of the end so often foretold,  
Of form and pleasure and sin.

The angel drew near the mercy seat,  
And whispered in sighs her name,  
The saints their anthem of rapture hushed  
And covered their heads in shame.  
A voice came down from the hush of Heaven,  
From Him who sat on the throne;  
"I know thy works and what thou hast said,  
But alas, thou hast not known



That thou art "poor," and "naked" and "blind,"  
With pride and ruin enthralled;  
The expectant bride of a Heavenly Groom  
Is the Harlot of the World!  
Thou hast ceased to watch for that blessed hope,  
Hast fallen from zeal and grace;  
So now, alas! I must cast thee out,  
And blot thy name from its place."



## CHAPTER XXX

### RECOMMENDATIONS.

We insert here only a few recommendations (many were lost in a fire) from different places in Canada and the United States, ranging through the years of 1900 and 1908, which tend to show the regard the reformer's work evidenced. For want of space we must exclude others, but believe these will sufficiently establish his right to the Christian pulpit.

---

Corn Hill, Kings Co., N. B. (Can.), July 23, 1900.

This is to certify that we, the residents of Corn Hill, Kings County, New Brunswick, Canada, have had Mr. Louis Joseph King, the converted Roman Catholic evangelist of York County, N. B., laboring with us in the F. C. B. Church for twenty days or more. We believe him to be a truly converted man of God, a devoted and consecrated Christian, a fearless and eloquent speaker, and worthy of loyal support by all who love the Gospel of Christ.

His object is to preach a full Gospel to all, Catholics and Protestants, and to lead those who are in darkness

into the light and liberty of the Gospel of the Son of God, and to make the Protestant Christians feel a sense of their great responsibility to preach the Gospel to their Catholic fellow men. His teachings are plain and scriptural, any one can understand him. He is a man for peace and harmony.

We further say to any who meet him, do not be afraid to receive him kindly. We find him honest in the faith, and established—a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We recommend him with loving regard and earnest prayers to any pastors or Christian workers among whom his lot may be cast:

(Here follows a list of twenty-seven names.)

Alexander Brown,  
John H. Branscomb,  
James A. Brown, Deacons.

---

Steeves Settlement, Westmorland Co., N. B. (Can.),

July 23, 1900.

To the Rev. L. J. King, now laboring in the city of  
Moncton:

Dear Brother:

Hearing of you leaving New Brunswick for Providence, Rhode Island, we, the undersigned, wishing to show you some appreciation of your labors among us, send you this letter of commendation. We trust you will accept this and feel in your heart that it is from true friends.

To whom this may concern this is to certify that we, the undersigned, are acquainted with L. J. King, evangelist. He has held special meetings in this place during the months of March, April, May and closed in June last, which resulted in the conversion of many souls. Twenty-one were baptized by immersion.

Brother King was highly esteemed by the Christian people of this place as a minister and a Christian. We believe him to be a minister worthy of a hearing any place or in any Church. Much good has resulted from his labors in this place. We wish him and his beloved wife every success in life, and especially in their Christian labors. We remain theirs in faith, hope and love.

(This is signed by fifty-three names.)

Eli Steeves, J. P.,  
Wayman Steeves, Deacon,  
Oliver J. Keith.

---

Amherst, N. B. (Can.), June 13, 1906.

To all whom it may concern, brethren and fellow heirs of the Promise with us:

I have had the privilege of laboring with Brother L. J. King in the Master's service and would recommend him as one of God's chosen ones, a man sanctified and made meet for the Master's use, rightly dividing the word of truth. One who loves to proclaim the whole counsel of God. One who believes in liberty of conscience, purity of heart and power in the Holy Ghost.

F. H. Grass, pastor of Reformed Baptist  
Church, Amherst, Nova Scotia.

---

Advocate, N. S. (Can.), July 17, 1906.

This is to certify that the residents of Advocate Harbour, New Salem and Apple River, N. S., have had Mr. L. J. King, the converted Roman Catholic evangelist of York Co., N. B., laboring with us for about four weeks, and we believe him to be a truly converted man—a *man of God*—a devoted and consecrated Christian, a fearless and eloquent speaker, and worthy of support from all those who love the Gospel of Christ. He preaches a free Gospel to Catholic and Protestant, and seeks to lead those who are in darkness into the light.....

We further say to any who meet him, do not be afraid to receive him. We commend him with loving

regard and earnest prayers to any pastors or Christians who desire Christ's prayer answered as laid down in John 17:21.

(Signed by Dr. E. W. Fillimore and sixty-four others.)

River John, N. S. (Can.), August 14, 1906.

To any Christian people to whom this letter of recommendation may be presented:

This is to certify that evangelist L. J. King, the bearer of this letter, has been preaching at River John, Nova Scotia and vicinity, for eight or nine months, and has been wonderfully blest in his faithful labors in stirring the hearts of the people concerning their salvation, and many who had gone back from Christ have returned to their first love, and many more have been led to accept Christ as their Savior, have been baptized and are now rejoicing as free men and women in Christ.

With these results of the fruitful labors of Brother L. J. King before us, and with Christian confidence in his integrity, we heartily commend him to the Christian confidence of the people of God where ever his lot may be cast.

To all which we, the undersigned of the Christian Church at River John bear our humble testimony.

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Leonard Patrique,       | Wm. A. McNab,           |
| Andrew Wilson,          | Clifford E. Carruthers, |
| Jonathan Robinson,      | Garfield M. Carruthers, |
| Thomas Mehabh, Deacons. | Trustees.               |
| E. C. Ford, Pastor.     |                         |

St. Louis, Mo., August 3, 1907.

To whom it may concern:

We, the undersigned, most heartily recommend to you Brother L. J. King of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, who has for the last eight or nine months been conducting a series of lectures on Catholicism, also evangelistic services, both in the interests of the Protestant and the Catholic.

We wish to give expression to our heartfelt appreciation of the great work this brother has done during his sojourn here amongst us.

His preaching is of sound Bible doctrine, and, backed by the Holy Spirit, is most powerful and effective. We certainly have all derived much benefit from the great truths as presented by Brother King.

His weekly lectures held here in different parts of the city were highly appreciated by the public at large, as was evidenced by the large attendance of both Protestants and Catholics, and were productive of much good. Brother King's lectures partake of the nature of a Gospel service, which seems to be the principal means through which the hearts of the Roman Catholics can be reached. We have had the blessed privilege of seeing precious souls brought out of the darkness of ignorance and superstition into the light and truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

As a man, Brother King is of a marked personality and possesses a strong magnetic power, which enables him to hold the hearers in rapt attention for hours. God seems to have most wonderfully equipped him for this particular work.

Our brother is now about to leave us and we are loth to part with him, but we know that the Lord hath need of him in other fields. His life amongst us has been a benediction and we shall feel his absence greatly. During his short stay with us he has endeared himself to the hearts of the people.

We now commend Brother King to your love and care. It is the prayer of our hearts that you will do all in your power to uphold and strengthen him in his work and assist him by your love and prayers.

---

F. Grimm,  
Mrs. R. Grimm,  
Anna L. Grimm,  
Nellie Grimm,

Mary Cole,  
Mrs. O. L. Frutiger,  
Mrs. Jas. H. Moore,  
Mrs. R. E. Lee,



Elsie Grimm,  
 Anna Dryer,  
 J. S. Landreth,  
 Alice Doriot,  
 Lizzie Schelkle,  
 Mrs. M. C. Raines,  
 J. Huessman,  
 S. E. Lacy,  
 Mrs. Nellie Johns,  
 Emile Thieman,  
 G. Bredberg,  
 Enoch Parks,  
 P. P. Jones,  
 Mrs. I. V. Grierson,  
 Mildred Houghten,  
 Clara Mahres,

Mary Mott,  
 Mrs. K. Blume,  
 Mrs. Augusta Bredberg,  
 Minnie Schaefer,  
 Pansy Florence Grierson,  
 Chas. W. Towne,  
 Iva Mahres,  
 Celia Mathews,  
 Mrs. M. Anderson,  
 William Cole,  
 Annie Morris,  
 Louis Theiman,  
 R. E. Lee,  
 Mary Roller,  
 Mrs. Dunnivant,  
 Elizabeth Double,

Miss Ollie Mahres.

---

Clarence, Mo., Feb. 18, 1908.

We, the undersigned members of the Church of God, in the city of Clarence, Mo., hereby commend Brother L. J. King, an ordained minister of the Gospel, as sound in doctrine and an efficient and successful evangelist, having just closed a series of soul-stirring lectures and marvelous gospel sermons in our city. The interest intensified as the meetings continued and was unabated to the last. He and his faithful wife have endeared themselves to the Church and community, and their departure for other fields will be keenly regretted.

Jas. T. Kimbrough, pastor of Church of God.  
 Fannie D. Bailey, A. L. Pipes, Evangelists.  
 C. F. Doss, John F. Amick, Deacons.

# **Other Anti-Catholic Books**

## **YOU SHOULD READ**

---

**By Ex-Priest Chiniquy.**

### **The Priest, The Woman and The Confessional**

A great book. Its revelations are appalling. The confessions of mothers, sisters and children. The work is conceded by the pulpit and press the best authority on the confessional. Clergymen, students and parents should read this book. One priest confessed on his death-bed to Father Chiniquy that he had ruined ninety young girls through the confessional.

**43rd Edition. 296 Pages. Cloth, \$1.00.**

---

**By Ex-Priest Fresenborg.**

### **A Fascinating Expose of Rome's Unholy Doings**

**THIRTY YEARS IN HELL.**

A striking expose, by ex-priest Fresenborg, who for thirty years trod the slippery and deceitful path of abhorrent Catholicism, but who today stands at the door of the Vatican with the torch of Protestant wisdom and denounces Popery with a tongue touched by the power of God. Every page is a striking rebuke to Roman Catholicism.

**400 Pages. Cloth, \$1.00.**

---

### **Convent Horror**

The Story of Barbara Ubryk, who for twenty-one years was in a dungeon, eight feet long and six feet wide. This portrayal is one of Rome's darkest crimes. It seems incredible that Rome should stoop to such depths of cruel, cunning torture, but the official records confront her with her crimes. Buy them and sow them broadcast. Let the Protestant be informed of the dark deeds perpetrated behind the thick walls of the convent or nunnery.

**Thousands sold. Paper, 25 cts, Cloth, 50 cts.**

## **☞ Protestant Books You Should Read ☞**

---

### **"Why Priests Should Wed"**

REV. JUSTIN D. FULTON, D. D.

---

**A Ten Thousand Dollar Bribe to Suppress the Book Refused.**

Ex-Priest Chiniquy says: "It is one of the most deadly blows ever given to Romanism on this continent."

**A Book Written to Save Women and Girls**

Every Father and Mother should know its contents. Every Protestant should support it. It is full of startling facts. Every Catholic should read it. Hundreds have read it, and they have turned from the pope to Christ. It is called the "most fascinating book of the age." It reveals the abominations of the wicked one. Every page a stinging rebuke to Roman Catholicism. **An Eye-Opener for Sleepy Protestants.**

416 pages, profusely illustrated. Cloth bound, price \$1.00. 12 cents extra by mail. Wholesale, \$50.00 per hundred.

---

### **Secret Confession to a Priest**

Exposed by the  
Converted Roman Catholic Evangelist and Reformer

**L. J. KING**

25 cents per copy.

\$10.00 per hundred to agents.

---

### **"Commentary on Revelation"**

By DR. GODBEY

One of the ablest and most spiritual commentators of any age. Shines like electricity and burns like fire and reads like a story. Exposing Rome, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. Cloth bound. \$1.00 postpaid.

---

Order of

**L. J. KING**

1250 Palmwood Ave.

Toledo, Ohio

## **"Fifty Years in the Church of Rome"**

By Father Chiniquy. The world's greatest classic on Romanism. The chapters which relate the thrilling and exciting events clustering around the assassination of President Lincoln, and Rome's connection therewith, are most exciting and startling. It exposes the intrigues, impostures and criminal life of the priests. A handsome volume of 832 pages. Illustrated.

Price, \$2.00; by mail \$2.25.

---

## **A New Protestant Monthly Magazine**

---

### **The Converted Catholic Evangelist and Protestant Missionary Magazine**

Edited and Published by

**L. J. KING, Ex-Romanist, assisted by a  
Corps of Able Writers, Evangelists, Preachers and Reformers**

---

*A Monthly Magazine of 32 Pages, being an exposure of "cunningly devised fables" and the unscriptural dogmas of the apostate Roman Church.*

Specially designed for the conversion of Roman Catholics to Bible Christianity, and the extension of the Kingdom of God.  
*Free from Sectarianism and Worldly Advertisements.*

Subscription price:—Twelve months, \$1.00. Six months, 50 cents. 10 cents per copy.

**Published at 1250 Palmwood Ave.  
TOLEDO, OHIO**

---

**Truth told is the Hope of Humanity.**

**Popery must give way to Christianity.**

---

Order of

**L. J. KING**

**1250 Palmwood Ave.**

**Toledo, Ohio**















